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of
Game Straíns

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Histories of Game Strains

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Dedication

To the cockers and fanciers
of the coming generations this
volume is dedicated.

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Foreword

In presenting this book we partially satisfy a desire that has been uppermost in our minds for many years. We have long wanted to give the followers of the noble game fowl some concrete record of the strains that have been, and are, famous. We believe that the histories contained herein are as nearly correct as could possibly be obtained, and we feel a distinct pride in this work. However, we hasten to disclaim any measure of credit for this volume as it has been made possible only through the splendid and unstinted co-operation of the breeders and historians who have so generously contributed.

We would call the reader's attention to the fact that the matter contained herein first appeared in *Grit and Steel*, which accounts for the several references made to the magazine.

In assembling this book we included several chapters that could not be classified as history. It was not our ambition to make this a literary gem, but a book of knowledge that would render the greatest measure of service to its readers.

—GRIT AND STEEL.



D. H. PIERCE

The originator of the now justly famous Red Shufflers. Mr. Pierce fights his cocks regularly for good money and has the courage to report his fights, win or lose.

Wisconsin Red Shufflers

BY D. H. PIERCE.

Appleton, Wis., Jan. 31st, 1927.

Dear Grit and Steel:

It gave me a thrill to be invited by our good journal, Grit and Steel, to write the history of my strain of fowl known as the Wisconsin Red Shufflers, and with due appreciation and thanks I comply with your request.

It is unnecessary to enter into all the little details experienced in the breeding of these fowl during the past years and I shall therefore be brief. At this season of the year there are many mains and tournaments taking place and we all like to read about them, consequently I feel that space is limited.

In the summer of 1883 my great uncle, John D. Pierce, a lover of good running horses and quite a sportsman in those days, was living with my folks and naturally he and I were great chums. He had been away to some race meetings and returning home on this occasion, brought with him a large, blue-red game cock and presenting him to me remarked: "There, my boy, is a real fighting rooster, take good care of him." I immediately became enthusiastic, put the game cock away in the loft of our barn and during the next few days proceeded to clean up a couple of common roosters

my parents had running among our own flock. I fondled the bird daily and got him very tame and then by tormenting him I finally got him so he would fight me.

Our home was located on Second street which led to the paper mills of the Fox River Valley and afternoons when the workmen were either going or coming from work, I would get out in the front yard with my rooster and spar with him. He would come for me viciously and I in return would beat him off by striking him on the breast. It was great amusement for the passersby and sometimes there would be as many as a dozen lined up watching the performance. This was the beginning of my game chicken career.

The following year I bought some game bantams and kept and bred them until I left home to attend Racine College in the fall of 1886. The college grounds adjoined what was then known as the J. I. Case race horse farm and track. This was the home of J. I. C., the famous race horse. Naturally I loved horses and it didn't take me long to get acquainted. Afternoons off I made a bee line for the stables. We had always had horses at home and so I knew a little something about driving and the trainers at the track finally allowed me to drive and exercise some of the horses.

They had game chickens here too, some dominiques and some dark-reds and I got great enjoyment listening to the boys discuss their merits. I finally found out that the reds came from a Mr. F. W. McDougall, of Indianapolis, Ind., and the following spring of 1887 I bought a stag and two



LOUIS MANNEBACH, LITTLE CHUTE, WIS.

who conditions and handles the Wisconsin Red Shufflers for Pierce. He is holding the Shuffler cock that won two consecutive battles, weight 5.03, in Pierce-Powers main at St. Paul, Minnesota, January 15th, 1927.

pullets from him, had them shipped to the J. I. Case farm and kept them there until the summer of 1888 when I left school, then shipped them home. The stag was a dark, deep red with a very dark face, the pullets very dark brown bodied with red hackles. Mr. McDougall wrote me when shipping the trio that they were his strain of New Macks.

In the meantime I had gotten hold of a game paper, it was published, if I remember correctly, by a man by name of Barnes, at Battle Creek, Mich. By this time I was what my father termed

"chicken crazy." Father didn't like my chicken enthusiasm so well, but I was mother's boy and she didn't object so strenuously. Anyway, I watched the journals closely as they came from month to month and finally concluded to buy more chickens and chose Col. G. Perk Huddleston, of Lebanon, Tenn., as the man to buy from. I certainly chose well. He was a grand old man and always sent me fine birds. The first I bought was three stags, a dominique, a blue-red Gladiator and a red, a half Cork Irish and half Seven Strain Inside Red. By this time I had become quite well versed for a young fellow in game chickens. I discovered that some were being raised and fought about here and so when the fighting season came, I trotted mine out to fight them. My first venture was quite successful and I won two fights. Oh boys! How joyous I felt. I corresponded frequently with Mr. Huddleston and the following summer of 1889 made a trip to his home to visit him and see his birds.

The picture of the old gentleman and his home are still vivid in my mind. I stayed with him nearly two weeks. We talked chicken day in and day out. He had Cuban Dominiques, Blue Red Gladiators, Seven Strain Inside Reds and those he called his Cork Irish. These Cork Irish took my eye, especially a little cock he had over one of his brood yards, a beautiful red with an orange tipped hackle. I wanted this cock badly and finally persuaded the old gentleman to let me have him for Thirty Dollars which was a pile of money in those



RESIDENCE OF D. H. PIERCE,
Appleton, Wisconsin.

days to pay for a chicken. I brought this cock home with several others and mated him with the two McDougall New Mack hens I had. From this mating I raised a nice bunch of stags which I placed on walks and then as cocks in 1890 I fought them in my first main against a combination of local parties and won easily. This particular mating was the original foundation of my Wisconsin Red Shufflers. The following season I bred the New Mack stag I had purchased of Mr. McDougall over three half Seven Strain Inside Red, half Cork Irish hens which I bought from Mr. Huddleston and again was rewarded with good offspring.

We had plenty of room at home and I erected several yards, such as they were, and here bred these fowl. Of course from time to time I pur-

chased fowl from both Mr. Huddleston and Mr. McDougall, selected the very best I knew how and the best fighters. I was going good, always winning my share of the fights.

Then I began looking for a name to call my birds. We were conditioning some cocks for a main and my best side kick in the game at that time was a Mr. Charles Fose. The conditioning was being done in his stable, and I said to him one day:

“Charlie, what shall I call these birds?”

He remarked: “Call them Wisconsin Red Shufflers,” and right then and there the name was definitely decided upon.

Possibly some of you readers will remember Mr. Fose as the man who brought out the first Lone Pacer, “Happy Jack.” This horse gave many exhibitions of lone pacing and was a wonderful performer.

Then in the spring of 1892 I purchased a Denny Mahoney Gull cock. He was a black breasted red with red eyes and a willow green leg, and this cock I bred over a yard of hens which I had raised from my McDougall-Cork Irish mating. I lost the Mahoney Gull cock after breeding him the first year but later on used two of his sons as brood cocks over some of my older hens and from these crosses there came some wheaten colored pullets and some stags that were black-reds and looked very much like the old original Mahoney Gull cock. I figured I had made a mistake in making the cross because so many of the youngsters came lighter colored than either the Huddleston or Mc-



This Wisconsin Red Shuffler cock won many good fights and his off-spring are still winning.

Dougall fowl, and from the very beginning I admired the birds that came of even color, then on the other hand whenever I fought one of these lighter colored stags which now only contained a 1-4 of the Mahoney Gull blood, they always proved terrific hitters and hard fighters and so I bred and kept them in with the rest.

Today there remains only a small amount of the

Gull blood in my fowl, nevertheless, it is sufficient and strong enough to produce many throwbacks, like or very near like the old Mahoney cock, and these throwbacks are the fowl that I now speak of as "My Cottontails" because the stags are black-reds in color, usually having red eyes and green or bluish colored legs and show rather a large tuft of soft, fluffy white feathers at the base of their tail, while the pullets and hens are sort of dark black-reds, usually showing brown or what I call robin breasts.

For years I obtained every magazine and paper I could find pertaining to the proper methods of inbreeding and spent considerable time in reading and experimenting along these lines. How successful I have been in this work can best be determined by those who know my fowl. I have kept them pretty well up in bone and size and I believe, too, that their pit qualities have not been impaired.

I must confess, however, that some ten or more years ago I thought my fowl were gradually growing smaller, because I was getting more small cocks and fewer large ones, and concluded to try another cross. I chose the Wingate Irish Brown Reds and obtained from Mr. Wingate, "Henry's father," the very best of this blood money could buy. The reason I chose the Wingate fowl was because Mr. Wingate had purchased fowl from me and bred them with his own and reported wonderful results. This cross did produce some great fowl and I still have some of this blood in a great many of my fowl, but it should also be remember-



This 6-lb. Wisconsin Red Shuffler cock was also a winner of 5 battles and produced many sons that were great performers.

ed that I still possess many of my old fowl which do not contain any of the Wingate blood.

I was not unlike all other breeders. On several occasions I got a notion that I wanted to try a cross and did it, but I was mighty careful not to breed too many and I always found that 'twas best to let well enough alone.

Now my dear readers, you see, there isn't so many different breeds and kinds mixed up in these

birds of mine as many imagine and I don't believe it has been generally known that the Wisconsin Red Shufflers have been line bred for more than 35 years. I have inbred them continuously since 1888; that's 38 years, some time, isn't it? Yes, I am no spring chicken, a fellow always looks as old as he feels, I don't feel old, consequently shouldn't look old. You be the judge.

Ye Editor asked me also to give the record of my fowl as well as their origin, but I hardly think he stopped to think what space that would require. I was fighting small mains and hacks long before 1894, was young and full of life and kept no records except as I remember the small mains and hack fighting indulged in at and near home, mostly with local parties, sometimes winning and as often losing.

The first record I kept of any main was that of the main I fought December 14th, 1894 against Mr. F. B. Ringle, of Minneapolis, Minn., and I won 6 out of 7 battles.

From this time on I did considerable fighting, making mains whenever and wherever I could beside doing lots of hack fighting.

Further than this I shall desist from submitting any further record of my fowl. I have won many mains, and don't forget I have lost some good ones too. No one man has the BEST fowl on earth. In my mind, there isn't any BEST. In fighting fowl "condition" and "conditions" count for much. Oftentimes the best fowl lose due to poor conditioning or unfavorable conditions, but generally



The typical Wisconsin Red Shuffler cock. He won twice in a very important main on the same night and also won three other battles, all in mains.

speaking my fowl have been very consistent winners, not only in my own hands, but in the hands of my friends and those to whom I have sold them.



ALVA CAMPBELL.

The originator of Campbell's Blue Boones. Mr. Campbell is one of the best known cocker-breeders in the game. He has always believed in the ability of his own chickens and never misses an opportunity to place a wager on one of his birds.

Campbell's Blue Boones

BY ALVA CAMPBELL.

The BLUE BOONES are a ONE COCK strain. A breed of game fowls that has been interbred to one cock until every fowl contains about 14/16 the blood of the one cock—Daniel Boone.

Upon introducing DANIEL BOONE, I am mentioning the greatest cock of all times. A cock with a record of 21 battles, all of which have been published, a cock that has sired more phenomenal winners than any cock on record.

Description of Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone was a pure sky blue cock, straight combed with legs and beak just a shade lighter than his feathers. Look at the picture of Daniel Boone in this issue of Grit and Steel. He had unusual long plumage and carried himself well up. His breeding has been a mystery to me as I got possession of him from a man who did not know of his origin, other than that he came from Corbin, Ky.

Lon P. LaRue, of Corbin, claimed to have owned the cock and that he had been stolen from him. Mr. LaRue says Daniel Boone was of Sid Taylor's pure original blood.

Daniel Boone's fighting weight was from 6.02 to 6.04. Seven of his victims were shakes.

Daniel Boone's style of fighting was a mad rush,

breaking well above the opponent with his legs working like an air plane propeller. He never missed his mark and brought most of his victims down the first or second buckle. Out of his 21 battles he was never hurt but twice, noticeably. He was never rattled or knocked off his feet.

Blue Boones of Today.

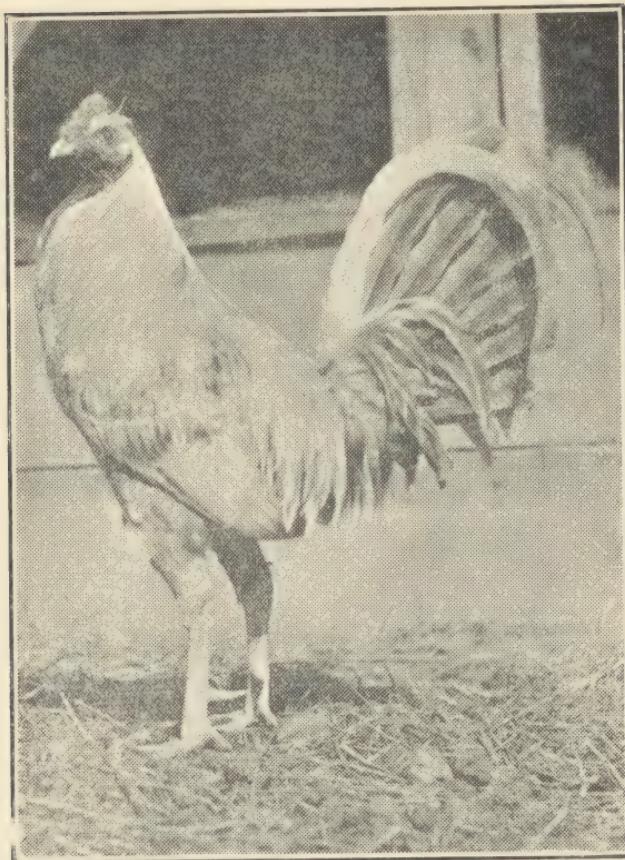
I have had thousands of letters asking all kinds of questions as to the blood of the now famous Blue Boones; also as to the blood of the original Daniel Boone.

This is the first time that I have gone into detail to explain this from DANIEL BOONE'S TIME UP TO THE PRESENT.

Admitting that Daniel Boone was a Sid Taylor, direct from the originator, here comes the history of the Blue Boones.

Before I purchased Daniel Boone I had the following chickens on my place: Two trios from Col. Grist, Grist Champions and Grist Gradys; a trio of Doms from Minton; Black Devils from Bowman; Hammond Gordons from George P. Heath and the old stock of P. D. Conner's, known those days, even before he named his strain Volunteers, as Hedgefence and black-face Roundheads.

I mention these facts merely to show that Daniel Boone was not the first game chicken I ever owned, as before his time I had learned that anything short of the best was mis-spent money and time wasted.



BOONE COCK.

First Mating of the Boones.

I selected eight coal black, straight combed Gordon hens for the first mating with Daniel Boone. The stock out of this mating came blues, both dark and light, reds and a spangle or so.

Second Mating—Daniel Boone back onto his pullets, producing this time more blues, more spangles and fewer reds.

I bred Daniel Boone back onto his own pullets for eleven years. Each season I would cull and separate the stock, putting the dark-blues in yards together, the light-blues, the spangles and the reds.

From these eleven years of breeding Daniel Boone and his sons and daughters I have saved up twenty-seven yards of his own stock. Called them all the same until after cocks had begun to make wonderful individual records. After this time I called some of the same stock by the names given these sensational cocks.

I will mention several of these most phenomenal cocks, but first the ones whose names are still mentioned in the present blood of the Boones. Leghorn, Cliff, Blue Tassell, Pinto, Daniel Boone II, III and IV, Prince Henry, etc.

Outside of these I could name many cocks that made wonderful records, but these cocks are still famous in the name of the Boones. First, Leghorn and Cliff were both red cocks.

Leghorn got his name after winning his sixth battle at Stanford, Ky., in a main that I fought there against Stanford. He was a light-red, looked very much like a Brown Leghorn. He had light legs, heavy, straight comb, red eyes and showed a little clabber on ear lobes and had white feathers in his tail. Leghorn was an inbred son of Daniel Boone. After winning quickly in the main at Stanford, he was pronounced the greatest cock on the occasion and Mr. Elmer Denham called him "Leghorn." Later in the season Mr. Denham went to Oklahoma to fight a main for Judge Sloat and



ALAMO.

A Prince Henry Boone Cock.

he wired me to send him "LEGHORN." This I did and he won a sensational fight for him there. Later in the same season, I shipped him into West Virginia for a big fight and he won there again. The next season he was fought three more battles and was retired as a brood cock. His offspring are what I call Leghorn Boones.

Cliff—Cliff was a brother to Leghorn, but was a darker red, dark legs and dark tail. Cliff was a much smaller cock.

Cliff was shipped after winning three battles

in one season by myself to Mr. Clifford Quisenberry, "Cliff."

Cliff was bred back to the dark hens, hence producing the now famous Cliff Boones.

Daniel Boone II, III and IV were named after the old cock upon being of his own likeness and through these three cocks and their offspring I have kept the straight combed Blues up to their highest standard of perfection.

From the Spangles came such great cocks as Sergeant Bill, Pinto and Fighting Floyd. I bred the spangle yards for several seasons until most of the stock came spangled, but interbred the Daniel Boones back into them until I have practically bred the spangles back to blues and have discontinued the spangles.

Blue Tassel should not be forgotten, but his day is with the peacomed blues; however, Blue Tassel did not contain any blood of the peacomed blues himself, as he was an inbred son of Daniel Boone.

Boone Doms.

The Boone Doms were produced by a cross of Blue Tassel on a Spangle Boone hen and were selected carefully year after year until they all came of a Dom or Spangle color. Will not go into detail with the Doms, as I have just this season discontinued the Doms.

Not because they were not up to the highest standard, but because the demand for Doms over-run my supply and I sold out last fall to the last bird.



DANIEL BOONE, IV.

Peacombed Blue Boones, Tassel Boones, Prince Henry Pyle Boones.

I have had hundreds of questions as to the peacombed Boones. I have received as high as 123 letters in a single day, and more than 100 of them would be asking questions. I have never gone into detail to fully explain this.

First—The Peacombed Blues, Tassel Boones, and Prince Henry Pyles are all of the same blood.

The first peacombed Boones were produced by the following cross. I took 12 light straight combed hens by Daniel Boone to a farm owned by Mr. Fulkerson, of Tazewell, Tenn. Mated them to

a five times winner light legged, peacomed Traveler cock, sent me by John B. Taylor, of Columbus, Miss.

This mating produced several spangle and pyle colored cocks; the first pyle colored cock to show up. Mr. Fulkerson walked all the stags and kept the pullets, breeding the old cock back over his pullets and one of his stags back over the old hens. These birds proved a sensation in the pit and I thought enough of them to give Mr. Fulkerson a contract for all the birds he could raise.

The next season we selected a yard of peacomed hens from his stock and placed with them the great cock Blue Tassel. From this mating the first Tassel Boone came into prominence.

Blue Tassel.

Blue Tassel was produced as follows: Mr. E. E. Cowden, of my own town, had purchased a trio of Oakley's Crested Whites from Mr. Oakley, the whole trio being out of his then famous cock "Flash Light." Mr. Cowden insisted that I breed one of his top-knot hens to Daniel Boone. This I did and got one pair chicks, the pullet being a sooty blue with tassel. I then bred this pullet back to Daniel Boone and got the famous Blue Tassel.

Blue Tassel was fought nine battles before he was put over this yard of peacomed blues. I have Blue Tassel in life size painting by Chas. F. Evans in my den at Alvarado now.

Now then, the Tassels came from the Oakley Crested Whites.



DANIEL BOONE, 2ND.

Five times winner, straightcomb cock.

Blue Tassel and his sons and the Fulkerson yards were kept separate and were bred by Mr. Fulkerson, and were known by me and all about Middlesboro, as my Fulkerson Boones.

Later my brother bought from Judge Nichols, of Columbus, Miss., a trio of pure bred Travelers and after breeding and fighting them I took a favorite cock of this breeding and interbred with the Fulkerson Blues.

Prince Henry.

Back in the days of these famous cocks I was fighting in all the leading pits in the United States from Opelousas, La., on the south to St. Louis, Mo., on the west, to Newark, Ohio, on the north and as far east as Charleston, S. C.

I had been to Henderson, Ky., on several occasions and had been very successful up there. On one of my last occasions up there a famous nine times winner cock was given me by a friend, sorry I cannot mention the name at this moment, as I have forgotten. Anyway, he was backing Gus Bryan, who at that time was in charge of the feeding and handling of the Henderson cocks.

This cock was a sensation. An old cock six years old at that time, but he won his fight on this occasion easily, and was given me. His picture is the original Prince Henry. I bred Prince Henry over two of my best Daniel Boone hens and got the beautiful cock, Prince Henry, Jr. I fought this cock, Prince Henry, Jr., eight battles, winning in such a manner that I retired him for a brood cock. I put him over the Fulkerson original yard and produced more beautiful pyle cocks than had ever been produced before. I have bred his offspring from that day to this over the peacomed blues, calling them now my Prince Henrys.

Breeding.

Back in the early days I was considered a big breeder. I had at one time more than 800 cocks on walks. I had cocks walked in several states. Shipped all the cocks I could raise and walk. I



ST. ELMO.
Peacomb Boone Cock, 7 times winner.

had more than one mile of lineal feet of coops. Owned and operated two pits. Fought anywhere. Cared very little for distance or expenses. Won nearly every main fought, losing what few that I lost only by the odd fight. I have record of over 100 mains where my cocks fought exclusively.

My flocks have been cut each year according to business prospects. I have preserved up-to-date the following stock: Daniel Boones, Straight Combed Blues, Cliff Boones, Leghorn Boones and the Prince Henry Pyles.

Blue Boones are Intensively Inbred Blues.

A Blue Boone cock will show majority of blue offspring from any color hens. Many of the now famous blue strain are Blue Boones.

CAMOUFLAGING has cost me heavily. Crossing a Blue Boone cock onto any color or breed of hen will produce blues. If this cross is a hit, a private strain springs up, otherwise, if it is a miss the offspring are called Boones.

Often have I traced bad reports from write-ups in Grit and Steel and found such to be the case. On the other hand I have traced some of the best reports and found them to show that the stock was practically pure bred Boone stock.

How often do you see a bad report from a cock, marked "shipped direct?" These reports are scarce. Ask the cockers all over the United States how many cocks have they seen me pit that quit or sulked. You will not only find such cocks scarce, but you will find cockers scarce who have seen a cock of mine act badly that I have pitted.

Have I ever run a cock off for others? I have run hundreds of them off. Nothing said about it, but if an advertiser like myself should have one to quit every game chicken paper would be full of it. I remember fighting a shake in a main on the boat at Ashland, Ky., three years ago. My cock got brained third pitting and squawked and ran all over the pit and such a howl went up that it was 20 minutes before we could have order. I was pitting this cock myself, Spencer and Swift, of Winchester, can vouch for this being true.



PRINCE HENRY, JR.

Pitting after pitting this cock of mine would run around the pit until he got cut weak. The other pitter never took any count as he was enjoying the fun immensely; but taking a severe beating my cock regained his senses and fought the other shake to a long, hard battle whipping him on a count. The other cock sulked and refused to break a count.

Equipment for the Season of 1927.

Much more could be said about what has happened years ago, but what interests most is what is going on NOW.

After licking all comers for years, I could not

get a fight without traveling a long distance. Business in other lines got heavier every year. I have long since closed the Pinacle Club Pit. I have bought a tract on the Dixie Highway just three miles out of town. Have built an up-to-date club house and pit, erected up-to-date coops suitable for breeding and walking and caring for stags, etc. I have at this present time more than a half mile of coops. Also have a pit and cock house in the center of town.

I am devoting my time to the following chickens only: Straight Combed Boones, which include the Blues, Leghorns and Cliffs. The Peacombed Boones which include the Prince Henry Pyle Boones. These cover all the peacombed stock. The Tormentors have been turned over to Mr. Rains and my brother, who are breeding them straight and are capable of handling them even better than I, in so much as I have so many of the Blues. Rains does not advertise as I advertise Tormentors and sell his surplus stock.

The C. B. Gaffs.

I have received many letters asking me to make certain gaffs. I am not a gaff maker nor do I do any gaff repair work. The C. B. Gaff is a gaff which, according to my experience in fighting, is best suited to the Boone cocks. I have these made according to my own specifications by the best gaff makers.

I have experimented quite a great deal as I have had as many as fifty farm contracts at a time as well as around a hundred brood yards under wire.



PEACOMB BOONE STAG.
Ready for dubbing and walking.

I have tried the Oriental blood in my Boones, but have never made any cross that improved them and have sold off and discontinued all such crosses. Some sensational cocks showed up from these crosses, but the percentage was too small to continue. I have tried the Jap-Jungle and Aseel. There is not a drop of any of this Oriental blood in any of my Boones of today.

I might add too, that the Tassel blood in my Boones contain less than 1/64 the blood of the original cross. I may also add that the peacombbed blood contain less than 1/64 the blood of the original cross. However, a Tassel bird now with this small per cent of the original will throw tas-

sel stock with tassel even larger than that of the original hen.

On the other hand, a peacomed Boone with less than 1/64 the blood of his ancestor will turn out 85% peacomed birds.

I am sorry that I have no pictures of the brood cocks I am now breeding. My record this season far surpasses any previous season. I have fought up to this time this season in fast company 56 battles, winning 49 of them. One of these battles I fought my Cliff brood cock at 5.15 against a favorite shake and whipped the shake the first pitting.

I would like to send in pictures of my pens as well, but I have not made any pictures of cocks or coops lately.

I may say, however, that I have life size paintings of Daniel Boone, Blue Tassel, a trio of Prince Henrys, a trio of Grey Tormentors in my club house at Alvarado.

In conclusion, I do not want to forget to extend an invitation to any cocker or admirer to stop off in Middlesboro when passing through. Middlesboro and my chicken farm, Alvarado, both border right on the Dixie Highway. I may add also that we have an up-to-date tourist camp at Alvarado. Equipment all furnished, so when passing through make Middlesboro your headquarters. Look over the Boones and Tormentors.

During the past few years I have had several distinguished visitors stop over. Mr. Jarrett stopped over at Alvarado on his trip through

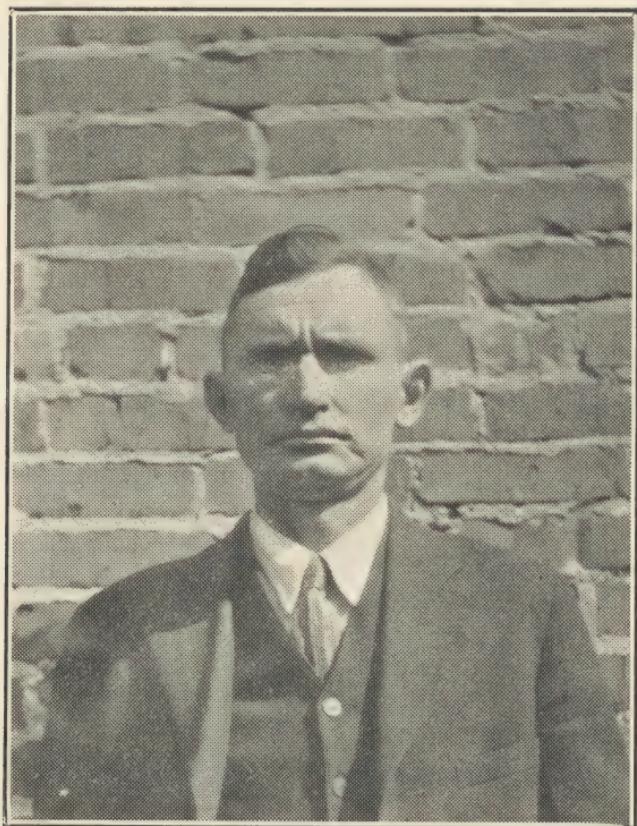
from El Paso, Texas to Chicago. Was here on the night of February 16th. We entertained him with all night hack fights at Alvarado. Mr. Jarrett also took time to go over the whole Alvarado farm. Inspected my cock houses, shipping department and looked over both Boone and Tormentors.

Just a short time before this Col. J. D. Gay stopped off to see me on his way to Orlando, Fla. Colonel Gay, as you all know, is the Sid Taylor man. Daniel Boone would be proud of him if he was still alive.

Then just a short time ago on their way back from the Stevenson, Ala., tournament, Mr. Leland and Mr. Hoffman from up in Ohio, stopped off and made me a short visit.

I am always glad to have real chicken men visit me, as I always have something that will interest the best of them.

I extend my best wishes for the success of this journal, Grit and Steel, and to the cocking fraternity at large. It is my desire that some day cock fighting will be considered legal in all parts of our great country, and that it will soon become a national sport.



R. R. RAINS.

Mr. Rains is associated with Mr. Alva Campbell in the breeding and fighting of Grey Tormentors and Blue Boones. Mr. Rains devotes most of his time to the Tormentors, but when there is a fight on he is on the job whether it be Boones or Tormentors.

The Grey Tormentors

BY R. R. RAINS.

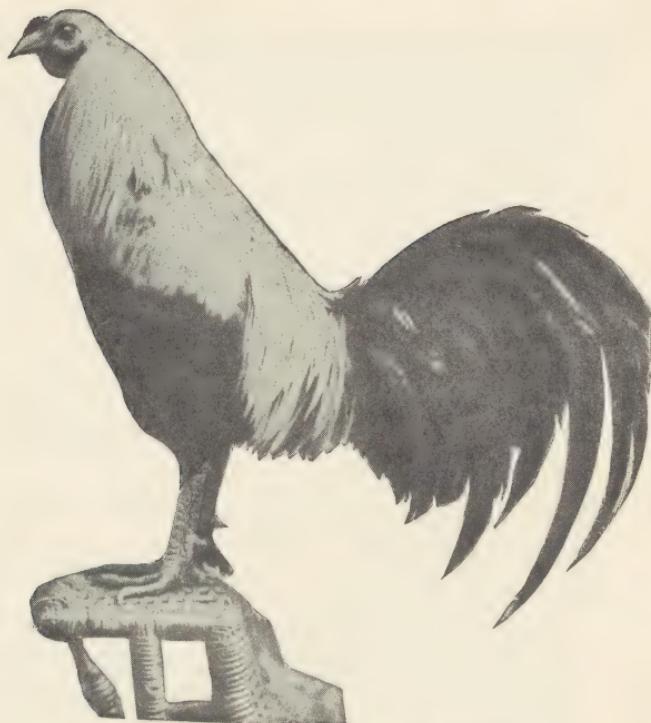
The Tormentors are a four-way cross of the following grey blood: Grimme Grey, Gordon Grey, Ginn Grey and Mortgage Lifter Grey. Blooded with each blood practically equal.

The first cock mentioned in the breeding of the great Tormentor cocks was an eight times winner Grey Grimme cock which was furnished by P. D. Conner about 1913. This cock was a beautiful grey cock and was a wonderful game fighting cock. I bred this cock on some pure bred Ginn hens that came direct from their originator, right after the big main at Covington, Ky., North against the South in which the Ginn Greys won. The hens were furnished by Geo. P. Heath, then of Byington, Tenn.

The next cross was one of these fine cocks on a pure Gordon hen. This cross was so remarkable that the blood was retained. Birds all come grey in cocks, and grey or black with grey necks in the hens.

These birds were fought regularly at Campbell state line pit, The Pinnacle Club.

The name Tormentor originated at the time we were fighting regularly at this club. I had no name for my cocks. I remarked on one occasion that I would torment whoever matched my cocks.



ORIGINAL GREY TORMENTOR.

and from that time on whenever I pitted a cock he was called a Tormentor and the name was adopted for my greys.

Just after the first Memphis tournament it was reported to me that some cocks fought there, property of Gus Williams, of Luthersville, Ga., were sensational fighting cocks, and were even prettier than my own greys. I succeeded in getting a favorite tournament winner of these greys which was a beautiful duckwing grey. I bred this cock on my present three-in-ones until I had about equalized the blood of the four, thereby producing the now famous Grey Tormentors. This

strain has been bred without a further cross by myself until the present day.

The Tormentor Cock.

Sorry I do not have a real good picture to publish, but the Tormentor is a beautiful duckwinged grey with fiery red eyes, peacomb, dark legs and showing beautiful, long plumage. Several cocks will show light legs, occasionally a straight comb. The hens are a pheasant color, orange breast with grey necks. Both cocks and hens are very beautiful birds, and they breed almost absolutely to color.

We have at Alvarado, two life-size paintings of these birds by Hans Hubbard. One represents a trio in natural colors. This picture is a real piece of art. The picture has quite a little natural scenery as well as the beautiful trio.

We also have a painting by Mr. Hubbard of a pair of these birds in natural color and life-size.

Style of Fighting.

The Tormentor has made himself famous for his mad rushes and long, desperate shuffling. They are combination fighters, but always make the best of a bill hold. They do not run in and grab for a bill hold, but will buckle high in the air and shuffle to the ground and will make a hard, rolling ground shuffle. They are desperately game and cannot be counted out as long as they are able to move their beaks.

I have never advertised my birds so far, as the demand for them has always been greater than my supply. Mr. Campbell, of Middlesboro, has



GREY TORMENTOR COCK.

used all my surplus cocks, stags, hens and eggs for the past ten years. However, I am devoting most all my time to my Tormentors now and will soon be in a position to supply them in large quantities.

I have no data to quote as to the merits of these wonderful cocks, but I have been fighting them in and around Middlesboro, Winchester, Lexington, Knoxville and Clinton for the past twelve years and I have never set one down yet but what he

was a hot favorite. They have been shipped all over the United States, Honolulu and to the Bahamas by Mr. Campbell and if he has ever had a complaint on any shipment he has never reported same to me.

I live in the mountains and all my brood yards are free range mountain yards. All my walks are free range mountain walks. My birds are strong, healthy and beautiful.

I have nothing secret about my birds. Everything I am breeding is subject to inspection, and I extend through Grit and Steel, a cordial invitation to any one who may care to stop off here and visit my yards.



LLOYD B. MINER

Holding one of his favorite shake Roundhead brood cocks. Picture shows a section of one of his pens at his home in Cornell, Illinois.

The Miner Blues

BY LLOYD B. MINER

Several months ago you asked me to write the history of my Miner Blues. I appreciated being favored with this request and promised you that I would write same, however, when yours of July 5th came asking if I had the history written, I had failed to have a single line.

I consider myself very poor at writing anything and writing the history of my own fowl makes it all the more difficult for me, but I shall keep my promise and do the best I can. I will try and not say too much for my fowl and if I do, just remember how much each real lover of the game cock thinks of his own strain.

I have two strains of Blues, one a strictly straight comb strain, the other of all Roundhead blood. I shall give you the history of the straight comb strain first because they were the first fowl that I really bred. I owned my first game cock about 25 years ago. At that time the village of Cornell had some men who kept a few half-mile running horses, a few scrub game cocks and boasted of one real 100-yard dash man. Every summer many covered wagon loads of Gypsies passed through Cornell; they made money trading horses, racing horses and fighting cocks. Professional foot racers traveled with them. We had saloons



MINER BLUE STAG.

One year old, yellow legs, light-red in color. Picture made just after winning his first battle. Bred and owned by Lloyd B. Miner.

then and the little village was pretty sporty, would gamble on anything. I took in the horse races, foot races and cock fights. Several of us young fellows liked the game cocks very much, so we all bought cheap cocks and started in the game, fighting against each other. There were seven or eight of us started in the game at that time. A few years later I secured twenty subscribers to Derby Game Bird for a premium of Gregory gaffs. All of these boys finally quit the game ex-

cept George Hasel and myself. George quit about three years ago and moved to South Bend, Ind., from there to Chicago and not long ago I received a letter from him from Denver, Colo., in which he said that he wanted a trio of the old straight comb Blues as soon as he got located where he could keep chickens. Am getting off my track so will go back to the time we were fighting chickens among ourselves. At that time I was working in my father's store and a man by the name of Ed Foley ran a hotel next door. He had a large back yard and one day I noticed a beautiful blue-red game cock running in this yard with some dung-hill hens. I asked Foley what breed he was and what he would take for him and he replied that he was one of Nick Vipond's Blues and did not belong to him, that he was only walking him for Nick, but for me to go to Streator (which is 15 miles from Cornell) and see old Nick and he would perhaps sell me a cock. I got my best friend, Geo. Hasel, and we went to Streator and looked up Nick. It was not hard to find him as he ran a saloon in the main part of the city. He took us to his home and showed us many fine cocks in pens. We each bought one and could hardly wait until we got home to tackle some of the boys for a scrap. Next day both cocks were fought and both won. After that day both of us bothered old Nick quite often. We must have been awful pests to him and I often wonder how he had the patience to fool with us. However, he seemed to take a liking to us and would let us watch him condition cocks up stairs

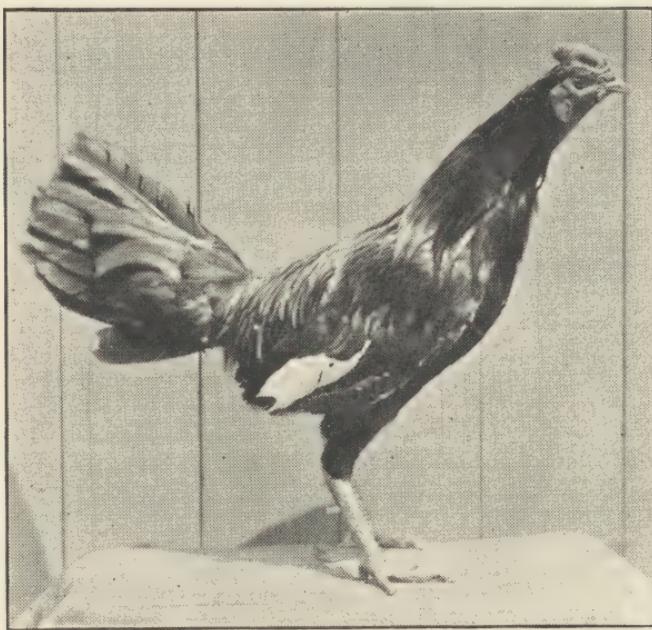


6.02 MINER BLUE COCK.

Winner 3 battles—won at Chicago, Peoria and Streator. Won all three fights in a total of five pittings. Bred and owned by Lloyd B. Miner and is now 7 years old.

over his saloon in the winter and at his home in his barn during the warmer months. He taught us how to hold a cock and how to work him and to this day I have never seen a man who could put a cock through his work and not break a feather as he could. He had a world of patience with a biting cock and his condition was good, but now I think that he pulled his cocks too low for them to be at their best. Nick traveled and fought his cocks and also fought mains at Streator in the basement of

his saloon. He won his share and fought mains against Col. Minton, Geo. A. Fuller, the Red Hornet man, (at that time of Springfield, Ills.) and many others. Like most others Nick had other fowl besides his Blues, some good and some bad, some of them belonging to other parties that he would condition and fight for them. Years have proven that his Blues were the best that he had and were the only ones that he kept when he got old. The straight comb Miner Blues that I breed today are direct descendants of the best and last brood yards of Nick Vipond's Blues. Just what blood these Blues are no one really knows. Many have asked Nick what blood they were and I have asked him where he got them, but he never would say, his reply being to all "they are my old Blues." However, Nick was born in Wales. He moved from Pennsylvania to Streater over 50 years ago, was a coal miner and later went into the saloon business. He brought with him from Pennsylvania some very dark blue fowl, dark eyes and dark legs. Some say that they were imported from Ireland and that Nick bought them from a man in the east who needed money badly, however, I do not know that this is true and doubt if there is anyone who does know, but I do know that the first fowl that I saw at his place were dark-blue. Later he had a very beautiful, white leg, red eyed, light-red cock over some blue hens and in a short time he had many white leg and yellow leg Blues of different shades of lighter blues, also many light-reds with white or yellow legs. I asked him one



“FOUR-FOURTEEN.”

One of the original Nick Vipond cocks, bred by Vipond and fought by Nick in main at “4.14.” This cock was purchased from Vipond by Mr. Miner and was used in making the present strain of “Miner Blues.”

day what the white leg red cock was and he said that he was just the same as the Blues and added that some of them came red. I bought a 4.14 white leg red cock of him that had won bottom weight in one of his mains and six dark blue hens. My friend Hasel bought a 5.04 dark-blue, slip-leg cock and two dark-blue hens. I had the pleasure of being in on the last three mains that Nick fought, my friend Geo. Hasel was also in on one, these being fought against local parties. In two

of the mains he won every fight but one and lost but one main, by the odd. After the last main, which he won, he told Hasel and I that he was going to give each of us a good cock that had won in the main and tell us how to breed them. We already had eight dark-blue hens, the dark-blue slip-leg cock and the white leg 4.14 cock, then he gave Hasel the white leg red 6.02 cock. This cock was old, but did not show it, and had won quickly in the main. A year or two before Hasel had asked Nick to price this cock, but he would never do it. When Nick gave Hasel the cock he told him that since he had always wanted him so badly that he would make him a present of the cock and told him to breed him over the pullets from the slip-leg blue. He then gave me a fine young 5.08 dark-blue cock that had won a sensational battle in the main and told me to breed him to the pullets from the 4.14 Red. I never got a picture of the slip-leg nor the old white leg red Hasel got, but I had a photographer take a picture of the 4.14 Red and I took a snap shot of the 5.08 Blue. The one I took is not clear, but I am sending both for you to print. Hasel and I bred these four cocks and eight hens just as we were told to do and exchanged stags and pullets each year and mated more yards. We could do this nicely with four yards to draw from. At about the same time that we got the last two cocks from Nick a friend of mine named Harry Rucker (who lived in Cornell) bought a 3-times winner brown-red, white leg cock from Nick and bred him on some Dom hens he



6.05 MINER BLUE ROUNDHEAD.

Winner of 4 battles, two in one day. All four battles fought in long heels at Omaha, Nebraska. Bred and owned by Lloyd B. Miner.

had and two years later Hasel bought this Vipond cock from Rucker and later bred him over daughters of the slip-leg.

About ten years ago, Nick quit business and moved to Chicago, later moving to either Marion, Ohio or Indiana, I have forgotten which, and finally came back to Streator where he died about three years ago. When he moved to Chicago he sold all of his fowl except two large dark-blue hens and

one large white leg hen. These he would not sell. He called on me just a short time before he left and brought these three hens and asked if I would keep them for him, said that his daughter was sick and that he and his wife must go and live with her and that they had no place to keep chickens. I kept the hens and bred them single mated. I have a letter that Nick wrote me, sent from Chicago, about eleven years ago asking me to have his hens caught up as he would be after them soon. He never bred any more fowl, but came and took one of the blue hens for a friend and gave me the other, the white leg hen having died.

My straight comb Miner Blues I breed today are direct descendants of the four cocks and the eight hens that Hasel and I got from Nick, the cock that Rucker got and the three hens that Nick left with me. I have many yards and believe that I can breed them indefinitely without a cross. I have mated them as I know that they must be mated and at the same time I have line-bred them to the most sensational fighting cocks that have been produced from time to time. For instance, Hasel, by mating a dark-blue stag that I gave him over one of his white leg red hens, produced a white leg blue-red stag that proved, in the brood yard, to be one of the best producers of all. He fought this stag against Sam Brazier in Chicago in 1919. Brazier had a wonderful stag and cut Hasel's stag blind in one eye and broke one wing in the first pitting but Hasel could hardly hold his stag during the rest period and when turned



NICK VIPOND AND GRANDSON.

This picture was made in April, 1916 and Mr. Vipond was holding one of his favorite Blue shakes.

loose for the second pitting he went across like a flash, and with one eye and one wing gone he shuffled Brazier's stag to death. Hasel bred this stag that year and as a cock for two years. We called him old Blinker. He gave me one of his first stags from this cock, also one of his daughters and in 1922 traded me the old Blinker for a brood cock of mine that had won several times. I bred old Blinker until he died in the fall of 1924. He was a great producer and was line-bred from the start. Many of my yards carry more or

less of his blood on each side. I have bred many cocks that have won several battles but never have I found one that produced more winners than old Blinker did. Old White Leg, a four times winner that I raised is another great brood cock and is a grandson of the 4.14 and the old white leg Vipond cock. This strain of cocks have not been bred to color but have been bred to fight, however, in the last few years I have mated Red to Reds and Blues to Blues whenever I could do so and not sacrifice fighting qualities nor the proper mating. At the present time they average in color about 50% blue reds with white or yellow legs, 40% light-reds with black or brown mottled breasts and white or yellow legs and about 10% come dark-blues with dark legs. I get more dark-blues in hens than in cocks. Are medium, low station and the cocks run in weight from 4.06 to 6.08 and the hens from 3 to 5 pounds. They are exceptionally game, extra good cutters and know how to fight. Just to give an example of the gameness of these Blues I am going to quote what a friend in Omaha, Nebr., wrote me about one of these Blue cocks that fought in a main there in 1925. "Fourth fight we matched your straight comb Miner Blue against a Harry Williams Warhorse cross from Covington, Ky. Warhorse coupled your Blue in first pitting and the fight dragged out to 68 pittings, 48 minutes of terrible give and take on both sides. In my opinion your Blue was the best cock and his gameness was remarkable. He crossed the pit several times on



"WHITE LEG 2ND"

Miner Blue brood cock, light-red in color with white legs. Weight when fought, 5.08. Winner of 4 battles; two at Chicago, one at Peoria, one at Streator. He is now 6 years old.

his wings and shuffled whenever he could get a beak hold, only to be counted out in the 68th pitting, his opponent dying soon afterwards. Blue had two counts on Warhorse but could not see or stand on his feet, yet he always broke all counts except the 68th."

I call these Blues Miner Blues because most of them come blue and they have been bred by my

method long enough to make them the type they are today. I have the same opinion as Mr. Ewing A. Walker has in calling his Mugs Walker Mugs. My friend Hasel advertised and sold some of these Blues that he bred and called his Hasel Blues. As he had bred them many years he felt that he had the right to call them Hasel Blues. I have never spent much time in thinking up a name for my fowl as I feel sure that if cocks can fight they will make a name for themselves and if not a blood curdling name will not help them.

While I have always kept these Blues pure that I got from Nick Vipond, I have also made some crosses. Most of us experiment some and I have always thought it best to make a cross when I had time to try them out than wait until I had to have a cross and trust to luck for a nick. I have made several crosses and fought them all to find out what I had and found that some were good and others were bad. Those that were good I bred back to my Blues and then fought the quarter bloods, then bred back again and fought the eighth bloods. I do not need a cross on my old Blues at this time, but if I ever do I now have on hand some good hens with one-half, one-quarter and one-eighth new blood that are sisters to cocks that have proven winners. I will mention the crosses that have proven good and of which I breed a few each year. In 1917 D. H. Pierce loaned me a young Wisconsin Shuffler cock to breed. He was a dark eyed brown-red and an extra good one. I tried to buy him from Mr. Pierce but he



"WHITE LEG 3RD."

Son of "White Leg 2nd." A Miner Blue stag of light-red color; has white legs like old cock. Winner of two battles in two pittings each. Bred and owned by Lloyd B. Miner.

would not sell him, so I returned him in good shape in the fall of 1918. I mated this Pierce cock to one of the old dark-blue hens that Nick left with me when he moved to Chicago and from this mating I got dark-blues and dark-brown reds. Fought the stags and re-fought them and only one lost his first battle. I then bred one of my Blue cocks over one of the half blood hens and the quarter-

bloods won a good majority of their battles. I have two dark-blue hens today that are daughters of the Pirce cock. They are over nine years old and are strong and healthy brood hens yet.

In 1923 Henry Flock sent me a blue-red, white leg, red eyed, straight comb cock from El Paso, Texas and wanted me to breed him. Said if I did not want him to just send him to his daughter at home and that she would care for him until he returned. Flock had won twice with him and had pronounced him a wonder. He said that Jas. G. Oakley had bred him out of a Smith Blue cock that he got of Smith Bros., that won in the Opelousas Tournament. I bred this cock single mated on one of my old Blue hens and he nicked well with my blood. I bred back to my Blues and the quarter bloods won a larger per cent than did the half bloods. I am saving some of the quarterblood hens. My friend Hasel made a cross several years ago with Gleezen Whitehackle on Blues, also a cross of a Shawlneck hen from Elmer B. Denham and both were good. I traded some of my Pierce cross and of the Oakley cock cross to Hasel for some of his Whitehuckles and Shawlneck crosses and breed a few each year carrying this blood.

This concludes the history of my straight comb Blues. I am using too much space so will cut the history of my Blue Roundheads as short as possible.

In 1920 Henry Flock sent me a large Blue pyle cock and some Flock Roundhead hens and asked



MINER BLUE COCK.

Weight 6.03, winner 4 battles. Won in long heels as a stag at Omaha; won 3 battles in 1½" heels at Chicago. Bred by Lloyd B. Miner and now owned by McDonald & Rothstein, of Chicago.

me to breed them together. He said that he got the cock from Jas. G. Oakley, of Ashby, Ala. I bred them and sent some of the stags to Flock. In 1922 Mr. Flock sent me some more of his Flock Roundhead hens and a little bright red cock he called "Broken Wing," said that he was pure Roundhead and mostly Flock blood which was the old Dr. Saunders' blood that he got of a Mr. Walt

and a Dr. Moore. He told me that "Broken Wing" was bred by A. J. Jarrett out of cocks Flock took to El Paso and fought in Jaurez and a Mr. Wallace bred the cocks Mr. Flock took to El Paso from stock Mr. Flock had sold Mr. Wallace. Mr. Flock said that "Broken Wing" had won six times for Mr. Jarrett and was fought three times in one night, in the last fight he got both wings broken, was let take some cutting and then picked up and saved. I was talking to Mr. Jarrett while attending the recent Forrest-Law main in Chicago and he said that "Broken Wing" was a wonderful cock. I know that he is a great brood cock. In 1922 Mr. Flock also sent me a young Blue Pyle Roundhead cock with yellow legs, three yellow leg blue and buff color Roundhead hens and three solid blue Roundhead hens with dark legs; these he said were all bred by Mr. Oakley and were pure old time Lundy Blues. Mr. Flock gave me full instructions how to breed these and I have followed his directions to the letter. "Broken Wing" was kept one day in a pen with the pure Flock Roundhead hens and the next day in a pen with the blue and buff color Oakley hens. The young Blue Pyle Roundhead cock was kept in a pen over the three solid blue Roundhead hens one day and the next day in the pen with the pure Flock Roundhead hens.

In 1923 I shipped Mr. Flock some of the young, but that was the last, as the great old cocker and gentleman passed away on the 29th of June, 1924. I have the many letters that he wrote to me and



"OLD BROKEN WING."

Winner of 6 battles; age 7 years. Bred and fought by A. J. Jarrett, of El Paso, Texas. Owned by Lloyd B. Miner. A Flock Roundhead in breeding. This cock and Oakley Blues are the foundation of Miner Blue Roundheads.

treasure them very highly. He gave me many pointers on conditioning, etc. There never lived a better judge of a game cock nor a squarer man than Henry Flock. He told me to line-breed "Broken Wing" with these Oakley hens and said: "Don't look for any better fowl for if you do you look for the impossible." I have bred them in line and believe he told me the truth. Most of the cocks come blue-red or pyle Roundheads so I

call them Miner Blue Roundheads. A few come Red Roundheads. Hens come solid blue, some light, some dark, a few blue and buff and a few pyle.

I have always liked a good Roundhead and have bred Mr. H. H. Cowan's Roundheads for over 15 years. I have some red, pure Roundheads made up of three different families of pure Roundheads. Since I have bred and fought my Blue Roundheads for only a few years some one might wonder if I can keep them coming good. I believe that I can.

The grandsons of "Broken Wing" are starting off to win as well as the first mating did and the first Blue Roundheads I raised lost only two battles out of about 30. I fought six at Chicago and won 5 out of 6; sent four of these to Omaha and the four won 17 battles. One that I sold to a Peoria party won three battles. One given to Mr. Cowan of Alabama, was fought in a main at Memphis and won a hard go.

I shall quote a clipping Mr. Cowan sent me from a letter Mr. Bruner (the Memphis feeder) wrote him. Mr. Bruner writes: "Very sorry indeed to hear that the Miner Blue is a blinker. He is a great cock and I will miss him in the next main. He will make a good brood cock and I would save him."

Last year I sent a grandson of "Broken Wing" (bred from a Blue Roundhead, son of "Broken Wing" back on Oakley hens) to Omaha, Nebr. He won three times against good ones and lost a



GEORGE HASEL.

Mr. Miner speaks of Mr. Hasel as "my old friend and pal." The cock shown is known as "Old Blinker."

very game fight the fourth time with a broken leg. I just received word from Omaha that six stags, grandsons of "Broken Wing," won six battles and lost one with a broken leg, one stag winning twice, the last time over a cock one ounce larger. Fought by St. Joseph, Mo. A Blue Round-head stag,, grandson of "Broken Wing" 'that I sold to McDonald and Rothstein, of Chicago, won a good battle at Chicago in June and was only 10 months old. I have fought several three-quarters of "Broken Wing's" blood and several three-quarters of the Oakley blood and they all won a good majority and fought to suit me. I have mentioned

the above battles fought and those at Omaha and Chicago just to show that my Blue Roundheads are breeding on and were not just a lucky first nick.

I am mating my Blue Roundhead yards so as to carry a large per centage of "Broken Wing's" blood on both sides and at the same time keep them coming blue in color. The way I am breeding I have a "Broken Wing" family of Blue Roundheads and an Oakley family of Blue Roundheads. They fight alike, are as clever as any Roundheads get to be, are more aggressive than most Roundheads and are absolutely dead game.

I have never kept a complete record of all the battles my cocks have fought. It would have been almost impossible to do so. Several years ago I would fight a small main or two each year, did this for about six or eight years, fighting possibly a dozen mains in all. These were of no great importance as all were against local parties and fought around close to home, Streator, Cornell, LaSalle, etc. I lost but two of these mains. I have hacked my cocks at Chicago, Peoria, Streator, La Salle and at home and have at the end of each season had a fair majority in my favor. I have lost at times too, but I am proud that I can as yet say that I have never lost by more than the odd battle with birds of my own breeding. I have won every battle I fought some times and many times all but one, and out of the last 14 battles at Chicago, 11 have won and 3 lost, but this does not always happen and I do not claim that my cocks



RESIDENCE OF LLOYD B. MINER.
Showing brood pen in background.

have won 90% of all the battles that they have fought and never expect to as long as the game is as hard as it is today.

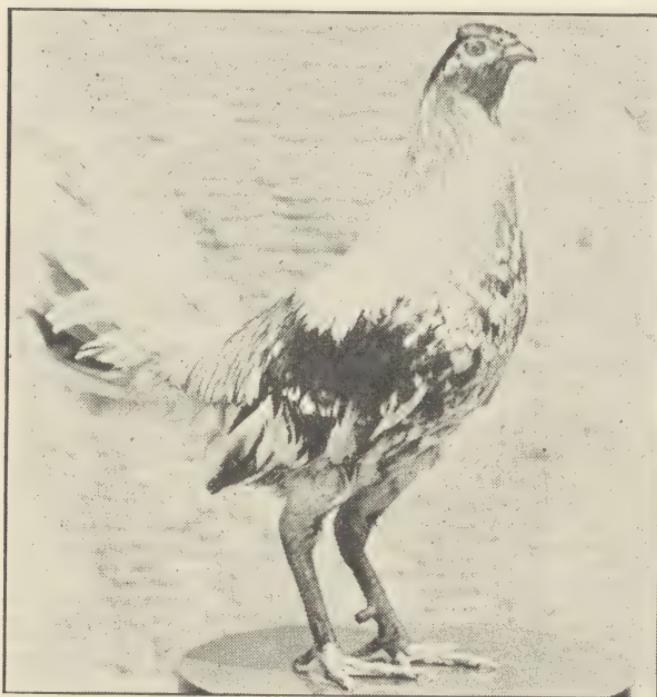
In 1918 I made a special request of my customers to let me have a report on each cock, some reported and some did not. I kept a record of all reported up to 1921 and advertised same in *Grit and Steel* at that time. Of 84 of the cocks and stags reported to me 32 won one battle each, 10 won 2 battles each, 6 won three battles each, 5 won 4 battles each, 1 won 5 battles, 2 won 6 battles each, and one won eight battles. Twenty-seven lost their first fight and ten of the previous winners lost later on. In all the 84 cocks and stags fought 153 battles, winning 116 and losing only 37. They were fought in all lengths of heels.

In the last three years my friends in Omaha, Nebr., have used quite a few of my cocks and

stags and have written me about the battles that they have fought. Most of the cocks and stags I sold them but some I loaned them. In checking over my letters from Omaha I find that my birds have fought 114 battles there since May, 1924. Of these they have won 81 and lost 33, one being a draw. While fighting these battles they tied for first place in a stag tournament by winning 4 out of 5 and won a cock main 6 to 5 against the best cocks that could be gotten together in and around Omaha. My cocks were shipped to Omaha in cold December weather and fought main in January, 1925.

In 1921 and 1922 a gentleman in Louisiana used quite a few of my cocks. I shall not mention his name as I think that he does not want it published, however, he fought my cocks for good money in mains against Mr. DeJean with Henry Wortham as feeder. He won two or three mains and lost one to them, using several of my cocks in each main and the majority of them won. Two cocks that I sold him won 12 battles for him. I mention the above battles just to show that my cocks have fought in fast company against some of the best feeders in both long and short heels for a good amount of money and have won the majority of their battles.

I fight all my cocks that I can get time to fight because I love to see them go, I love the sport and want to see for myself what they can do. I take as much or more interest in breeding better cocks than I do in fighting them and I believe that



"GENERAL."

Miner Blue cock, two years old; winner of 3 battles—two at Chicago and one at Peoria. Light blue color with yellow legs. Weight 5.02. Bred, owned and fought by Lloyd B. Miner.

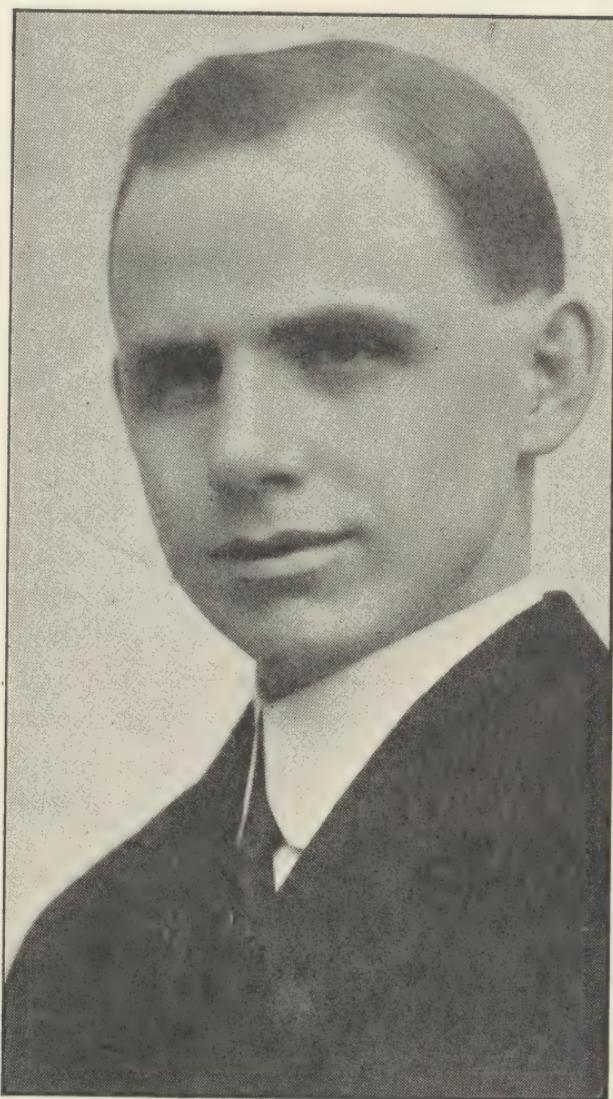
one must fight his cocks and see how they go to improve his breeding.

I have confidence in my cocks which is the reason that I bet my money on them, but I never bet more than I can afford to lose. I condition my cocks alone because I want to know them all the way through. You can learn a lot about each cock while you are conditioning it that you

would not know otherwise. It helps one to pick his brood cocks.

I am held pretty close in our general store, but I work early and late with my fowl. Have most of my brood yards at home under my own care, raise from 200 to 400 young each year and have two fine farms to raise them on, both having plenty of shade and running water. I have sold fowl to the public for 15 years, carried my first ad in Derby Game Bird and I never have enough birds to supply the demand but I let go all that I can spare and keep a few to see go myself. I often sold better stags than I kept myself; I am glad that I can truthfully say this.

I close with the best wishes for Grit and Steel.



JOHN W. BEST

Tait and Everette Claibornes

BY JOHN W. BEST.

For a young man forty years of age to attempt to write the history of one of the greatest strains of pit fowl that ever wore a heel in an American pit, and when this particular strain originated more than twice his own age in years gone by, also when there are men living and active today who knew the originator in person as well as other noted breeders connected with the original fowl, I trust that I am not overstepping my authority in the opinion of these noted veterans, by offering this article for publication. It may appear similar to a "cub" sporting news reporter of a newspaper staff trying to tell his readers something of the life of John L. Sullivan when there are still living sparring partners, seconds and referee who knew old John L. from A to Z, both in and out of the ring.

However, for twenty-five years without a single interruption I have studied Claibornes, listened to experienced breeders and cockers discuss them, read many articles pertaining to the history of this noted strain, including published matter and personal letters especially from the pen of probably the greatest authority on Claibornes living today, B. F. Dyer, Weatherford, Texas, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information and pictures connected with their origin. After re-

viewing a deskful of notes, letters and other data I have boiled it down to a reasonable copy containing paragraphs, dates and other information just as it was given to me by noted breeders, writers, etc.

Now in writing on historical matters it is seldom that any two historians agree and often conflicting opinions arise over certain points even if it were possible that the two writers were witnesses to the point in question. This you will note in the history of the Claibornes as to the true breeding of the original hen used, also what is a Grissette and Tait Claiborne. These are probably insignificant things to bring up at this late date but it goes to show how opinions will differ on any worthy or popular subject. However, nearly all authorities agree that the original sire of all Claibornes was a cock of royal breeding, that he came from England and was bright red, showing white in tail and wings and no doubt white legs as he was supposed to be a typical Earl of Derby cock. It has been said also that he was a Sefton cock and came over to this country as a stowaway on a cotton ship, but it must be understood that Judge Claiborne was not the sort to resort to pirate methods to obtain his pit fowl. Judge Claiborne was a true Southerner of the old school and possessed a splendid stable of horses and in connection with this was one James Sandford, an ex-pugilist, who it appears was a keen judge of game fowl and a handler of pit cocks. Sandford took a special fancy to this Derby cock and when the time arrived to tie on the heels he was doubly in-



TWO VETERANS.

Standing on the porch is Louis Everette and leaning against the post is Ben F. Dyer, of Weatherford, Texas. This picture was made at Mr. Dyer's home in September, 1893.

terested. However, the battle was short, the Derby had a gaff broken off in his back and Judge Claiborne ordered him taken out to avoid further punishment. By this act you will note the Judge was a real sportsman and he did not leave a good but helpless cock in the pit to be mauled around pitting after pitting to demonstrate that he had

GAME cocks; also to give his pitter an opportunity to demonstrate his skill as a handler.

Jim Sandford's faith in this cock did not weaken on account of losing his battle. Instead he carefully removed the broken gaff and asked permission of Judge Claiborne to keep this cock for his own, which was readily granted.

By careful nursing he brought this cock back to health and began thinking about a hen to mate with him. Now here is where there is some differences of opinion among noted Claiborne authorities. Some say she was a pure Spanish hen, black in color, while others scout this theory and claim her to be more on the Irish line. I have heard others argue she was probably in the same blood lines as "Little India," the famous hen connected with the Warhorse origin. I have been informed however, from a reliable source that her brothers were spangles and black-breasted reds and that they were great pit fowl used by a patron of the old Baron street pit at New Orleans; also that Jim Sandford laughed when asked if this hen was of Spanish breeding. Probably Jim wasn't broadcasting information in general in regard to his pit fowl in those days. Whatever her breeding, let it be said, she certainly proved to be a wonderful mother and in these past four score years her gallant offspring in generation after generation in all sections of the continent, hot or cold, in many different hands and length and style of heels, meeting every conceivable kind of foe, barring none, have demonstrated her weight in gold would be a mere piker's offering for



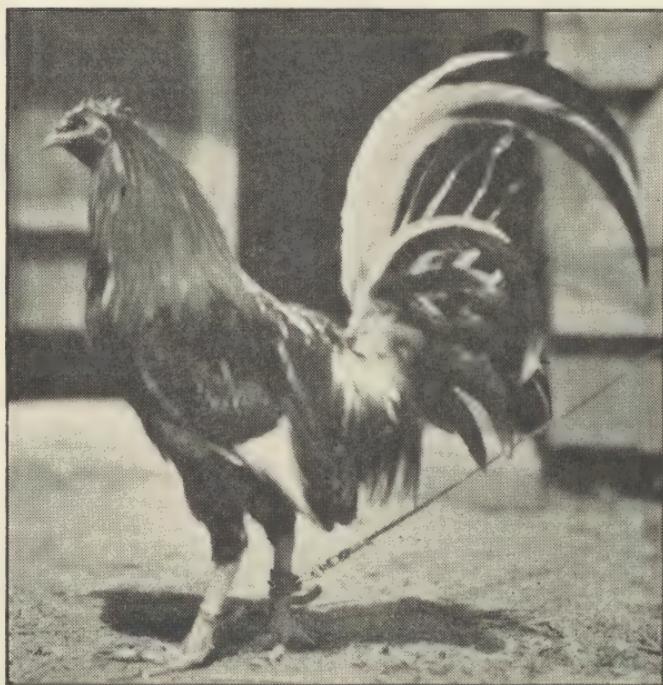
“OLD SILAS SCOTT.”

Tait Claiborne brood cock, 7 years old, 3 times winner, sire of many winners, weight 5.10. Bred by the late R. J. Bledsoe; owned by John W. Best, Covington, Kentucky.

her were she living and in her prime today.

It was the year of 1841 that Sandford took this pair to John Morrison's at Mobile, Ala., and it was there he produced the first of this great strain, the Smooth heads. After fighting the produce from this mating and being convinced that they were great pit fowl he took the original old Derby cock and mated him to five or six pure Baltimore Tassel hens, and from this mating came his Tassel Claibornes. Louis Everette bought a yard of the Tassels of Sandford in 1845 and placed

them with Ben Grissette on the Alabama river. They later disagreed and Everette sold his interest to Bob and Felix Tait. Grissette then obtained a Smooth head cock and bred him to the Tassels and called them Grissette Claibornes. Bob Tait was a real breeder and produced some wonderful fowl, but Felix (Major) Tait did not keep them up after Bob's death and infused the Smooth head blood into his Tassels and that is why so many Tait breeders get some Smooth heads occasionally. Everette lived with Dick Harrison at Benton, Ala., who was a trainer of race horses, and Everette was also a horse trainer. Everette secured of Sandford a trio of the Smooth heads, which are today called the Everette Claibornes. He bred these at Harrison's place. It is said that Everette and Sandford went west to Arkansas and for a time crossed the two Claibornes, Tassels and Smooth heads, and according to Col. Grist who quotes a Mr. Russell, a famous Claiborne breeder, as saying that it was this cross that produced the "Tait Claibornes." However, Mr. Dyer states that Grissette made this same cross after the split-up between Grissette and Everette; also after Everette had disposed of his Tassels to the Taits that Bob always kept his Tassels pure up to his death, after that Felix Tait secured Smooth head cocks of him (Dyer) and bred them into his Tassels. There were a few yards of the original Tassels and Smooth heads scattered around the Mobile district and it is said that although Jim Sandford made the Claiborne, that he himself, was not a practical breeder and that his sister, Mrs. Sallie



"UNCLE SAM."

Tait Claiborne brood cock, three years old, two times winner. Bred and owned by John W. Best, Covington, Ky.

Davis, bred his old Smooth heads pure for him, while his brother John did likewise with the Tassels, and under instructions of Everette continued to breed them until each died, Jim Sandford in the 80's; John in 1898 and Mrs. Davis in 1901 and Louis Everette in 1894. I have been told that no living man can truthfully say that he ever bought a Claiborne from any of the Sandford family. Louis Everette also seemed to be shy on selling stock, although he gave some splendid fowl to Sam and Julius Pickens. When his old friend,

John Morrison died, Sandford removed all his fowl to Louis Everette's yards with Dick Harrison. Everette lived with Dick until his death.

Now it can be easily seen that the center of Claiborne activity was around Mobile and along the Alabama river and all honor is due the great state of Alabama for giving the game fanciers of the world one of the most courageous, beautiful, aristocratic and ever-trying pit fowl in all modern times. With his abundant and gorgeous coat of feathers draped over his back like the finest of Val lace, fiery red in color, the purest of white in long tail streamers and his powerful wings carried low, and this, with the blue-black lustre of the wing coverts, gives us the impression of "Old Glory" stirred up with a spoon, stars and all. Like Alabama's famous "24 Votes for Underwood" at the last Democratic Convention, they will be found hard to count out. The Claiborne hen with her beautiful wheaten buff color, fan tail, brilliant eye and movement as graceful as a mockingbird, makes her what she is, a queen among game fowl. The Tait hen, although similar in color to the Everette, is just a bit more trim and I might add a bit more nervous and somewhat inclined to agitate a quarrel at every opportunity. She resembles a bobbed hair girl with her heavy hood or tassel. Claiborne hens make the best of mothers and often carry their chicks until they are almost as large as herself. In conclusion, let me give you a brief summary of Claiborne history which may be filed away for future reference as it is interesting to fanciers of this grand old strain.

Summary.

Claibornes, if bred right, are very hardy and live to quite an age for fowl. August Grit and Steel, 1923, page 11, showed picture of feet and wings of hen hatched May 1908; died April 1923. Property B. F. Dyer, Texas.

Camillo Kuechler, great breeder of Grissette Claibornes, died March 14th, 1925, in Texas.

“Old Mobile,” noted cock of Everette’s, decided 14 mains for him and he was breeding from him at eleven years of age. Up to his tenth battle he had never been scratched with a heel.

Sandford named them “Claibornes” in honor of Judge Claiborne, who gave him the old cock. The Judge, it is said, disclaimed any credit in the breeding of them and never owned any of them.

B. F. Dyer now living at Weatherford, Texas, assisted and contributed at the burial of Louis Everette in 1894.

C. E. Tait, son of Major Felix Tait, died in April, 1915, near Camden, Ala. He perpetuated the old Taits for many years in its original purity after his father’s death. Mrs. Lally Tait Bragg, his sister, also helped with the fowl, but I understand she has moved to Washington, D. C.

That the Claibornes had swept the country and invaded the Northern pits early is shown in the account of a main in New England between John Marher or (Marr for short) in which Marr used all Claibornes and his opponent Boston Round-heads. The Claibornes are reported to have won every battle in the main. Marr got his start of pure Claibornes from John Stone, four hens and a

cock for which he paid Stone \$300. Some price those days, 1862.

It is said the Claibornes have never been defeated in a full main with a show of 21 cocks. However, the Claibornes are reported to have been defeated in a main in the hands of Jim Sandford himself by Senator Sherrod with his pure uncrossed Eslin Redquills at Memphis, Tenn. Senator Sherrod was assisted by the famous Dick Lee, also Dr. Dick Harris and one of the Eslins, probably Charles. Dr. Harris remained in the South and located in the Claiborne state.

Imagine a tournament in which the "score card" gave the line up as follows, each an entry in full: Tait Claibornes, Everette Claibornes, Warhorses, Redquills, Whitehackles, Boston Roundheads, Gee Doms, including entries of the more modern strains. It would resemble the Kentucky Derby for traffic congestion and the man big enough to promote it would make Tex Rickard look like a novice.

Not every game cock sporting a white feather in his tail is a Claiborne,—not by a jugful. But some of the most successful pit fowl today show their backbone made out of Claiborne material.

The Claiborne, like any other strain is no better than their master breeds them.

It takes the old Claiborne to put the pep in the Jap and Aseel. Three-fourths and seven-eighths Claiborne blood is the popular grade.

To chronicle the battles in which the Claibornes take part each season would be difficult as there are many pure Claibornes fought in mains and

hacks which are invitational and the results are never made public or published.

He was an Everette Claiborne, simon pure. He whipped another as a stag with a pair of inch and one-half heels. Next season in full plumage he stepped into the world's greatest poultry show, Madison Square Garden, New York, won the silver cup and proved one of the attractions of the entire show. Came home, trimmed out a few feathers and dropped a short heel down the spine of another pit artist and crowed for more worlds to conquer. He is owned by George Tracey, Kinderhook, N. Y.

Years ago when the old Covington pits were active I served my apprenticeship under the veteran Ben Weisenberger. His spacious cock house accommodated hundreds of the finest pit fowl bred at that time, many being direct from their originators who accompanied them in person. I carried water, feed and cleaned cock stalls for the privilege of seeing and studying these wonderful cocks, to compare them and later see them do their stuff. Another old veteran, Paul Bornhorn, showed me how to breed them. To them I owe much as they started me right and saw that I stuck to the straight and narrow path in my breeding operations.

R. J. Bledsoe, Cedar Grove, Tenn., a well known breeder of Tait Claibornes, died suddenly March 10th, 1925, while setting a hen. He died in service among the fowl he loved so well and carefully bred for many years.

Origin of Claibornes

BY JOHN C. FLANAGAN.

Gentlemen:—I have hesitated about sending the origin, breeding and history of the Claibornes for fear it would “smack” of free advertising, which I have no desire for, as I haven’t any fowl or eggs for sale. I feel that I am in a better position to give the breeding of the Grissett Claibornes since 1878 than any one; so here goes.

About 1855 Jim Sanford, an ex-prize fighter, crossed an Earl Derby cock over a black Spanish hen, the breeding of the hen was never given, only as “Black Spanish,” whether there was a strain of fowl called Black Spanish or not I don’t know. The Earl Derby cock was bred over the cross, making 3-4 Earl Derby and 1-4 Black Spanish. These cocks came black breasted reds with yellow legs and red eyes, and were fought by Sanford and Gen. Claiborne from whom they took their name. It is claimed they never lost a main with these cocks. After fighting them with great success for several years, Maj. Felix Tait and Ben Grissett entered into the combination by raising and fighting some of the cocks. About 1865 Tait and Grissett bred a Baltimore Topknot cock over some of the hens, then the Claiborne cock over the cross, making approximately 1-4 Baltimore Topknot, 9-16 Earl Derby and 3-16 Black Spanish.

These cocks come with topknots or tassels as do the hens. The cocks have yellow legs, red eyes, and are generally black breasted reds, although some come Spangle and once in a great while we get a "cry-back" or brass back cock. We have only raised two brass backs in 30 years. However, I expect there would be a larger per centage of brass backs if the Claibornes were raised more extensively.

About 1872 Sanford died in New Orleans where the Claibornes were originated. The following year Grissett moved to Texas bringing his fowl with him, which were the Tasseled fowl. Major Tait also had the Tassel fowl. The smooth head Claiborne became known as the Everett Claiborne and didn't carry the Baltimore Topknot blood. The Tassel fowl carried the name of Grissett and Tait Claiborne and were of the same blood up to the time Grissett moved to Texas. Capt. W. H. Love procured a pen of these Claibornes from Grissett in 1875 when he moved from Washington county, Texas, to Austin, Texas, and succeeded in defeating all comers with the stags out of this pen.

Mr. C. A. Kuechler, then a young man, bought a good many cocks from different breeders expecting to whip these Claibornes, but was disappointed as he never succeeded in even winning one fight.

In 1878 Capt. Love decided to infuse new blood and Mr. Kuechler bought a trio of his oldest fowl and they have been bred pure ever since, never a drop of new blood used even to the present day.

Whether this was a wise policy I can't say. Though I do know they win a majority of their hack fights and never run away and try to win as long as they can breathe. While they are small in size they are sure cutters and great generals in the pit. There hasn't been sufficient numbers of them raised in the last few years to fight a main with. It is claimed by old cockers that the Grissett Claibornes were never defeated in but one main and then by the Redquills. The last three mains of pure Grissett Claibornes were fought in San Antonio, Texas by J. B. Crowther, who defeated Capt. Bill Jones, of Gonzales and his two brothers, Gus and Dee Jones, 10 out of 11 in 1896.

In 1905 Crowther defeated Frank Raggio 7 out of 11 and in 1909 defeated Jack Dozier, owner of the Eastern Star Cock Pit, (where all three of these mains were fought), 15 out of 19. All three of these mains were won with 9 and 10 months old stags. I am going to try to raise enough this year to enter the Breeders Tournament next year, if your suggestion is carried out.

The Claibornes

BY G. W. BOYCE.

In compliance with your request that I write a short sketch of my Claibornes and how I perpetuate them, I will see what I can do.

I want to say that in mentioning Claibornes I shall refer to no other breeder of these fowls. Other breeders may have them absolutely as good as mine, if they have given the necessary thought and study to breeding. This will not be a history of the Claiborne fowl, but only a report of mine and how I perpetuate them. The history of the fowls have been in print many times.

Fifty-two years ago I bought a trio of "Smooth-head" Claibornes from a man in Ypsilanti, Mich. I do not remember his name, but I got his address from the Police Gazette. He sent me the handsomest fowls I ever saw. Rather small, but as perfect as wild birds. Hens a nice wheaten color and cock a bright-red with white under color, and some white in wings and tail. Both cock and hens had red eyes and yellow legs. I happened to set each hen's eggs separately and so got two flocks of chicks that were not quite full brothers and sisters. In various ways I chanced to keep them good for years till I learned where I could get some others.

Somehow, I got hold of George Long, of Texas,



G. W. BOYCE, OF SALAMANCA, N. Y.

This picture was made shortly after Mr. Boyce's 70th birthday. The little lady in the picture is Mr. Boyce's granddaughter of Washington, D. C., who goes up to help "water the chickens."

who was breeding Claibornes and I bought a few from him. These seemed a little different from the first ones. They were broader across the breast, heavier and longer wings and arched the neck over the back more. They were the same in color and size, but a bit heavier plumage. I had no definite idea of breeding fowls at that time, but I bred these pure and also crossed them with the Michigan family. Lord, how these could cut.

By this time men began to fight cocks in the Pennsylvania oil fields. Men had plenty of money and bought cocks everywhere. None of them could whip these little Claibornes. Soon after this I bought a trio of Dr. Cabell, of Hot Springs, Ark., practically the same as the others and all equally good.

Some dozen years ago I got a pen from a man who is still living, but whose name I withhold because he does not want to be bothered with letters. He breeds a few each year, but never sells one. After buying from Dr. Cabell I determined to breed my three families in such a way as to be able to carry them on indefinitely without loss of important qualities. This I have succeeded in doing and believe I could continue indefinitely.

During all these years I have bought some from others who offered them for sale, but always discarded them for one reason or another. Some did not look right, some did not fight right, some lacked gameness and one bunch I remember had all these good qualifications, but nearly every fowl they produced was what I called "duck-toed," that is the back or prop toe curled around at the side of the foot. This I disliked and think it might be a serious drawback in a long, hard fight although it means nothing in a fight of ten minutes. In fact one of these duck-toed cocks won five battles for Jack Kenney, of Bradford, in one winter and went out for a brood cock the next spring.

Now, for practically thirty years I've been mating and breeding my first three purchases and

they are as good and game as ever. I have been breeding four strains of games, but lately I have disposed of one entirely and of two others I shall breed only a few to supply former customers with brood stock, and from now on for the short time that may be left to me of health and strength I shall confine all my energies to producing this one breed. For beauty, for manners, for laying qualities, for gameness and winning qualities they are surpassed by none, and where they have been kept pure, as mine have, no cross-bred fowl can be compared with them for crossing, especially on Orientals.

Today, I have 25 pure Claiborne hens for breeding. These hens are in five yards, under lock and key. Five hens in each yard, full sisters, and the cock in each yard was bred in one of the other yards, so no cock can be much related to his hens. If I have 200 chicks in the fall (that's as many as I try to raise), no man could pick the chickens from any one yard by their looks.

This is not in-breeding, or line-breeding, but is right and safe breeding, if you want to perpetuate a family or breed. This means study, work and endless vigilance and care, but it brings results.

Yours very truly,

G. W. Boyce.

Sid Taylors

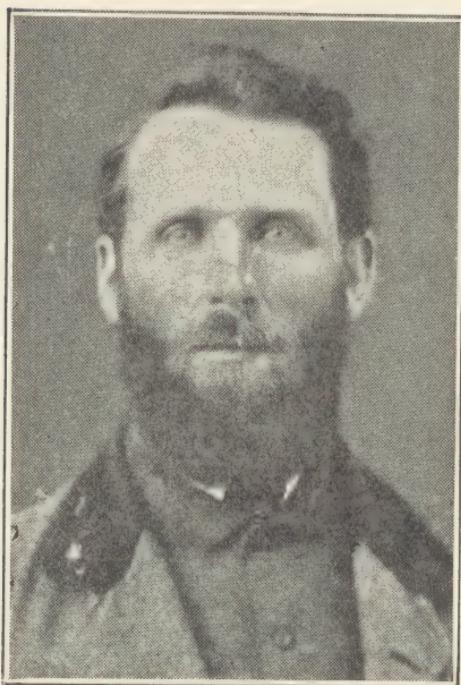
BY P. P. JOHNSTON.

There has been a good deal of talk and speculation and some confusion as to the origin of the strain of game chickens known as Sid Tay-bors. Sid Taylor is the name given the chickens bred and fought by Mr. Taylor of Million, Madison County, Kentucky.

Mr. Taylor lived on his farm near Richmond, Kentucky, and bred and fought his chickens with great success until failing health and fortune prevented. Mr. J. D. Gay of Pinegrove, Kentucky, had been associated with Mr. Taylor since 1888 and had backed his cocks and helped him financially, in the later years of his life, and eighteen months before his death he gave Mr. Gay all his chickens, his gaffs, etc. The Sid Taylor cocks in Mr. Gay's hands have maintained the high quality that they had attained in Mr. Taylor's hands.

Mr. Gay, from his close association with Mr. Taylor, knows the history of the Sid Taylors better than any man living, and the facts in this article are furnished and edited by Mr. Gay.

In 1888 Mr. Gay attended a main Mr. Taylor fought in Lexington against some Lexington parties. At that time Mr. Gay was a boy, but had been breeding game chickens for several



SID TAYLOR.

Originator of the now famous strain of fighting cocks of the same name.

years. Mr. Gay tried to buy a yard of chickens from Mr. Taylor but he would not sell him any hens. Through a mutual friend he let Mr. Gay have some stags to walk. The next year he let him have some pullets to breed. Through these transactions they became intimate and Mr. Gay backed Mr. Taylor's cocks and bred and fought cocks of his own of the Sid Taylor strain. From Mr. Taylor he became an expert in handling and conditioning. In 1898 Mr. Gay won a main from D. Saugham of Lexington. Mr. Taylor

attended this main and took home two of the Sid Taylor cocks that Mr. Gay had bred, to use on his own yards as brood cocks.

That year Mr. Taylor, who had been furnishing brood cocks to Judge Dan Gordon of Abbeville, Alabama, wrote to Judge Gordon to get cocks from Mr. Gay, as Gay's Sid Taylor cocks were better than his.

Mr. Taylor was a very careful breeder and a splendid conditioner. He was a very reticent man and it was only in the latter years of his life that he talked freely to Mr. Gay of the history of his chickens. He never sold hens to any one, but furnished cocks to a great many cockers over the country.

In 1901 Mr. Gay prevailed on Mr. Taylor to let Dr. Jim Yates of Richmond have some of his hens. Dr. Yates fought these chickens very successfully for a good many years, but he finally let them get away from him and has none of the pure old blood left.

Mr. Taylor died in 1905. Eighteen months before he died he gave Mr. Gay all of the chickens that he had. He also gave him his old Jim Shigh gaffs. Mr. Gay used these gaffs until 1922 when in the National Tournament at Orlando, Florida, he had them on a Sid Taylor of the Dom family and one was broken. The fight lasted for one hour and forty minutes and resulted in a draw. During the Tournament Mr. Gay was approached by Mr. E. W. Law, of Chicago, with an offer to buy all his cocks and stags and retire his chickens from the public



"LOG CABIN."

A pure Sid Taylor and winner of six great battles in the hands of his breeder, J. D. Gay, Pine Grove, Ky. Said to be the most noted cock ever bred of this old strain. "Log Cabin" was founder of Mr. Gay's "Log Cabin" family of Sid Taylors. In color he was brown-red and conditioned at 6.02. In 1922 Mr. Gay fought six of 'Log Cabin's' sons in the Orlando tournament and all six won.

market. Mr. Law breeds and fights a great many cocks each year and is a keen observer and is a good judge of a game cock. He was so much impressed with the style and wonderful cutting ability of the Sid Taylors, although at that time they were behind, that he was convinced they were what he wanted. Mr. Gay had been selling Sid Taylors from 1920 to 1922. Since then Mr. Law has been using all Mr. Gay's Sid Taylors.

The original strain of chickens from which the Sid Taylors of today were made goes back

many years before the Civil War of 1861. These chickens were bred by Jim Shy, of Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. Shy's name has been spelled in several ways—Shigh and Shei. Shy seems to be correct, as it is spelled Shy in the *Turf Guide*, and in accounts of races in which his horses ran, in old copies of *The Spirit of the Times*. He is remembered today by some of the old timers around Lexington, who speak of him as a sporting man of the highest honor. Shy lived near the race track at Lexington and bred his chickens on the farm of Jim Price, who lived near Pine Grove, Kentucky. Their farm joins the land owned by Mr. Gay on which he lives and breeds his chickens. Price was interested in all kinds of sporting events and he backed Shy's cocks heavily. Shy fought his cocks in Lexington and other places very successfully. No one seems to know what these chickens were. The cocks came red, brown-red, pyle, and blue-reds, many of them having white feathers in their tails and wings. Mr. Gay had an uncle who lived near Pine Grove who remembered walking cocks for Price and Shy in the fifties.

Like many other renowned cockers and breeders, Mr. Taylor was also a well known race horse man. One of the best race horses Mr. Taylor ever owned was "Bend'Or," who ran one mile and 500 yards in two minutes, ten and one-half seconds (2.10½) as a four-year-old in 1882, with 115 pounds up, establishing a world's record. This record was not beaten till

1905 when "Swift Wing," a five-year-old, beat "Bend'Or's" time by three-tenths of a second with only 100 pounds up. This record still stands.

Soon after the war of the sixties, Sid Taylor got chickens from Shy. He told Mr. Gay that they were the first real good dependable winning cocks he had ever had, although he had been breeding and fighting cocks before that time. Mr. Taylor was closely associated with Shy until his death in 1892. Shy was said to be ninety years old when he died. He became blind eight or ten years before his death. When his eyesight became very bad he gave Mr. Taylor his gaffs and all of his chickens.

The first cross that Mr. Taylor made on the Shy chickens was in the early seventies. In 1869 George Cadwallader, who had been a jockey and was at that time a race horse trainer, sold a horse named Pompey Payne to W. R. Babcock, an Eastern turfman, for \$15,000, and as a further consideration he was to get six black imported Irish hens that Mr. Babcock was to procure from a man named Hudderson of Rhode Island. Cadwallader got the hens and fought their progeny for a few years, when his wife objected to his keeping on fighting game chickens. Cadwallader then gave his chickens to Mr. Taylor. I have seen a letter written a few years ago to Mr. Gay by George Cadwallader verifying these statements.

On these six Irish hens Mr. Taylor put a blue cock that came from Shy. No one knows

the proportion of this blood Mr. Taylor put into his chickens, but with them he succeeded in winning the respect of Tom O'Neal, the great Dom breeder and cocker of Louisville, Kentucky. Tom O'Neal was associated with Wadle, who controlled most of the gambling houses in Louisville at that time. Mr. Taylor furnished a great many cocks to O'Neal and Wadle. Mr. W. T. Pragof, of Louisville, Kentucky, and Wadle imported from Vinegar Hill, Ireland, some game chickens. These chickens were called Wadle Irish. They had black eyes—Mr. Taylor spoke of them as blackberry eyes—and dark or mulberry-colored faces. The hens were black, the cocks very dark red, a dark brown-red. Mr. Pragof has talked of the importation of these chickens with Mr. Gay many times.

During the time that Mr. Taylor was furnishing cocks to Tom O'Neal and Wadle, he crossed the Wadle Irish into his chickens. This was about 1880. He also made a cross with the O'Neal Doms and established a yard of Doms. Since that time Mr. Taylor had one yard of his chickens that showed the dom color and Mr. Gay has done the same since. The Dom blood has never been bred into the other families, and they never show Dom markings. The other families were bred into the Dom family from time to time and the Dom color has been

kept up, but they do not always breed to color. Mr. Taylor's cocks were doms, blues, blacks, brown-blacks, reds, and greasy reds, with a few brown-blacks. Some of them showed white feathers in the tails and wings.

The brown-red family Mr. Gay has developed himself. In 1912 Mr. Gay fought a brown-red stag from the red family that he liked so much that he bred to him and continued to breed to him until 1920, when he died. This cock he kept at a log cabin on the farm, and he came to be known as Log Cabin and the chickens from him were called Log Cabins. Today the Log Cabin family is largely the blood of this one cock, Log Cabin and 21 full brothers, 19 of which won their first fights. Many of them won more. Log Cabin won six times. The progeny of Log Cabin have been largely responsible for the Sid Taylors winning the National Tournament at Orlando in 1922 and again in 1924. There was one of Log Cabin's sons that won the sixth fight in the 1922 and the shake battle in the 1924 tournament. Mr. Gay used this cock for two seasons as a brood cock. Mr. E. W. Law, of Chicago, uses the Log Cabin cocks in his most important mains and thinks them the best cocks that he can get. Several years ago Mr. Gay sold four or five of these cocks, and but for these few they have

never been sold to anyone but Mr. Law. He let Mr. Law have a yard of the hens and for several years he has loaned the writer of this article a few hens. This spring is the first time the writer has ever bred the Log Cabins pure, and only on condition that the pure ones are not to be sold. These are the only Log Cabin hens that have ever left Mr. Gay's hands.

Mr. Gay breeds a good many yards of Sid Taylors and by careful selection has been able to avoid the evil consequences of very close in-breeding. Today Mr. Law breeds eight or ten yards of pure Sid Taylors, some in Georgia and some in Illinois. The writer of this article breeds six yards. With this number of yards of pure chickens to draw from, the Sid Taylors can be bred indefinitely. The Sid Taylors are purely a Kentucky product, the foundation stock being the old Shy chickens. Into the Shy chickens Mr. Taylor put the imported Irish blood from Hudderson in the early seventies. In the early eighties Mr. Taylor again crossed in Irish blood, namely, the Wadle Irish. These two infusions of imported Irish blood into the Shy chickens made all the families of the Sid Taylors except the dom family, which has the addition of O'Neal Dom blood about 1870. There has been no other blood put into the Sid Taylors since these crosses were made by Mr. Sid Taylor—a period of over forty years.

The Sid Taylors have the right to be classed as a pure and distinct strain, and for over forty years they have been in the hands of only two men—their originator, Mr. Sid Taylor, and Mr. J. D. Gay—and the fact that they have won two National Tournaments at Orlando and many mains for as much as \$5,000 a side in the last few years indicates that Mr. Gay is a master breeder and that they have not lost any of the ability to win in fast company that they had attained in the hands of their originator. The past season Mr. Law won five mains and lost none. He also won 85 per cent of the hacks fought with Sid Taylors.

Pine Grove, Ky., Sept. 3, 1926.

Mr. R. G. Harrison,
Care Grit & Steel Publishing Co.,
Gaffney, S. C.

Dear Sir:

Yours of August the 22nd to hand and noted. Should have answered sooner but have been out of the state.

For the past 20 years all of the mains I have fought have been in private, with four exceptions. I don't think it would be fair to publish these mains and the names of parties with whom they were fought. Each season I fought from one to three mains and in that length of time we only lost two mains, one to Rome Respass and the other to the Clay brothers of Bourbon

county. Both of these mains were public affairs.

The tournaments in which these cocks have participated are public events and will give same to you. In Orlando, Fla., we defeated Columbus, Ga., parties in a main 8 to 5 on Saturday, and the following Monday won second money without a tie in the tournament, winning 6 fights and losing 1. We used four of the cocks fought in the main the previous Saturday and all four won. This was 1919.

In 1922 we won first money in the National Tournament, winning \$2,500 and 8½ fights out of 11 fights.

Again in 1924 these cocks won first in the National Tournament, 11 out of 15 fights and \$5,000.

In 1926 won second money with three others and the only cock we fought that was not a Sid Taylor lost. In fact this was the only cock we ever fought in a tournament that was not a pure Sid Taylor cocks.

I state without fear of being questioned that the Sid Taylor fowls are the oldest one strain in this country that have maintained a winning record for more than 40 years without having new blood put into them. These fowls are bred in some six families and we cross one family back and forth one on the other, and as long as I live they will be so bred.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. D. GAY.

Chicago, Ills., Sept. 13, 1926.

Mr. R. G. Harrison, Assistant Editor,

Grit and Steel,

Gaffney, S. C.

Dear Mr. Harrison:

I have been very busy and out of town the latter part of last week so have not earlier been able to get off to you the memorandum I promised. Here it is, such as it is:

1922—Defeated Peter Horrocks at Chicago.
Score 7 to 4.

1923—Defeated Wisconsin Shufflers at Appleton, Wis. Score 7 to 4.

1924—Defeated E. M. Cox at Chicago. Score 7 to 4.

1924—Won largest Orlando Tournament ever held to date. First money, \$5,000.

1925—Showed four Sid cocks only in Orlando Tournament and all four winning. Unable to use more on account of shipping restrictions; European poultry disease.

1925—Defeated John Doornek at Chicago; 1½-inch heels; John Kilroe, conditioner.

1925—Defeated D. H. Pierce's Wisconsin Shufflers at Chicago; 1½-inch heels; Sam Brazier, conditioner.

1926—Second money Orlando Tournament.

1926—Defeated Woodkie Company, South Bend, Ind.; 1½-inch heels; John Doornek, conditioner.

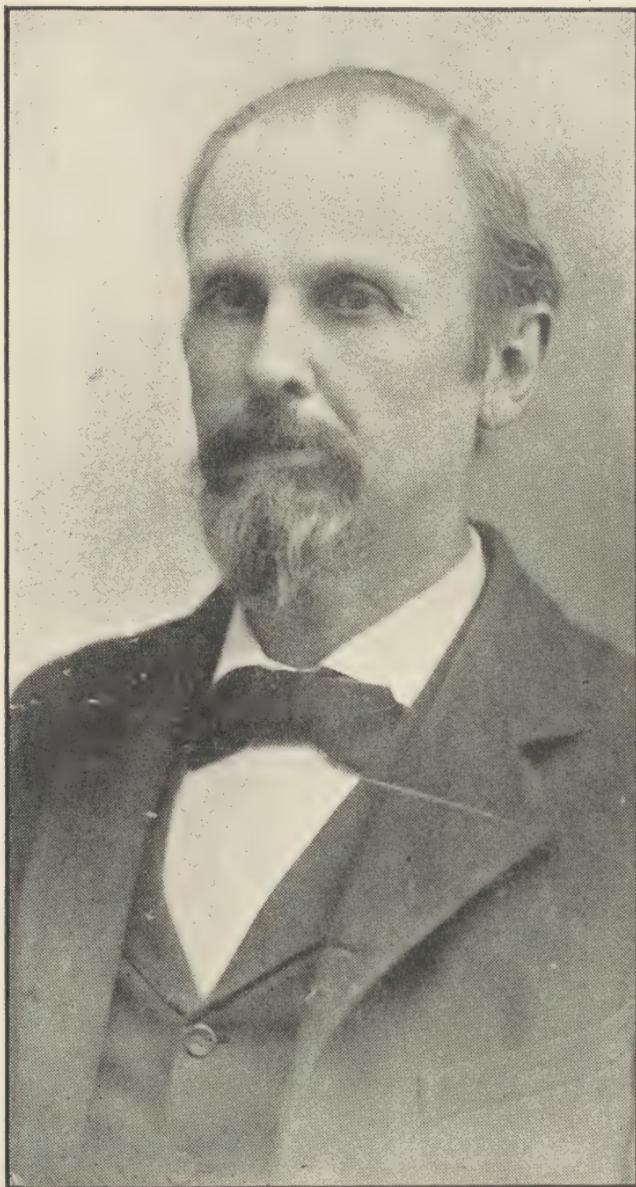
1926—Defeated John Mackin at Chicago.
Score 7 to 1.

1926—Defeated Milwaukee parties at Chicago; 1½-inch heels; John Doornek, conditioner.

Besides all this I wish to say that these cocks won 85 per cent of their hacks over a period of the last four years.

Yours very truly,

E. W. LAW.



CAPT. J. D. MAYBERRY
Originator of the Black Roundheads.

Black Roundheads

BY MRS. O. I. PAYNE

I am enclosing a letter from one of my father's old friends with whom he often exchanged game chickens. This may not be just what you expected in the way of a history, but it is relative to the Black Roundheads and Blue Jews, originated by my father, Capt. J. D. Mayberry.

It was always a great pleasure to me to assist my father in caring for his chickens, but, not expecting the burden to fall upon my shoulders, inquired very little into the blood lines and what it took to make up these two strains.

During his life time he had raised different strains and colors, was foolish about any game chicken, but had a love for solid blacks, bred them mostly for his own pleasure, always having plenty for table use and there is no chicken so good to eat as a game—when you have a game chicken dressed you have something to show for your trouble. When you kill some domestic chickens you have only a bundle of feathers and a "gizzard."

It was not until my father was getting very feeble that his chickens brought him much in return for all of his trouble and expense. He was born at Centre, Ala., June, 1844, entered University of Alabama in 1860 at Tuscaloosa, enlisting as a Confederate soldier in June, 1861, serving the full

time, wounded in the knee, came home July 1st, 1865.

In the six years following the war he became interested in game chickens. After this he moved to Bibb County, his old home. In 1897, resided at Butler, Choctaw County, Alabama, where he spent much time with his games, was elected sheriff and tax assessor, also U. S. deputy marshal under President Cleveland.

Bringing his games with him, he moved back to Bibb County, his old home in 1897, resided at one place twenty-two years, still a great lover of games. In 1918 moving near Montevallo, Ala., he died 1920.

It was when he was about 75 years of age that he shipped so many cocks and stags to Mr. J. H. Forrest, of Omaha, Nebr. This gentleman was very successful with both the Blue Jews and Black Roundheads, with the assistance of Mr. C. A. Hartgrove, pitter, winning six mains with our two strains.

Since my father's death I have tried, to the best of my ability, to keep them pure.

Letter from Mr. Oakley.

Ashby, Ala., Bibb Co., Mar. 8, 1927.

Dear Mrs. Payne:

Replying to your recent letter asking for what information I could furnish concerning the blood lines and history of "The Mayberry Black Roundheads," will say they were made up and carry the blood of several different strains.

Your father, the late Capt. J. D. Mayberry, was a life-long breeder and fancier of game chick-



MRS. O. I. PAYNE AND BABY.

Mrs. Payne is the daughter of the late Capt. J. D. Mayberry, and Mrs. Payne is now headquarters for her father's chickens.

ens and always partial to the black ones. For a number of years in Choctaw County, Ala., he bred a strain of chickens known in Alabama as "Black Clippers." On his return to his old home near Centerville, Bibb County, Ala., in the early 90's, he brought some of these chickens with him. I have always lived in Bibb County and for more than twenty years we were close friends and neighbors.

At the time of Capt. Mayberry's return here I was raising and fighting quite a number of cocks, attended nearly all the big mains and tournaments, several of which I participated in. At a number of these meetings I secured top-notch cocks that had distinguished themselves in battles of different strains and from different cockers and breeders. Of these I let Capt. Mayberry have such as he wanted and for more than fifteen years furnished him with many brood cocks obtained in that way.

Among the number I recall was an Eslin Redhorse from A. P. O'Connor, of Washington, D. C., a Hopkinson Warhorse from Dr. Edwards, Sturgis, Miss., a Rucker Durham from Rucker Bros., Athens, Ga., an Allen Roundhead picked from a bunch of cocks fought by Will Allen at the old Flory Pit in New Orleans, two different blue-black Bushwhacker cocks from Judge Pfeffer, St. Louis, Mo., and also at different times two black Hammond Gordon cocks. The two last named cocks had a tendency to oval heads as did the two blue-black Bushwhacker cocks. The Allen was a distinct Roundhead. The others were all strictly

straight combed. Capt. Mayberry liked first a cock black in color and fancied next one with a round head. By judicious selection, crossing and inbreeding with these two cardinal points in view, Capt. Mayberry made and typed the black Round-heads by crossing some and maybe all of the different strains named above first onto his old "Black Clipper" hens, many of which showed pea combs.

I might also add the Clippers pure, both cocks and hens, were black in color. Just what per cent and the varying degree of blood of each of these strains mentioned that the Black Round-heads are carrying today is beyond the ken of man to tell.

Jas. G. Oakley.

Rhett-Morgan Fowl

BY F. S. LEONARD.

Before the year 1880 there was an old Frenchman by the name of Freddie Michel, who used to train and take care of the cocks at the Charleston cock club on Queen street, in this city, whom I knew well, and visited every Sunday. He was a man above reproach. This is what he told: There was a Dr. Morgan, who used to raise the Morgan fowl. He lived in Orangeburg, S. C. Mr. Michel received all his fowl every year, cocks and pullets. The cocks they would hire out at the pit; when he came to an extra fine one he was shipped back to Morgan as a brood cock.

Maj. Rhett, Mr. Aiken Rhett's father, received a Derby cock and bred him on his fowl. The cross was extra good. Mr. Michel selected one of Major Rhett's cocks that looked exactly like the Morgan fowl and sent him to Dr. Morgan to breed to a yard of his hens. The chickens from that cross were such fighters, they wanted to give credit to both parties, so they were called Rhett-Morgans.

I received mine from Mr. Michel in 1887. They are the first game chickens I ever owned, and he told me how to breed them and I have done so. He told me that Col. Alfred Aldrich originated his Mugwumps with the Rhett-Morgans and that he sold them to Felix Rood, Tinny Rucker, Dal Johnson and a party by the name of Smith in

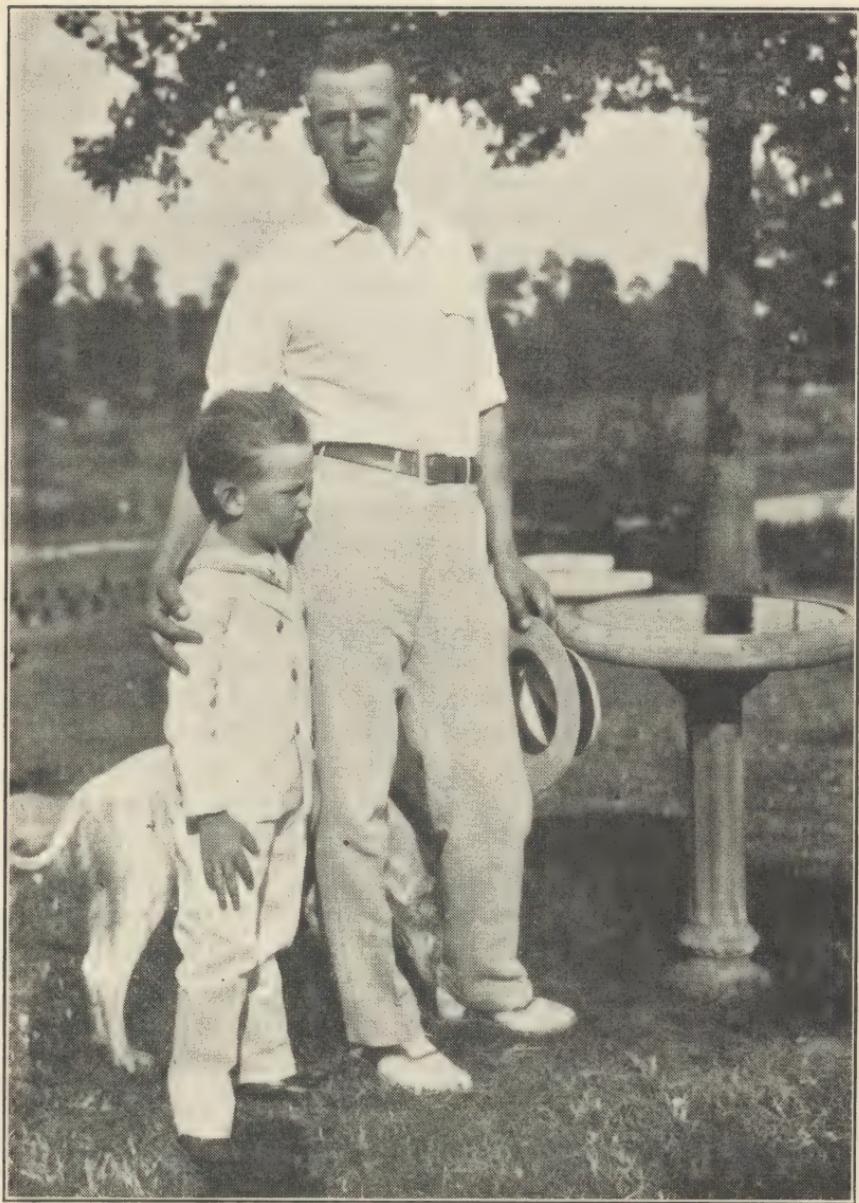
Washington, D. C., and a great many other prominent breeders. He had them sold before they were raised. When they came in I had my pick of them, but as I was only an amateur breeder then, I left the selection to Mr. Michel. He lived around the corner from me and took a delight in showing prominent cockers that would call on him, my fowl. He had one party there one day that made me a tempting offer for all I had, but I would not part with them.

Sometime I see in Grit and Steel about old strains. They mention Grist Redquills and Gradys, Whitehuckles, Warhorses and Mugwumps, etc., but not a word of the Rhett-Morgan strain which is the foundation of some of the best fowl fighting today. I suppose they think this strain extinct. I think sometime about sending the history of them to Grit and Steel, but they will think I have something to sell and want a little advertising.

A majority of the old-timers have answered the roll call, and those that are fighting now know nothing about them. It is best to keep still and meet the other fellow's best with them and demonstrate that they are the equal of any strain of the present.

F. S. Leonard.

Editor's Note: We publish this history through the courtesy of Mr. Samuel S. Granger. Mr. Granger has agreed to furnish histories of several other old strains.



EWING A. WALKER AND SON

Walker Mugwumps

BY EWING A. WALKER.

Writing of one's own birds is a difficult undertaking; but Grit and Steel has said "Write!" and write we will, striving the while to do so without bias toward the birds and yet with justice to them. It is self-evident that every man fancies and regards highly the birds he breeds, else he would discard them for another strain. Therefore, it follows that the reader must scan with leniency what a breeder says of the cocks he produces. Certain of the ancient rulers erected monuments to their favorite fighting cocks and quail. We moderns, it would seem, should be pardoned for a bit of honest praise.

My First Mugwump.

The first cock I fought in a pit was a Mugwump and I have loved them ever since. This was back yonder in the early 'nineties. I am a little uncertain of the date, but it was during Cleveland's second administration. I know, for my father was United States District Attorney under him at that time. The fight was at the old Evanston Wine Garden, out from Kansas City, Missouri, a place the old-timers will recall and which today, I believe, has advanced—or retrograded—into a golf course.

At that time in Kansas City was an attorney who loved his game cocks and cock-fighting, one

Judge Ben Hardin. Associated with him was Will Renne, who still holds forth. Through my father I met Judge Hardin, a native Kentuckian, and through him Renne, who bred, fed and handled the birds. At the time, I remember, they were breeding a strain they called Groundhogs.

Those were pleasing days—certainly for the small boy whom Judge Hardin tolerantly took to the fights with him. I recall, all too clearly, old Tom Winn, a worthy foe at all times. Another of that day I have long tried to remember, but without success. Night after night they would whip his Hennies, but his faith in them never faltered.

In any event, it was a Thanksgiving night. I was but a youngster, for I was born in 1885 and this was in 1894 or 1895. Renne fed and handled my Mug cock. To my infinite delight, he not only won in the first pitting, but in the first buckle! From then on I was a hopeless addict to the sport. It is a source of genuine gratification to me that, after the passing of these many years, I still occasionally hear from some of those who were present that, to me, memorable night at the old long-since-passed Evanston pit.

Motive for Breeding Game Cocks.

But one thing warrants and justifies the breeding of game cocks and that thing is an inherent love of them. I have bred and walked, some years, many 'hundred stags and cocks; and I am sure that each year, had I kept an

accurate record, they would have shown a deficit. It is possible that there are men who have gotten a profit from breeding them, but their profit would have been far greater had they expended the same time and effort on something else. Not only should no man breed game birds who does not love them, but, I am convinced, he cannot successfully breed them unless he has this instinctive fondness for them. Lacking it, he will fail in the quality of his product.

Origin of the Mugwumps.

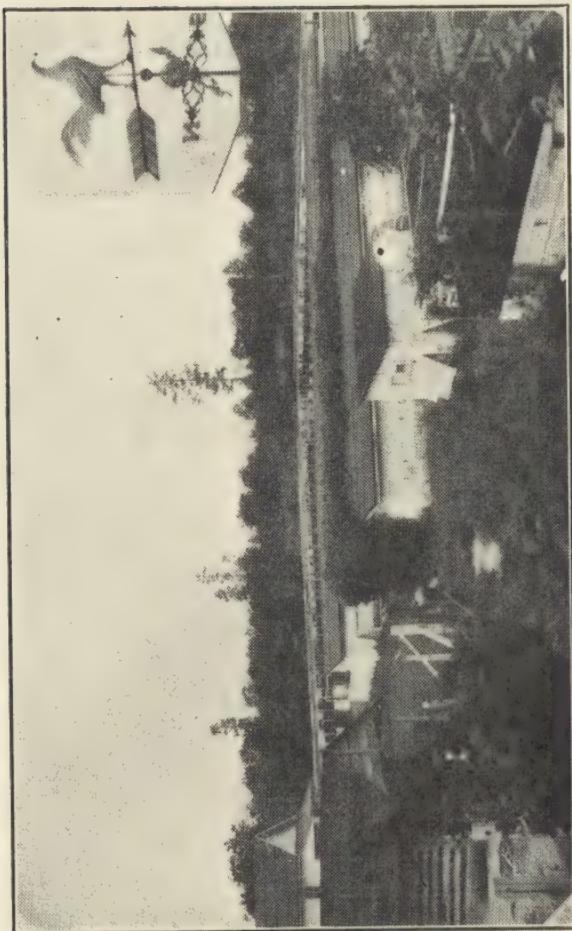
There are several men living now who know much about the origin of the Mugwumps. Not through association with Col. Aldrich—for that was not my privilege—but through much research and effort I long since found, beyond chance of controversion, that *the first Mugwumps were all dark-legged fowl without exception*. Never a yellow-leg did Col. Aldrich breed till he introduced into his flock the somewhat mysterious and certainly the unjustified yellow-legged cock from Baltimore. I wish to emphatically make clear that the original Mugs were all dark-legged, for it is an important factor in all I shall set forth. Two men, I think, will bear out this conclusion of mine, both gentlemen and both genuine and unselfish lovers of game cocks; one Mr. Wilson of Allendale, South Carolina, and the other Mr. Aiken Rhett of Charleston. Mr. Wilson was a close personal friend of Col. Aldrich and today breeds

Mugwumps that are worthy any man's steel. Mr. Rhett is the son of the man from whom Col. Aldrich secured the hens for his cross and, I fancy, was also a friend of Aldrich's.

In brief, Col. Alfred Aldrich took what has come to be known as a Warhorse cock—originally a John Stone Irish cock—and crossed him over hens secured from Major Rhett of Charleston. These hens, in large measure of English origin, indubitably carried some of that blood we call Redquill. Perhaps Major Rhett infused some of this blood in them; perhaps the hens carried the blood when he imported them. Have it they did, the proof of which I will later set forth; and, incidentally, the finding of this blood in them was one of the many pleasing experiences I have had.

Origin of Present-Day Walker Mugwumps.

An uncle of mine, whose memory I revere, was of the old order of things. By profession a gentleman farmer, he gave a deal more attention to state politics than to agriculture, and to things he found pleasing rather than to those he might have found profitable. He was a breeder of blooded horses, an inveterate fox-hunter and typical of the old school. As an illustration of his type I recall that in a field across the road from his old brick home and facing the house, he would never permit anything but wheat to be planted, regardless of the need of rotation, for he deemed all other crops unsightly. During school vacations, while on



Section of the yards at Cantie-Biel Farm.

his place—where my father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather had lived—I secured my first Mugwumps. That was longer ago than I like to remember.

Now then, be it known that for a man to say he has a strain pure and has had it pure for many years means a great deal, but does *not* mean what most men would interpret it. A game cock or chicken belongs to a low organism; he quickly responds to his environment, selection, breeding, etc. Let a dozen men get a yard of pure Eslin Redquills, Grist Gradys or Aldrich Mugwumps; let these twelve men keep them absolutely pure for a matter of twenty years—or ten—or, probably, even five—and at the end of that time you would find twelve families of fowl all differing, certainly in the details and possibly in some of the major features. Each of the twelve men would have followed his theories of breeding; each would have exercised his predilections in selection and mating and, as stated, at the end of the prescribed period you would find basic variations and differences. All men, versed in even the rudiments of breeding, know this.

For this reason, I call my Mugs “Walker Mugwumps,” because for many years I have followed a well-defined line of selection and mating. The result is that, patently, they are different from other Mugwumps—perhaps inferior to some, possibly superior to others, certainly different from all. During these many years of Mugwump breeding, I have strongly leaned toward

certain traits and tendencies; I have each year bred large numbers of yards, so that I could carry on my experimentation without going outside of my own flock for blood; I have each year selected hens and brood cocks according to my own preferences, predilections and theories. The result is that my Mugs are, as a matter of course, different from other Mugs. This is true of all who have bred them for years. For instance, some of the finest cocks I ever saw were shown, on numerous occasions, by Mr. Osborne of North Carolina. These cocks of his are Mug cocks—and pure Mugs, if he says so, for he is a sportsman and a gentleman—and they certainly are game and can fight; yet I can tell a cock of my breeding from one of his breeding as far as I can either see or hear him. No doubt he can do the same.

Personally, I have leaned strongly toward the ginger-reds, the pumpkins and the brown-reds; I have bred toward that tendency. This must not be misunderstood, for some of the best Mugs I ever bred and fought were black-reds and I have bred many black-red cocks; but, in the main, on my brood yards I use brown-reds, gingers and pumpkins.

Foundation of My Mugs.

In breeding my Mugs I have sedulously endeavored to first have utter and complete gameness; to my mind, that is the one foundation upon which to build. Get your gameness and then, once you have it rooted in the very fibre of your fowl, endeavor to develop whatever

other traits you fancy. There are no degrees of gameness. A cock is either game or he is not game. In all my experiences through the years in breeding and fighting cocks, all other things combined have not been the source of gratification to me as has the gameness of the birds.

A Great Sire.

One cock of mine stands out in marked relief in the story of my Mugwump breeding. This was an old gentleman I called "Alan Breck." Hatched the spring of 1915, he won his share of glory in the pit, proved of the rarest in the brood yard and, finally, at the age of eleven years was buried with honors on my place. The man who never raises a truly great cock or a cock for which he feels a genuine affection has missed much in this sport of ours. For old Alan I had a genuine affection, based upon a proper gratitude for all he did for me. In color he was a solid light ginger-red, with rather light eyes and willow legs. I regard his conformation as perfect—medium station, powerful neck, wide flat shanks, mighty thighs, broad back and breast. He was a very unusual bird. In disposition a wonderfully mild-mannered, gentle cock. It seemed he knew at all times we meant him no harm, that we were his friends. At different times he was conditioned by several feeders with variant methods and temperaments; yet there was never a time when he manifested the slightest suggestion of viciousness. The story of Alan Breck is, in good measure, the story of my Mugwumps and it is a rare pleasure

to pay this little tribute to him. His name and his fame spread far in our circles and often I have received and even still receive from all of our states and from numerous foreign countries inquiries calling for sons or daughters of blood of Alan Breck.

On my own place he received every attention. Every member of my family felt solicitude for the old gentleman's welfare; every employee to the smallest darkey was ever heedful of the needs of "Ole Alan." Until he became too infirm, I each year bred him to a gradually-reducing number of hens and then he was pensioned and allowed to roam at somewhat halting will upon a well-watered, deep-grassed range. As the years came to him, his knees became rheumatic, stiff and enlarged and, each year, we lowered his roost so that he might mount it with ease. That last year it was a scant ten inches above the ground. It is surprising the number of men who have come to my place merely to see "Old Alan"—and it is more surprising the distances many of them traveled. When he passed on, I freely admit that all of us felt a very real loss.

I realized fully just what he had done for me and no detail was overlooked in caring for him. With advancing years we fed him what we thought he would relish and provided him special quarters. The cock had more brains than any I ever owned, ever saw or ever heard of. One incident well illustrates this; I could cite many. As all know, when a bird

becomes crop-bound it continues to eat and gorge until its crop is tremendously distended. In fact, it is this enlarged crop that leads us to a proper diagnosis. During the war an old darkey, Aunt Clara, had charge of Alan Breck's yard on my place. One day she called me and stated he was sick. I caught him, examined him carefully and could find no evidence of any indisposition. Still he would not eat. His craw was flat and nearly empty. Seemingly well, he yet would eat nothing. On the third day, I think it was, I still noticed the small quantity of food in his craw, an offensive odor from his mouth suggestive of congested craw and a slight discoloration about the vent. Despite his nearly-flat crop I decided he was crop-bound and called in a veterinary surgeon, who at the time was stationed at our military camp, to help me. We opened his craw and found it was stopped up. He was the only bird I ever heard of with brains enough to stop eating when in this condition. He came through in fine shape and was soon hale and hearty again.

Before being promoted to the brood yard, he, of course, first won his spurs in the pit. In all he was fought six times, all of these battles in mains. Rea'izing his worth, I refused to fight him more. Boyd and Hemingway fought him three times, twice at a place called Promised Land, down below New Orleans (this in one day) and the third time at Ruleville, Mississippi, where, by the way, Old Alan had his hardest

fight against a cock of the late Selwyn Jones. Several years later I took the old fellow to Opelousas, where I was fighting in the tournament, and Mr. Theodore Hemingway, visiting my cock-house, recognized the old cock instantly.

So far as I know, he never threw me a poor son; and a number of his sons won more than their share of pit glory. The first year I bred Alan Breck over some especially selected mahogany-colored Mug hens. The next year I bred him over his daughters out of these hens and the next year over his daughters out of his daughters! In this way, I accentuated those traits of his which I wished to perpetuate. Two years I bred him over *two yards*. For instance, I had two adjoining yards, each with a few rarely-fine hens and twice a week I would shift him from one to the other. This enabled me to arrive at a given objective point in half the time.

The blood of Alan Breck is in all my Mug-wumps—and shall be kept there—for this blood leads me toward my ideal cock; and it might be well to set forth what that ideal is, for it is the thing I strive for and breed toward. I want what I term a round-bodied cock. The long-bodied cock, deep in the keel, is utterly worthless and defenseless in close quarters; he cannot recover quickly. I want a snugly-built, tight-fleshed cock, for such cocks have greater stamina and more recuperative power. As a rule these cocks are heavier than they look. I want a cock with powerful and long wings. As

a great many know these birds have wings the tips of which oft-times touch in the back. I want, in these, an aggressive, rushing cock and yet a cock that will go high. Lastly, I want a good-natured cock. Life is too short to bother with man-fighters. Other physical traits, such as low-set heels, flat shanks, long, strong thighs, etc., etc., go without mention. We all want those things. I should add that these birds are close-feathered and tough-feathered. Brittleness in feather is a most unfortunate and undesirable trait. Above all these things and all other things, I want gameness—deep, utter, complete gameness that knows no stopping or quitting.

Coming down from Alan Breck I come to certain sons of his that carried on; that maintained the standard set by the old gentleman. One of these, a little cock we called "Red Davie," I fought in the 5:04 fight in the Opelousas tournament. That year, for the fun of it, I fed my own entry and I seriously question whether any entry at any time was ever worse fed. What I do not know about conditioning would fill a library! Anyway, feed them I did—or tried to—and in this 5:04 fight I was meeting Allen and Shelton with an unusually fine Roundhead. That fight I shall never forget. There was a large crowd on hand, come from the four quarters. At the start, they cut me badly and they continued to cut me badly—until at last my bird was both rattled and uncoupled. Easily, it was a hundred-to-one

shot. But, to shorten the tale, Red Davie finally, with his legs dragging behind him, dragged himself across the pit with his wings and won the fight! I mean, literally, he paddled himself across—and he crossed with surprising speed. It was the most thrilling thing that ever I saw in a cock-pit—or ever expect to see; and I have never heard such an uproar. Nor will I forget the friendly, if heated, controversy that arose between delightful old Colonel Anthony of Lone Oak, Virginia, and Judge Felix McIntyre, the gentleman, scholar and sportsman of Warrenton, over the thing having happened before.

Another son of Old Alan that holds a niche in my memory and affection, was a little black-red cock we called the "New Orleans Mug." What the feeders did to him was a shame and a caution, for they fought him from 4.12 to something like 5.10. One year I fought this cock and three of his brothers in a main against Mr. Jim Oakley and associates on Mr. Oakley's place in Alabama (in which main it was my good fortune to win every fight; and that main is a pleasing memory, for no one could be extended greater courtesy than I was extended by Mr. Oakley). I fought him in the New Orleans tournament; I fought him against Mr. Will Hall—that main, too, which I won, was upon the place of my opponent; I fought him against Sam Brazier in Chicago—I trust it is needless for me to mention that I lost, or rather did not win, that main; and I fought him on one or two other occasions. He was a mild-

mannered, wonderful cutting little bird.

Established Blood Lines.

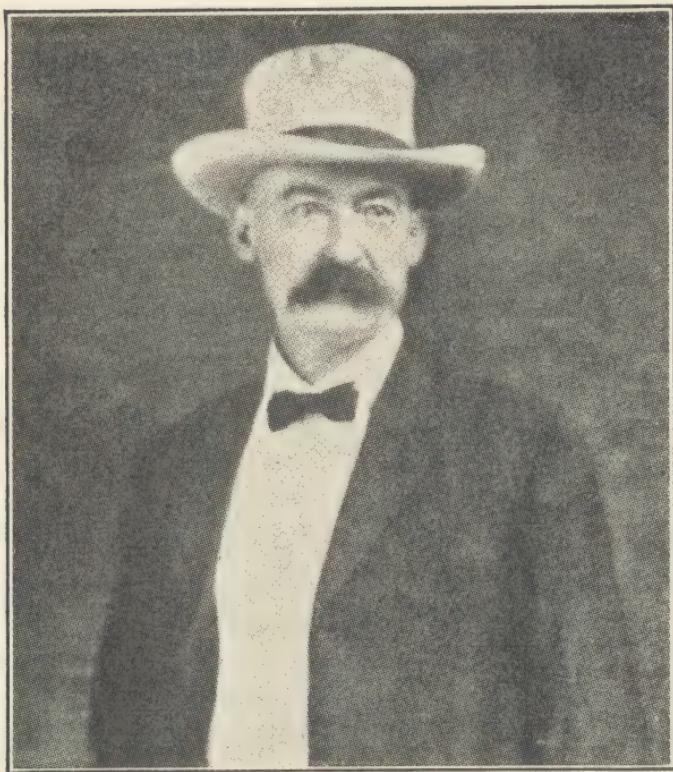
As all men who know the first principles of breeding know, but one thing in dogs, horses, cocks, etc., etc., is worth-while, and that thing is *established blood lines*. By established blood lines, I mean firmly-rooted and rigidly established traits and characteristics; and, incidentally, this seeking for an ideal and consistency is the most interesting phase of breeding. There is no satisfaction in breeding a strain of birds the cocks of which are good one year and bad another. To have established blood lines means that, year after year, your cocks will run pretty much the same. To arrive at this end, you must intelligently inbreed; by that alone can you fix the traits you fancy.

Many interesting happenings come to those of us who breed a strain many years. Only a few may be cited. In one yard, year after year, I inbred ginger-red cocks and dark rich brown or mahogany-red hens. Finally, there came, as a throw-back a hen—100 per cent pure Mug—that could not be mistaken for a Redquill. Over her I bred another ginger-red cock and secured a dozen or more daughters that, in coloring, are perfect Redquills. This, too, proved to me that the hens of Major Rhett must have carried some of that blood from which came the Redquills.

Another development proved of much interest to me. One year, in an intensively inbred yard, there came a Mug pullet that I will call cream-

colored. Over her I bred a light black-red cock and secured a number of daughters like her. Virtually all of these are spurred, something unusual in my Mugs. This first cream-colored hen was merely a throw-back to some of the old basic blood. I am sedulously breeding them under carefully and, I hope, wisely chosen cocks.

In conclusion, many of us owe a debt of real gratitude to our game cocks and hens. Personally, I cannot fancy myself happy without the privilege of glancing out the window and seeing the trimly-built, sleek, high-bred birds about. To get the most out of the production of game cocks—and by the most I mean the greatest gratification—a man has to pretty well ignore the financial side. I am not, I regret to say, very familiar with breeders and breeding methods in the North, but in the South certainly men know how to get from their game cocks the best they afford in pleasure and happiness. In fact, game cocks seem to me to be a part of the South.



THE LATE W. C. GREGORY.

Gregory English Tassels

BY JOHN R. THRASHER

Dear Editor:—I am sorry I was unable to furnish pictures for this article some months ago, but shortly before your request came, two of my choice brood cocks got together while I was in town, and upon my return home I found them side by side, stone dead. While through breeding, this mishap left me without good subjects for pictures and forced me to go to my walks for stags to photo—incidentally, it almost broke my heart, as the 5.12 Red Tassel was, I thought, the best bird I ever owned.

Now, for the history of my W. C. Gregory English Tassels. This, in itself, must necessarily be brief. I am not the originator but have only carried on with the strain of fowl to which, in a manner, I fell heir, and know nothing of their history that ante-dates 1911-12 except what Gregory told me. Having so little data, I will first relate the circumstances as to how I obtained these Tassels and how Mr. Gregory came to give me their lineage.

Hawesville, Ky., is situated on the south bank of the Ohio river just opposite Cannelton, Ind. For many years this little Indiana city was the Mecca for cock fighters in this vicinity, as Joe Aldridge, deceased, ran a wide open pit there. In fact, cocks were fought in both towns to

common knowledge and with common consent. The late Squire Aldridge, father of Joe, was fighting and breeding chickens in Hawesville beyond the memory of any inhabitant now living.

Along in 1911-12 I saw an article in one of the game journals, written, I think, by H. H. Hancock or Harry Williams, in which he told of stopping off at Wilmington, Ohio, to see W. C. Gregory, the gaff-maker. Among other things he spoke of Gregory showing him the finest yard of Tassel fowl he had ever seen and that he was promised some eggs.

The same year in some way, possibly through the game papers, I saw more favorable comment on Gregory's Tassels, so I wrote him in regard to some gaffs and asked him if he would sell any of his fowl. In his reply he said that he contemplated moving further south and might locate near me and that he had not wished to sell, and I thought no more about it.

Anyhow, I felt that I had plenty of chickens. Like all others I sought for the best and then as now every breeder had 'em. By purchase, gifts, and through exchange a long list of strains had passed through my hands. At the time I wrote Gregory I had Cubans from Means, Smokeballs from Dr. Frymire, Derby Grays from Cummings Bros., Aldridge Doms, and some dandy little Aseels from J. P. Leland of Rolla, Mo. All of which were excellent fowl.

Along about this time Cummings Bros., moved to Tell City, Ind., and were publishing the Derby



Residence of John R. Thrasher, home of the W. C. Gregory English Tassels.

Game Bird in that city. Being just across the Ohio from one of my farms, I naturally spent some time in their office and one day Sid Cummings hailed me on the street and asked me to go down to his place to see what he rather recklessly described as being the "purest, most carefully bred chickens in America, but probably worthless here, as they are Eastern stuff and head hitters."

He threw open the door of a stable and there were five cream-colored, yellow-legged, red-necked Tassel hens and a light red Tassel cock. I gave but little attention to the cock—a light-boned, nervous bird—but I had never seen five hens as pretty nor so much alike—and I have not since, as all we have raised are just a shade darker. I kept those five hens two years and was never able to distinguish but one, which was

a trifle largest. While looking at these hens, Sid explained that Gregory had sent them down from Ohio, that Gregory would be down that fall to occupy a house in Tell City. Sid was practicing law at that time and had been looking up the title to Gregory's new property. Sid begged me to take the Tassels home and keep them, pending Gregory's arrival. I did so, and the following fall he brought Mr. Gregory to my place, introducing him. Naturally, I supposed he had come for his fowl, but he asked me to keep them a while longer and said he was badly in need of a walk for a pet cock of his—a Gray.

I at once offered to let him use my nearest walk and took him there to see it. It was ideal—a vacant tenant house on a large land-owner's farm who had a strip of virgin woods and a stock barn at which he was feeding 20 to 30 head of beef cattle. I had five hens and a Smokeball stag there in prime shape. Mr. Gregory was carried away with this walk—said he'd dreamed of such, but had never seen anything to approach it, and that I would remove my stag and let a stranger use it seemed to make an indelible impression upon him, because from that day until his death in 1918 I was the recipient of almost countless gifts, gaffs and chickens mostly, as they were all I cared to accept, but there seemed to be no end to this big-hearted Irishman's generosity if he called you friend. To the fraternity in general W. C. (Billie) Gregory's name is only recalled by the



Tell City (Indiana) home of the late W. C. Gregory.

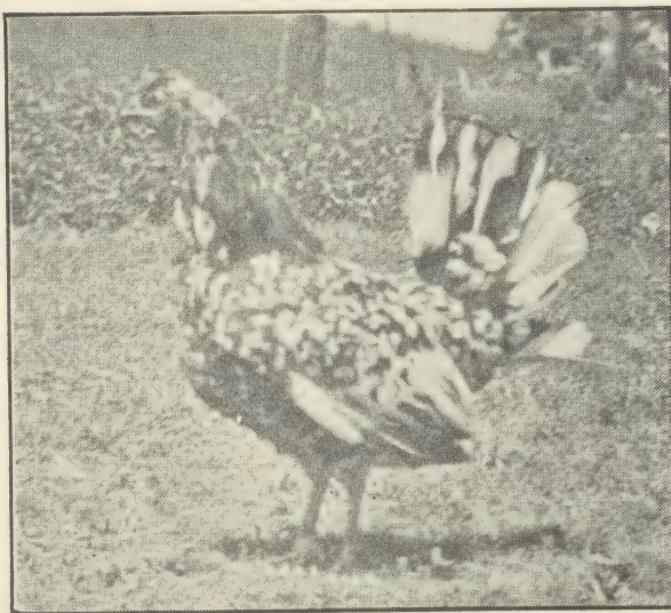
glistening steels of his craft, but his modest, genial manner and hospitable treatment of all who visited his home or shop, will linger, and I don't think "Greg" will ever be forgotten by many families he and his wife befriended in Tell City.

To get back to the Tassels. I liked them from the outset and even better after I had used a few in hacks, so I began to discard all my other fowl in order to give them all my space and attention, as this is necessary in order to maintain or increase size in an inbred strain. With the cooperation of Mr. Gregory, who had now brought all his Tassels down to Tell City and built a large run on his place in which he bred a few birds, and the fowl he had given to me, by 1916-17 I had a large number of young fowl—more than I could walk or would use to hack, and Greg suggested that I have some cir-

culars printed and that he would mail them out along with his gaff catalogues. So one day while in his shop I made notes of what he told me of their past. I had five hundred printed, of which Greg mailed probably two hundred for me, and I sent out the balance to customers whose names I took out of Gregory's order book, an immense volume. I quote from the circular and I have nothing to add other than say that he did not give me the name of the Massachusetts importer, and from what Gregory said during our conversation I inferred that the Dan Roberts Tassels were of the same blood lines as Raiff's.

"These Tassels are an old, pure and closely bred strain. Mr. Gregory tells me that way back in the eighties Mr. D. A. Raiff, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, bought a cock and five hens from a wealthy breeder in Massachusetts (the importer), for which he paid \$100.00. Prior to his removal to Coshocton, Ohio, Gregory obtained from this pen the foundation stock of what has since been known as Gregory Tassels. Later he crossed on Tassels bought of old Dan Roberts, of Youngstown, Ohio. * * * Hens are wheaten and brown and, like many Tassel strains, come smooth-head now and then."

I have since wished that I had gotten more data from Mr. Gregory, but his death was sudden and I was only interested in how they performed at that time rather than their past record and did not expect to be selling fowl. Gregory died the next spring. Joe Aldridge, too, had died and several other chicken men in this



SPANGLE TASSEL HEN.

Bred by John R. Thrasher, Hawesville, Ky.

vicinity, together with the demise of the Derby Game Bird a short time before were hard blows for the sport here.

Meanwhile, my circulars had brought me business and my little ads in *Grit* and *Steel* have kept me cleaned up since, even bringing orders and inquiries from several foreign countries, as far away as the British Transvaal in South Africa. The demand has been such that I have done no fighting whatever the past three years, as all cocks are generally sold before Christmas, and as it would be only natural for me to withhold the best, I feel that I can serve my trade better in this way.

Mr. Gregory told he that as he had been

located in towns and lacked the proper range he had usually mated up his Tassels and placed them out with reliable parties who had the necessary space; meanwhile, in his own back yard he experimented with other breeds. He practiced this while in Tell City, as he had a good strain of Grays of his own origin but never confined them in his own pens.

Believing it is customary in an article of this sort to give the best record made, rather than the worst, I am sending to the editor a letter from a Missouri customer dated in 1921 in which he states the Tassel cock I sent as a crowing stag had won 19 battles. His name is omitted, as I regard correspondence as private.

As to colors, these fowl in Gregory's hands came bright red, yellow-leg cocks and wheaten hens, also an occasional brownish red with dark mottled legs and brown hens. All the fowl were white in wings and white splashes in tails, and nearly all with snow white under color. In some the white was so predominant as to be called Spangle. I did not admire the brown-red color, and by breeding birds showing lots of white I developed in a few years a yard of Spangles. Being a composite of the yellow-leg light reds and the dark-leg brown-red as described, they come both light Spangles with yellow legs and dark Spangles with dark legs. A brown-red with no spots still appears now and then, but more than ninety per cent are Spangles. The Red flocks breed remarkably true, resembling the Claibornes and Whitehackles in color. Hens



RED TASSEL COCK.

Winner of two hacks at Lewisport, Ky. Bred by John R. Thrasher, Hawesville, Kentucky.

are wheaten. A medium set, long-winged fowl, generally with narrow pendant tassel, but on the heads of some there is a large erectile tuft—what I would call a topknot.

No pictures of pens, brooder houses, hatcheries or other expensive equipment are shown here, because I have none. On my home place the chickens roost in the two tobacco barns or in trees. One wing of one barn is used for small stalls in which quarrelsome stags, setting hens and fowl brought in for shipment are kept overnight. The two barns and dwelling house are spaced far enough apart for three separate

flocks, and I also have a shack built in the corner of 30 acres of woodland. Generally all hens, excepting the one I think best, are removed from these four flocks by April 15th. This gives me three or four single matings each season. I have two neighbor farmers who are glad to keep my surplus hens for their eggs. I feel that I am fortunate in this, as it permits me to keep the blood lines of all choice cocks and hens at no expense and gives all my space to young stock. I keep from forty to eighty hens out at all times, ranging from one to eight years in age, toe-punched or otherwise marked in such manner that enables me to get in any line, any time I want it.

I sometimes put out a half dozen hens and stag or cock at vacant tenant houses on the farms of my friends and have suffered from theft but once. I am on Federal Highway No. 60, Louisville and Paducah, four miles west of Hawesville, and occasionally fanciers stop by to see my fowl. In the faces of many I can read disappointment when they approach, evidently expecting to find a modern chicken farm, as depicted in the poultry journals, with many rods of wire, a large number of cocks on hand, etc. On the contrary, the visitor only sees a few scattered fowl, unless he drives up at feeding time. Even in the fall when several hundred young birds are running at large, but few can be seen around the house or barn, as they range out so far and generally keep to the woods for protection from hawks. At all other seasons

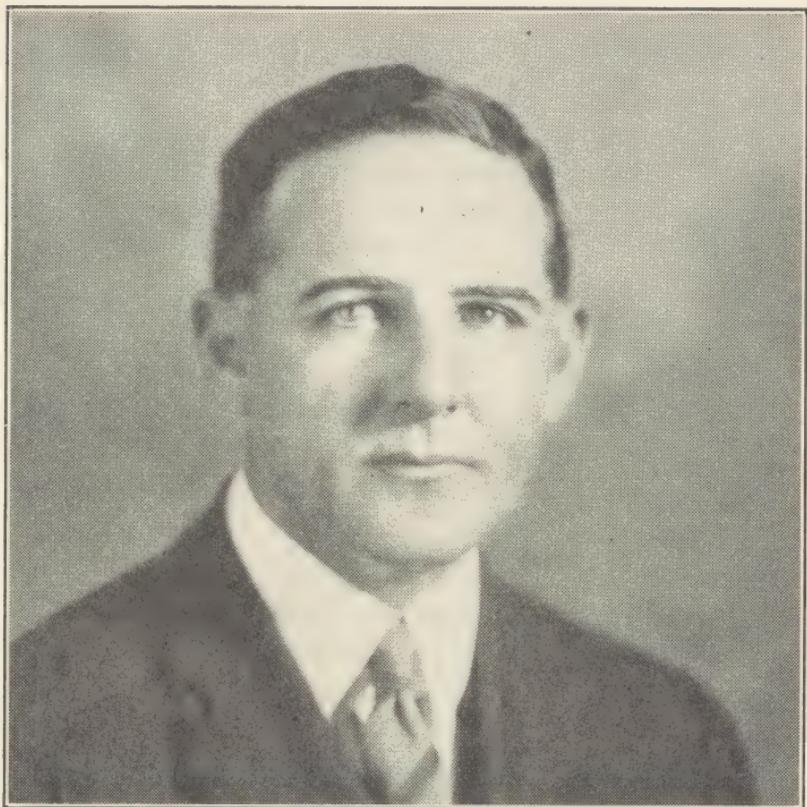
I keep at home only such mature fowl as are necessary for breeding and setting, keeping my surplus out on other farms. But I believe every game cock man who has been here was impressed by the farm as a breeding place, its perfect drainage, shade and running water. One enthusiastic visitor said: "Why, if I lived here I'd breed fifteen or twenty different strains." I know of some other strains I'd like to breed, but don't feel that I have the room.

Concluding this, let me say that I have the friendliest feelings toward all breeders and all strains. In mentioning the 19 times winner I hope none will think that I am trying to leave the impression that my fowl are unbeatable. Such cocks are freaks, or else abnormally lucky —and mean nothing.

Respectfully,

JOHN R. THRASHER.

P. S. I am indebted to my friend Dr. H. P. Clarke, of Indianapolis, Ind., for the picture of Gregory's Tell City home. Am also sending the editor a letter written to Gregory in 1917 from a customer who had got Tassels of him 20 years before, also a letter showing that Gregory mailed out my history, authenticating that.



GEO. B. MEANS.

Having been closely affiliated with his father for a quarter-century, George B. is eminently fitted to carry on the strain of Red Cubans.

The Red Cubans

BY GEO. B. MEANS.

It would take many days to write a complete history of the Red Cuban Games, and as I only have a limited time, and during my spare time at that, I must, at the beginning, make an apology to those who are interested in the Red Cubans, on account of the brevity of this history.

It has been 55 years since the originals of the Red Cubans landed in this country. Charleston, S. C., was the city where they landed, in the year 1871, and it was in 1877 that my father, George W. Means, became the proud possessor of his first trio of that stock of Spanish-Cuban blood. The dead gameness of the Spanish-Cuban blood is known in all parts of the world, and that trio was the beginning of the strain of fowls now known the world over as the "Means Red Cubans."

In the beginning all the Red Cubans were red, hence the name "Red Cuban." It wasn't very long before new blood became necessary to prevent inbreeding. The first infusion of new blood was one-eighth of the original "Old Nick Arrington Stonefence," such as was bred by him before the 'sixties. This one-eighth proportion of new blood was added in this manner: It was done by mating in small yards, the first year,



GEO. W. MEANS.

Mr. Means originated the Red Cubans nearly 50 years ago and he continued to breed and improve them up till his death. In addition to being a great breeder he possessed invaluable knowledge covering every phase of the game, and his book "The Game Cock" has been widely read.

a pure Stonefence cock to three pure Cuban hens; the second year a stag from the first mating was used on another yard of pure Cuban hens (this stag was of course one-half Cuban and one-half Stonefence); and from the second mating a stag was produced that was one-fourth Stonefence and three-fourths Cuban; and the third year this cock was used with pure Cuban hens, and this mating produced stags that were one-eighth Stonefence and seven-eighths Cuban.

These were then used as brood cocks on the regular yards. At another time my father, by breeding in that same manner, infused one-eighth blood of an extra fine cock which he obtained at a South Carolina main. This cock was a cross between a Rucker Warhorse and a Hackle.

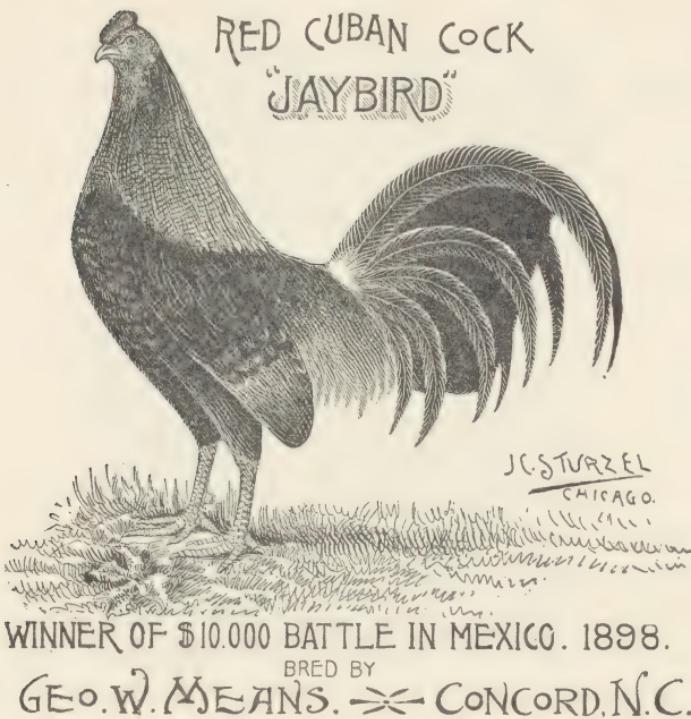
Sometime after this he secured another fine cock, sent to him from a Charleston main, and he was as fine a cock as was ever used for breeding—a beautiful bird and a winner of several fights.

Another infusion was one-eighth imported Derby stock, obtained by him from Mr. Charles Harris, of this city, a friend having made the shipment to him. This fine cock was admired by many, and his gameness and fighting qualities were all that could be desired in any cock.

Some more infusions are as follows, and these infusions are of strictly Cuban blood:

Captain Holt, a friend of my father, and who for years ran a merchant vessel from Wilmington, N. C., to the West Indies, purchased for him a magnificent cock. Captain Holt brought the cock over on his last voyage in person. This cock was a terrific fighter and his progeny dead game. This was a valuable addition to the Red Cuban blood. Captain Holt now resides in Texas.

On another occasion, and through the kindness of Hon. E. R. Chervalley, who was known as a lover of thoroughbred stock, my father was enabled to procure a fine Spanish cock,



another valuable addition, and as game as could be.

Another infusion which explains where most of the tasseled Red Cubans are from, is a pair of tasseled Cubans imported directly from Havana about thirty-four years ago. Of this pair, the cock stood the test, and all his offspring, as well as the hen.

A little later, when General Lee was American representative in Cuba, and an acquaintance of my father, he secured for him a pair of the celebrated Rodrigues strain. This particular blood is said to be the best in the island of

Cuba. It was well tested and infused in every yard.

Then there was another beautiful cock that was loaned him, so that he might breed him, by a friend in Baltimore, whose name is coupled with that of some of the best game fowl in America. This cock was called a spangle, but he came nearer to being a pyle. At any rate many of his offspring were pyles. This cock was bred in 1902 to one of his largest and most highly prized Cuban hens. Then his Baltimore friend gave him permission to test the cock to a finish, and he proved to be pure game. All the stags from that mating (except the one that he sent his friend) were tested and all died fighting to the very last. One of them was bred before testing, and from that one was taken the brood stock.

For infusion of more new blood, I will now go back to 1906 and mention another great cock that helped to make the Red Cubans what they are today. Mr. Wilson Wright of Tampa, Fla., a patron and friend of my father, visited Havana in that year, and while there with a Spanish friend, attended a pit at which Senor Juan N. Cannizares, one of the most noted cockers of the Cuban Republic was handling. Mr. Wright was presented to him by his friend. During that same day Sr. Cannizares pitted a beautiful black-breasted, yellow-leg cock which won after a hard fight. Mr. Wright was much impressed by the cock's action in battle, and also by his style and beauty. His Spanish friend,



MEANS' RED CUBAN COCK

noting this, bought the cock from Sr. Cannizares, paying \$46 for him, and presented him to Mr. Wright. The fight that day made the cock a winner of five battles, and later on, in the spring, he won three more battles for Mr. Wright, making in all an eight-times winner of him. Mr. Wright then presented this cock to my father, who bred him to two of his finest hens, and secured from that mating a few fine stags and pullets. Later on he raised enough from these to give a thorough test of that blood and found it so satisfactory in every respect that he infused it into his yards.

All of the foregoing is the blood of the Red

Cubans as it is today. It was necessary to add new blood from time to time, and it was done in a scientific way. As stated, nothing but the very best blood was added. Inbreeding cannot be done for very long at a time, except at the expense of bone, muscle and general vitality.

The Red Cubans are now bred on 21 different yards, and also several small yards. The stock is pedigreed by breeding full sisters on a yard, and then by properly breeding from one yard to another. This results in keeping all the lines of blood up, and also results in well-formed, strong-muscled cocks, without the introduction of new blood, only as mentioned. There is practically no weeding out to be done. Occasionally there are a few "culls" or birds that are not shaped up properly, and these are disposed of at once. Much care is taken in selecting the cocks and hens to breed from, on the Cuban yards, and constant vigilance is the price of success. Like does not always beget like, as many firmly believe. One will find this out to his sorrow if he tries to inbreed for any length of time; and new blood should be tested for quite a while before being added to good stock.

I am somewhat of a believer in evolution (and as I live next state to Tennessee I realize that it is rather dangerous to make this statement, but I am obliged to believe in it) for I have seen it work out to an extent with my own eyes. I am almost 38 years of age, and was brought up with the Red Cubans. By my father's careful and selective breeding I have seen the Red



MEANS' RED CUBAN COCK

Cubans "evolute" from a small breed, with cocks on an average of about 4 pounds in weight, to what they are today, with an average weight of cocks around 6 pounds. Being well acquainted with his method of breeding, I could easily make them average 7 pounds in another ten years. But the demand calls for cocks weighing on an average of about 5 pounds, 8 ounces, and the Red Cubans won't be bred up to a larger size until the demand is for larger cocks. Some of the Red Cubans weigh up to 8 pounds now, but very seldom does one attain that weight.

Now I will tell my readers just where and how the Red Cubans came by their different colors. As I have mentioned before, the Cubans were all red originally. Now the colors vary

from a spangle to a coal black. Included in this assortment of colors are light reds, dark reds, blue-reds, a few red-pyles, and some almost white-pyles. Dark red, however, is the predominating color among the Red Cubans. The blacks are from the Chervalley cock as mentioned before, and from the Hackle, one being very dark, and the other a coal black with brass wing butts, from which one of my father's famous cocks, "Starlight" by name, was descended. The blue-red, pyle, and also the spangle, came from the Rodriguez blood. The latter blood brought forth quite a number of spangles, and wherever this blood was infused an occasional spangle appears. Sometimes these spangles gradually turn white each year at moulting season until the cock seems to be almost white, and the hens sometimes pure white.

As to the shape of heads on Red Cubans, they have large heads well set upon strong, lengthy necks. Most of the Cubans have straight combs (or single combs). They also have knob-combs and tassel (or roundhead and tassel). By carefully reading the different infusions it will be made clear where the tassel and knob-comb (or roundhead) comes from. The tassel and knob-comb can easily be bred out, yet the blood retained. As the demand for knob-combs or tassels is not very great, they have been bred down as much as possible, and not a great many appear among the Cubans. The Red Cubans are of a good average station, and have large,



MEANS' RED CUBAN COCK

heavy-boned legs set wide apart, and are generally dark in color. But they also show white, moccasin and yellow legs, all of which comes from the imported Derby blood, the Holt, and the Cannezares cock.

Each cock used on the Red Cuban yards for breeding is put through a rigid examination. He is carefully looked over for any deformities, and he *must* be dead game. Some contend that a cock that has been fought a few times should not be used as a brood cock, but if that were so the Red Cubans would never have gotten a start. All blood on brood yards has been tested. If the brood cock himself has not been tested his father has, and very often a brother or two. All of the brood hens are of tested stock and must conform in all particulars to the



MEANS' RED CUBAN COCK

qualities that a first-class brood hen should have.

There are hundreds of Red Cuban cocks that have outstanding records and that have fought for big money, and their descendants are equally as good. I will name a few of the famous cocks that have given fame to the Red Cubans.

First I will name "Jaybird," the most famous and best known Cuban of all, whose picture adorns the wall of many a sportsman's den. In 1898 Jaybird won, at Jesus Maria, Mexico, \$10,000 in one battle. In all he won four battles and fought for more money than any cock of his day, and he was sold for more money than any game cock on record.

"Patchen," another famous cock, and a son

of Jaybird, was winner of seven battles, and although he was not fought for as much money as Jaybird he was every inch as fine a cock. The Patchen and Jaybird blood was infused into every yard of the Red Cubans except five.

Other great Cubans and brood cocks are as follows:

“Starlight,” a beautiful coal black cock with a few brassy colored spots on each wing. He was a shake, weighing 7 pounds, 13 ounces. He was winner of three battles and his opponents were some of the best. There are three yards of this blood today, and his descendants have upheld his reputation for fighting ability.

“Stonewall” was another cock that was several times winner, and used as a brood cock with the best of results.

Other famous cocks were: “Gaston,” weight 8 pounds; “Daylight,” weight 7 pounds, 2 ounces; “Allen Cooper,” weight 7 pounds; “Evan Taylor,” weight 6 pounds, 4 ounces; “Albemarle,” weight 5 pounds, 12 ounces; and “Darkness,” the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. I could name a hundred or more that were great brood cocks and wonderful fighters, with enough victories to their credit to fill a good-sized book, and all were pitted against the best, their records being made only by hard-fought battles.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to give the readers of this brief history a record of the mains fought by the Red Cubans over a period covering the last ten or twenty years,



MEANS' RED CUBAN COCK

but for me to attempt that would mean that I would have to write to a great many people who fought many of those mains and get their permission to use their names. Also I would have to look up dates and go over many thousands of letters to get a complete record.

After all, the object of this history is to give the readers the origin of the Red Cubans, and to show what method was used in past and what method is being used now to keep the Red Cubans second to none in gameness and fighting ability.

All the yards of Red Cubans are in the hands of men who have had many years experience in raising game chickens. One of the yards has been in charge of one family for two gen-



MEANS' RED CUBAN COCK

those mains, and on account of the fact that the Red Cubans were up against some of the best fighting strains.

When the "Derby Game Bird" was published at Tell City, Ind., a record was kept of battles fought by different strains. This record was kept for five years and every strain was striving for the lead. The showing of the Red Cubans in that record was 408 battles won out of 564, and the next best record made by a well known strain was 263 out of 514.

In conclusion, I wish to ask my readers to pardon me if the tone of this history sounds a little boastful. A lover of game fowl is apt to get a little boastful in writing of his own strain of birds, and I am not unaware of the fact

erations. That yard was started just 37 years ago. Another yard has been in charge of the same man for 27 years. It is of great assistance in carrying out the proper method of breeding to have nothing but experienced men on the yards.

If I find the time I will at a later date attempt to give a complete and authentic record of mains fought exclusively by the Red Cubans, and also to give percentage of all hacks fought by Red Cubans that have been reported for the last ten or fifteen years.

The Red Cubans were originated in 1877 and have borne that name since that date. The year 1927 is the 50th anniversary of the Red Cuban games as bred and originated by George W. Means.

It has been an undisputed fact that the Red Cubans have participated in more great mains in this country, Mexico, Canada and the Philippines than any other strain, and have the credit of having won some of the most sensational victories. Below are a few mains in which the Red Cubans won practically every fight:

In a large main at Chihuahua, Mexico, they won 23 battles out of 23 fought; at Durango, Mexico, they won 16 out of 17; in Elmira, N. Y., they won 6 out of 7; near the town of Ashland, Ky., won 14 out of 17; at Charleston, W. Va., 4 out of 5; and at Stampburg, Pompano Province, Philippine Islands, they won 7 out of 9.

I mention the above fights on account of the large amounts of money that changed hands at

that there are many strains of fine fowl and that each man thinks his own are the best. I hope that it will never be said of me that I have tried to sell one bird by slinging mud at anyone else's strain of fowl. I submit this history, brother cockers, for your approval, and hope that all our efforts in the future will be for "the good of the order."

French and Belgian Cocks

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH

Gallia! More than two centuries before our era the Romans invaded that country and had to fight, step by step, until aided by superior weapons and military organization, they settled in the warlike land. Ever since the Gallics were reputed for their manly virtues and tenacious gameness,—their history, in all its ups and downs, showing a tremendous turmoil of war and battles, incessant, yet never have they been completely and definitely overthrown; and despite all bloodshed the land again and again emerged as a country and a nation.

Thus the antique Gallia, the Frank empire and the French Republic is one and the same nation, ready to fight for its land yesterday as well as tomorrow, a country of fighting blood and dead-gameness! And this country's emblem is the cock; "le coq Gaulots." A fine emblem! But for a few votes, and the States would have had the cock instead of the eagle, also.

The Romans found the gamecock in Gallia. How it came here, nobody knows, the cock was already indigenous long ere, probably brought over centuries ago by the Phenician tradesmen. The same cock being found also in Cornwall over the canal and along the coast of Spain. The only practical evidence that the cocks were introduced



LARGE "COMBATTANT du NORD" COCK.

These French cocks, despite their averaging about 10 pounds, are exceedingly active and rightfully constitute the pride of Northern France.

to meet again with the success of the Doctor in the early nineties of last century.

As to the cocking literature, it has been lacking justice towards the fine French birds, which deserve the highest commendation and recognition. Where there are cocks, there are men who

at the seaside, before the Roman occupation, being, that gamefowl were found scattered along the coast in good numbers, but were scant in the hinterland, in England, France and Spain. There is no doubt that the Romans contributed a lot to diffuse fowl in the countries they occupied, and Bankivoids are found today all along the land wherein they settled. For, the French game breeds, in the main, are tolerably pure Bankivas.

One would naturally expect to find vast literature on the subject; yet this is not the case. Aside from small art gems, the portrait of the French and Belgian cock may be seen nowhere. There is scarcely a poultry book in England and America, not excluding the American Standard of Perfection, that does not deduct a chapter on English game fowl. Wright's book describes the English game fowl at length with plenty and brilliant illustrations, yet scarcely says a word about the French. Capt. Fitz-Barnard in his excellent book "Fighting Sports" touches almost every item of the sport, yet about the French birds remains surprisingly mute. We find, however, some excellent chapters in the American edition of "The Poultry Book" by Willis Grant Johnson, due to the master hand of Dr. Harry P. Clarke, Indianapolis, who actually was in France, fought there and eventually caused a commotion in the French cocking world introducing American heels and American cocks. Dr. Clarke's intervention, though unintentional, caused the rules of France to be revised and henceforth settled, so that no other American is likely

breed and fight them! and between these, you may always trace some distinct individuality, that, willingly or not, gains the position of a Patriarch and henceforth marks a stone in the history of the sport in his country.

France has her man! Known in his country and reputed as authority, judge and historian. Sportsman and gentleman at heart, enjoying the most enviable reputation between the fraternity of England, America and wherever there are amateurs that are lucky enough to know him, Monsieur Henri Cliquennois, born in Lille, the 24th of June, 1850, is the highest authority on French game that I know, and the reader will well understand if I fix my notes on his personal information. Monsieur Cliquennois has been connected with the sport for over 60 years, has one of the finest collections of cock-spurs and occupies the position in France that Dr. Clarke does for America and Mr. Herbert Atkinson does for England. I believe this is a compliment, which can only be offered with the hat in the hand.

The Breeds.

In France there are two distinct varieties, but which do not differ in anything else but the weight. The large Nord game (Combattant du Nord) is grown to a weight of 4 to 5 kilos (8½ to 10½ lbs.) while the small Nords average 5 lbs. The larger is fought as shake (poids libre) but the smaller is matched at fixed weight as is the practice in England. Besides, a Bantam, the cock de Barbarie, which has been described in a former

issue, and the Malgache or naked Madagascar cock may be met with occasionally.

In Belgium the Flamand (Flemish Game), is used for steel fighting, and the Leige (Leigeois) for naked heel. Besides there is the Bruges, a Malay cross used merely for exhibition.

I believe I have mentioned in former occasions that now and then the Nord has been crossed for producing ring performers out of the usual. In the proceeds of these lines we shall come back to this again. It may be mentioned however, that as good as the English blood infusion proved to be in former days, the French breed did not prosper just over the Canal, somehow the English being unable to turn out cocks large and good enough to match against the genuine French. English birds fought at Lille against the French and defeated these, (the continental cockers being unaware of the quality of cocks brought over) the first time they met. Henceforth the French cocks were selected carefully and the Old English met defeat after defeat ever since. Apparently no English shake being able to stand the thrashing, nor being capable to retaliate effectively. Lively and strong, the Nord game, whether by weight or speed, knocked the English down in hopeless fashion.

Exhibitions.

Both in France and Belgium, game breeds are exhibited and never fail to cause considerable attraction. The French standard specifies color schemes just as England, and the breeding towards color perfection presents considerable diffi-

culties. It is to be hoped that the show bench will not have such a destructive effect upon the general and pit utility of the Nord cock, as it has had upon the Old English game; though no breeding along color or fancy points can be any good in the long run. The show bench has ruined horses, dogs and cocks, and while giving a wide and artificial propaganda to certain breeds, it has at the same time raised the prices to such fancy heights, that the general utility has but to give way under them. Thus dogs became curs, and cocks dung-hills with fine exhibition labels and fanciful points of—weakness.

Gaffs.

The Nord fowl have been steel fighters ever since. The bell socket needle gaff was used up to 1830, when the English pattern was introduced. About the nineties, Dr. Clarke introduced the American full drop and revolutionized spur making in France. Henceforth several patterns were in use until all but the straight blade modern 2 inches was fixed by means of regulations.

Horn spurs are not seldom used (with Liege cocks), in Belgium, which are fastened on the natural stub in the usual fashion almost in any point of the world. Of course, natural spurs is the rule with the heavier Belgian cocks, and a large percentage of cockers that fight that way in the States are of Belgian origin.

Slashers, that were used a century ago, are mentioned further on, they were not, however, of

the soul-searching type used in Central and South America.

The Pits.

The parcs, as they are called in France and Belgium, are of oblong shape, elevated upon the floor and closed by wire gauze. Entrances are opposite, or near the door, usually boards are erected carrying the signs of each party. Ample light, electric or gas is provided over the pit. Around this the seats are arranged in rows, and further back the popular rows of banks, as are usual in most any arena. Most any important village and town has a well kept pit, while larger towns have several. Lille, p. ex. has nearly two dozen, and these are well occupied during the market days when the best mains and concourses are staged.

Rules.

Prior to the nineties, there was some elasticity in the governing rules and no regulations concerning length and shape of gaffs, but after Dr. Clarke's round success in the French pits, it was thought wise to amplify and revise the set of rules, being finally agreed that no other gaff but the straight 50 millimetres be used. Any sort of drops, twists and curved blades being barred from the French pits. Henri Cliquennois was challenged to use his "armes Americaines" against the local weapons, and he used them now and then, and that, with such success, as to state definitely that the American curve, drop and length were

decidedly superior in their deadly effect than any French or English steel known.

French gaffs are considered almost inoffensive by many American savants, and to a certain degree they are right, but think that the French cocks kill with such weapons quite easily, and that the duration of bout is limited by 15 minutes only, and deduct safely that the cocks that handle such gaffs are at any rate, extremely dangerous. A complete set of French rules may be found in Dr. Clarke's "Rules of the Cock Pit," edited by Grit and Steel.

General Comments.

Game cocks existed in Flanders, Artois and Picardie, according to documents seen personally by Cliquennois, in the year 1700, as "coq de sport reel." Fighting was practiced with straight pointed gaffs, with bell sockets, (armes a aiguilles), No. 31 Clarke's collection, bronze socket, iron blade. Very ancient relic from Artois, France. The modern bell socket gaff seems to be fashioned after this old pattern.

French cocks are exhibited with great success, nowadays, and rearing for this purpose is rather difficult due to the exigencies in color and the instability of color transmission from parents to offspring. Naturally exhibition stock is selected with greatest care and subjected to a severe selection. We do not understand what good there can be in showing pit fowl, other than for type, as stated above, and if it is only for the large advertising there is in a show, we should think that there are many other ways just as good.

Anyhow, the Nord game is shown, and buyers should carefully specify, when ordering, if they want a show bird, or the deadly kicker shake that has created the breed's fame.

Pit fowl, of course, though of brilliant hues, are not reared with any regard as to fancy points. Their breeding is extensively practiced in the Nord of France and Belgium.

Breeders in France aim at weight from 4 to 5 kilos (8½ to 10½ lbs.)

As steel fighters, care is given to a strong punch, lively action and above all dead gameness, (fond).

A century ago the Belgians had a breed of game fowl different from the French, the Race Flamande, larger, stronger but also considerably slower, as is only natural to expect; these were called "Coqs faisans" (pheasant cocks). The Nord cocks were, and still are, of brilliant color, very much like Old English game, but double as strong. The Flamands are rather dull in color, generally pale gray or slate, blue-red, blue, or mottled (mille fleurs). Single or short rose comb (fraise), with black, dark or soiled white legs. They are colder in blood and sluggish, though dead game.

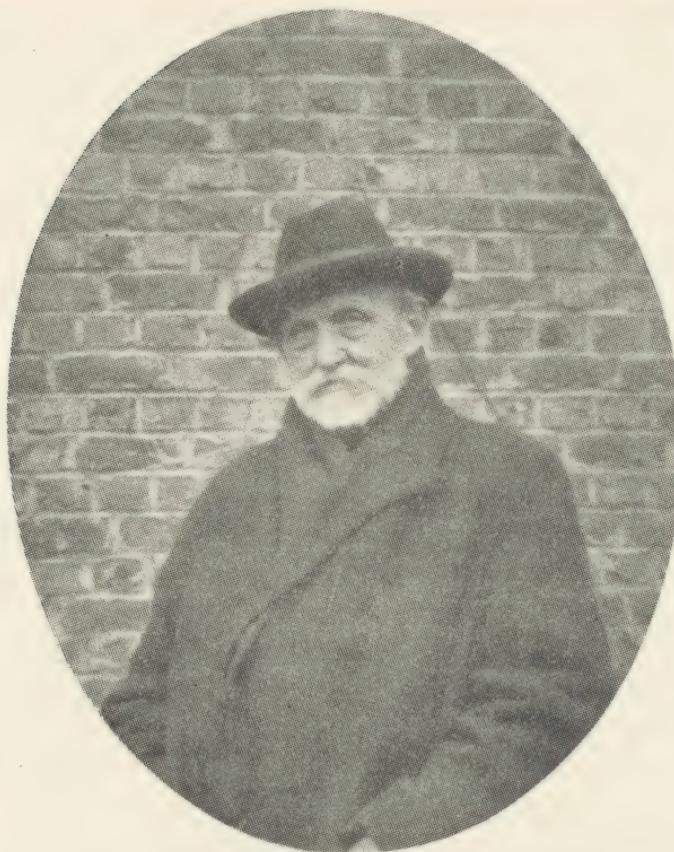
In the shows, coqs de Bruges and Liegeois, are invariably shown under the common name of Belgian game. The standard, except for the "Bleus de Bruges" is rather vague and admits any Belgian fighter, without specifying a definite type.

The proximity of North France to Flanders and

the Wallon country, has done much to encourage cross breeding the Nord and Flemish games, both being steel fighters.

The Liege game, bred in Charleroi (Hainaut), Namur, Hasselt and Liege, is fought naked heeled and sometimes armed with horn spurs, set over the natural stubs in the usual fashion. All these fowls are large compared with Spanish, English and American stock, but just how this size has been developed is a matter of mystery. I suspected otherwise, but was firmly assured that all these breeds were decidedly pure, their evolution being due to local conditions not found elsewhere. There is considerable food for thought if we compare the game with the dunghill varieties of that region. Of course the latter have a considerable pinch of Oriental blood, but if the small Bankiva was capable to develop from 3 lbs. to giants of 10 and 12 lbs., what would the giant Shamo have developed to, if originally introduced?

Anyhow, Cliquennois bred and fought cocks for more than 60 years and his knowledge, observation and success, are sufficient commendations to regard his judgment as emanating from the soundest source, his preference inclining in favor of the Nord game, fought "poids libre," being a decision that the general sportsman may derive from this breed the best available sport. In early years, Mr. Cliquennois obtained from outstanding English breeders some high speed, dead game birds, which he used to infuse fresh blood in his stock, with marked success. Though these sires



MONSIEUR HENRI CLIQUENNOIS.

Born in Lille, France, June 24th, 1850. He has for 62 years fought, bred and judged game fowl, consequently establishing an enviable reputation as the first French authority on game matters.

averaged 6 lbs., the offspring run from 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ kilos (average $9\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.)

Some 35 years ago, when Dr. Clarke visited Lille, he presented some fine Trans-Atlantic cocks to Mr. Cliquennois, which he crossed, with thought and judgment upon some Nord pullets, also with greatest success. It was at this time when Ameri-

can gaffs for the first time were used in France. Up to that time, English pattern gaffs were used since 1830, when they were first introduced. These English gaffs were slightly curved, 35 mm to 45 mm long (1 3/8 to 1 13/16 in.) The fights were staged with no regard as to the birds' weight, nor gaffs used.

Before 1830 and since Louis XV, about 1750, the ancient bell socket needle was in use. See illustration herewith.

When Dr. Clarke set foot on French soil, he acquainted Mons. Cliquenois with the "Armes Americaines," long, decidedly curved and with full drops. You can imagine how the two friends, heads bent over a tiny bit of steel, discussed the probabilities, how this piece of American ingenuity would tip the scales of success in the pits of Lille and environs. In the world of cocking, this was an historical moment, and the doctor's activity in that old land was, in fact, a line of unparalleled success.—*Vae victis!*

One hundred years ago, according to Cliquenois, in French Flanders, Hazebrouck, Somer and Bailleul, slashers were in use, short, about 1 3/8 inches (35 mm) keen double edged (a double tranchant) but, which have since been abandoned and even totally forgotten. Those old time slashers were unlike the Centro-American sabres which are carried on one foot only.

In 1893, du Nord and Belgian cockers were rightfully perturbed by those American gaffs, so deadly and in every way of terrible effect, when compared with the usual native steels. It was only

years after that, that the use of heels was regulated according to a set of new laws which allowed only certain length and curvature. Now, only the straight blade, 50 mm (2 in.) gaff is allowed, all other patterns being barred. However a curved metal insertion is used as filler, the inclination of which, acting under the gaff, raises the point of blade slightly.

Monsieur Cliquennois, since 36 years ago, has occasionally crossed American cocks (Hoosier Beauties) on Nord hens, obtaining excellent results. He has also crossed Asil cocks, from the yards of Mr. Herbert Atkinson, on French pullets, the offspring coming heavy enough for French pits, even in the first generation. A remarkable great cross followed the use of an imported Malay and an individual cock from this mating scored 22 victories in succession, having a thigh broken in the 23rd fight, after 55 minutes of severest milling.

There was no time restriction in the single bout then, but nowadays the limit is fixed to 15 minutes, requiring lively action and accurate cutting to finish an adversary within the bells.

When stags are fought, they must show integral spurs, and are carefully examined, as well as the gaffs, prior to pitting. You may pit a stag against adversary's cock, but cannot meet his stag with an aged cock, unless previously thus specified.

Cocks have their combs dubbed in the universal fashion and prior to pitting the large tail

sickles are cut away. No other trimming, as practiced in England (neck, saddle, wings, etc.) is allowed.

Matches, Mains and Concourses.

Mains are agreed in odd numbers of single matches or battles, these being 5, 7 or 9 in number. Whoever wins the odd is the winner, 3 from 5, 4 from 7 or 5 from 9. After the main, two or three by-battles are staged with stakes agreed to beforehand, but entirely separated from the main.

The season begins December 15th and lasts to June 15th. From December to March, the fights are staged under gas or electric lights, generally starting at 6 P. M., up to 8 or 9 o'clock. Gate money is from 5 to 50 Francs, according to the importance of the event.

The days in which the cocks are fought usually are, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday. Market days in Lille. In the larger cities, Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, etc., some 20 mains may be fought in one day, but in different pits, but in small villages only 2 or 3 mains are fought on Sundays.

For the concourses, the number of participants is fixed in advance, and generally amounts from 24 to 60 entries. Entry fee from 50 Francs in the ordinary concourse up to 100, 150 and even 200 Francs. In an event of, say, 40 participants, adversaries are designated by chance and 20 pairs fall in, fighting the premiere tour (1st round). This tour over, 20 entrants are eliminated. The remaining 20 winners, again toss and fight the deuxieme tour (2nd round) in 10 pairs, after which 10 more entries are eliminated but with

one victory to their credit. Then the winners again form 5 pairs designated by chance and fight the third round, after which 5 more are out, but with two victories to their credit.

Now the remaining 5 winners, each with 2 victories to their credit, toss to eliminate one of them, who is then out, but gets credit for 3 victories, even without fighting. The 4 then make two pairs fighting the 4th round and eliminating two. The final two, then fight the fifth and last round, for the first and second prize. Prizes range from 3,000, 2,000, 1,000 to 500 Francs. Fees and gate money being amply sufficient to cover the prizes and expenses of organization.

These concourses which were arranged formerly for the sake of sport only, became an object of speculation, especially after the war and the reader will well understand the gentleman's grief, seeing his favorite sport misused in an age where everything appears to yield to the clang of glistening money.

The smaller Nord game cocks, which average 5 lbs., fought at fixed weights as in England, are still matched in the villages around Lille and Pas de Calais, in the mining district. Of course the stakes are considerably smaller than usual with the larger shakes (poids libre), but afford considerable sport, being thoroughly game cocks, these that play their lives here as in any place of France.

Final Remarks.

It stands to reason that the excellency of the

French stock has induced breeders from oversea to try and raise them elsewhere. Dr. Clarke in former years imported into the States Nord and Flemish game, and so have done many others in recent days. English breeders were unable to raise them just over the Canal. In South America, especially in Argentina and Chile many attempts have been made to breed and rear them. But the French game strongly objects to being transplanted and loses most of its vim in foreign countries. The deadly kick and fleetness that is the pride of the French pits goes lost elsewhere, and after a few generations, no amount of skill seems to be of any use to stop the vanishing virtues from fading away. Yet, not long ago, Belgian cocks fought naked heeled in the States and won, while others have contributed their blood to establish new strains.

But in the essence, the Belgians, Liegeois and Flamands, the large and small combatants du Nord, are a local breed, seemingly destined to hold very high the reputation of their natural colors, crowing loud and clear their defiance, as ever since has done the "Coq Gaulois."

The Asil

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH.

There is something strikingly particular about this fowl.

The outstanding quality of this ancient breed being an abnormal deep gameness, in fact so marked deep,—that it cannot be expressed in words, using the standard measure of high class western cocks.

The word “Asil” denoting not a mere name to identify a breed, but it is an idea summing up nobility, high breeding, courage and desperate gameness. British sportsmen have first used the word Asil to identify the breed of cocks that are found in the Central provinces from Patna along the Ganges, Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Cawnpur, Agra and Gwalior.

Travelers visiting these places find several breeds of poultry that are sometimes related to the Warrior tribe of high caste, but which obviously are graded. Now and then gamecocks are found cooped or kept in enclosures, and which may be readily bought for some Rupees. They are called game, and to a certain extent may be considered as such, as they are by no means bad. But from these offshoots, coming in all colours, up to the high caste Asil, there is a worldwide difference. What is termed Asil in those districts,



Game mother and brood, enjoying their happiness period in complete freedom.

is a distinct bird entirely. It is even difficult to see them as they are kept entirely out of harm's way.

Abdul Vurma is a native cocker from Lucknow, trainer to Mr. C. D. Camper, who keeps some of the pure strains, for nothing more than fighting. He does not breed all the numbers he can, but only that quantity that can be fought and conditioned in the highest imaginable form. I merely reproduce here what I have been able to learn in long years of correspondence and incessant investigation.

Abdul Vurma keeps every hen, with enviable

records, separately. They have each a fairly good amount of garden to roam about. They like to dig deep holes around the soft and sandy soil that forms near the bamboo plants. These are high and thickly set. The leaves that fall constantly form a deep bed, where it is a delight to scratch in search of little bugs that are abundant. In a shadowy, cool corner a nest has been arranged with bricks.

When the night comes, Abdul goes into every pen and smilingly picks up one hen, takes her into the house and after a short examination she is cooped under a basket-like crate, shaped like a beehive, though twice as large. The same operation is done with each and every hen.

Only the young stock is allowed to roam in a flock in another walk. But they are constantly observed and sleep in a special room. Provisions are made to avoid the entrance of robbers, both human or animal.

The cocks are constantly kept cooped and are liberated during the day for a few hours exercise. When not in moult, they are trained constantly.

Abdul keeps a record of the eggs that are now beginning to come. He noticed time ago the arrival of the season and has made his choice of cocks. Three hens that are exactly alike in blood are accustomed to each other keeping them in coops and accompanied by a cock, whose value as breeder has been ascertained in about three years of closest observation. It is a cock of the Ghan strain. This cock has no defect that could be

detected. His comb has been trimmed years ago, when fought for the first time.

Other hens, of the same and other strains, are equally matched to choice cocks. Some hens accept the marriage proposition with visible joy. Others less so, but that black hen, "Gohra" by name, is inclined to fight the cock. She is the worst layer, but her sons are so high quality fighters. that no egg from her is spared or dare go lost.

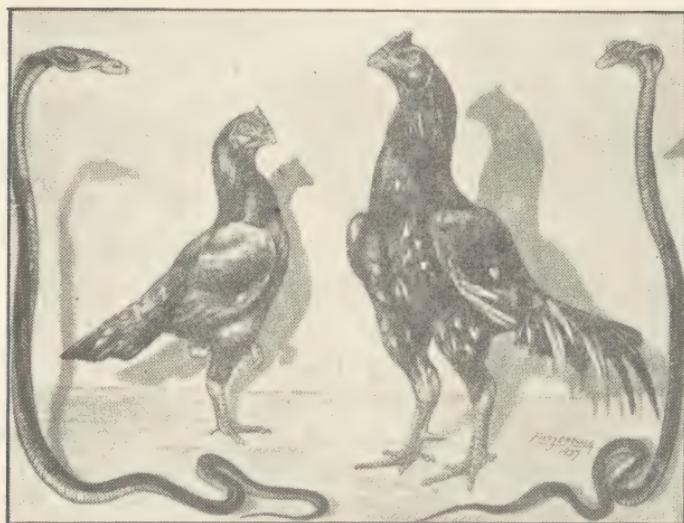
For Abdul it was always a matter of speculation, in former years, to choose a proper mate for her, as she was from the black strain, and no cock available round Lucknow. They got a famous cock of the same blood in Cawnpur, 66 kilometers from Lucknow, and the offspring showed such remarkable quality that she was subsequently bred to her first son, the same that won a three days' fight in Gwalior against a noted winner. Although she is 7 years old, she is bred from, and will be in coming years. The Blacks are highly reputed for their outstanding beauty and staying powers. Quicker than the "Ghan" strain, they indulge in sudden attacks of bestial fury, that not seldom wrecks the antagonist. They do not seem to worry about how offensive the other cocks are, they fight and fight with an amazing consistency, clever and savage. Some noted cockers do not fancy the Blacks, stating that they are a new tribe, but Abdul sticks to them, knowing there are no better in the whole region of Oudh, formerly Ayodhya.

"Gohra," the black hen, came from the United Provinces, where she was the last hen of a noted

strain reared almost on the embankments of the Kosila river. Her caste is so high, and her sons so deadly good, that they are spared for very seldom occasions, when Mr. Camper will back them heavily. They are specially good when fought unbandaged. The trouble with this strain, confesses Abdul, is that they throw about 50% whites among the females. These are killed off early, and only occasionally are sold to traders coming all the way by rail from Calcutta. The clever Hindu trainer remembers this incident and the fact that some of the offspring come rather leggy.

“It is the Kulm blood, no doubt.” At least they are not bad off, as the other pure strains sometimes also throw off-type specimens. Thus, the Sonatawals have been produced from selecting off-shoots of the Ghan strain. They are immensely game too, not quite as reliable as the Ghan, but evidently of greater speed. These Sonatawals are sometimes a bit weak in the tail, come with longer wings, and their spurs being slightly upcurved are of elliptical section, so as if they were produced by a double spur grown together. Reversion to Southern blood, which is said to have been used to produce the Asil cocks, several thousands of years ago.

There are two other black hens, which are kept in the bamboo railed tree garden. They roam at ease here,—both sisters,—from the same dam and sire. They are so much alike that if it was not for a scar on “Sita’s” comb, even Abdul would find it difficult to identify them. Both are of the



KAPTANS—A highly reputed strain, reported to be dangerous as cobras, the astute, venomous Indian snake.

Rampur strain and reared in the garden they now occupy by themselves since their mother was found dead—evidently killed by a cobra. Abdul never found the snake alive, but one day he found "Sita" and "Rada," both sisters, devouring the presumable killer of their mother. As the cobra was found to be female with all indications of having laid her eggs only a short time before, a mungo was procured, and since then kept in the garden, making perfect friends to both hens. They were then named the "cobrakillers" and as such are their offspring known, and—reputed.

Three of them have killed their respective adversaries, early in the battle—too early for Indian likes. But they have shown later on that it was not mere accident, but the enormous power these

birds develop when warmed up in full action.

Abdul has procured some very quick cocks from Birmah, to be used as sparrings, and as expected, noted that the somewhat slow action of these cocks, usually displayed with their near kin antagonists, changed to such dashing activity that it is well believed that they have a mighty chance against a full grown cobra. Thus they have earned their name.

Abdul can write too. Not sufficiently for a white man to read and understand his notes, but good enough for him and his work. You see,—since a boy, as his son is doing now, he started to help his brown father to care for cocks and hens, (chicks are never entrusted to boys), and so he learnt only what the white lady, who taught the Sahib's sons could teach him in her spare hours. And that was quite a lot after all. Abdul learnt to use the drawing pencil, and though his cocks come rather stout, and his snakes far too long, everybody will recognize his elephants, which are invariably white, and wear two eyes. I have one of these elephants drawn on dark paper. There is not one bristle missing.

When the hens lay their eggs, day by day, Abdul makes his notes on a book, which is truly a pedigree record for Mr. Camper. If in doubt, the latter asks Abdul, who knows the whole story, of every cock from the shell to the final day of his career. Abdul's book can talk, and there is no mistake in what he says. In former days, Abdul used to record eggs with funny little white stones set in rows on a sort of table. The stones being

heaped as soon as the hen went broody. When the chicks came out, they were replaced by red, yellow and black seed corns, and the whole system worked fine until the little brown Rama,—his only son,—thought they were a fine toy for him. This was his first mischief and for that he got the first severe licking in his life.

Seldom that the trainer leaves the yards and house. He has three assistants with him, and besides Mr. Camper, the Sahib, employs two more trainers in the season. When it is time, they do nothing else than training the cocks that are to be fought. The Sahib does not like to keep too many games, it is not quantity, but quality that he is after. That is why he got rid of the whole strain of Kaptans. They were exceedingly beautiful, slender and high. Dark-reds in colour with orange-red beak and legs. A few white specks on the body, and some white feathers in wing and tail. They too, threw some white specimens, and some of the progeny came nearly grey, "Jauxi," as it is called, and perfectly abhorred by the real cocker. They are not good enough for any of the Asil fowl, and though they can whip most any cock of the lower castes matched in natural spurs, they are not granted a place where the pure, the true, the immaculate birds of unsullied decent grace the coops.

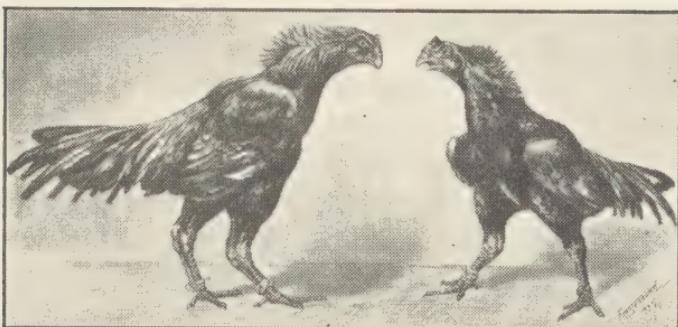
A cocker in India does not go openly to some probable adversary of the next fight, but he will employ scouts to hear and see what others are doing for the season. Abdul never learnt anything new by this method, but whatever determination

he took after months of thoughtful consideration, it proved to be right. The more so, as he never dared to go outside the way, very far from what he learned from his beloved father.

When the hens are broody they sit on their own eggs. Abdul never touches them. Other cockers do so liberally, and that is why so many are spoiled, he says. He allows the chicks to come out all by themselves, never rendering the slightest assistance. Only strong ones come out, and everybody is sure that the small lots that run along in their walks, are truly strong and healthy. Some are found dead here and there, and the wise trainer knows immediately if they died poisoned or bitten by some vermin. One of the Mungos developed a taste for chicken, and since the old hen run him down, he has not attempted the trick again, till he was found dead under a bucket.

As the chicks grow, disaster grows evenly. The mother's yolk in them has too much of the fighting spirit to be overseen. When the weather becomes warm, and atmospherical depressions influences the mind, the yolkings start fights that are bloody, nay, mortal. No use to separate them. Loosened again, they start it anew, chewing at each other, biting and hitting. This infantile gameness and fighting spirit is distressing for the feelings of the Sahib. He urges to separate the chickens and to keep them so until the fury vanishes.

But Abdul knows that it is not a momentary fury that causes the youngsters to fight. As he explains, it is the mother's blood that is making



DORA DIRZA—The real test for gameness, wind and endurance. The cocks are taped over spur stubs to avoid fatal accidents before their bottom quality shows up.

first apparition in the offspring. Chicks that are weaker, that cannot stand that amount of biting, die. It is in the hard test that the good ones show their superiority, and this acid test kills, otherwise apparently sound chickens, before they got a chance to show up disgracefully. The survival of the fittest, that in game fowl, is carried on at such an early state induced by the maternal yolk. A game mother would jump furiously at any assailant menacing her brood, yet she tolerates with perfect indifference when two of her brood are tearing themselves to pieces. A cock interferes whenever two youngsters running under him start a fight.

Young Asils are carefully hand-fed from the very start to get them accustomed to the master's hand. Later on they are almost invariably fed from the hand, the system being an aid to make them grow straight and reachy.

At 7 months of age, after Abdul records, the stock is reviewed day by day, the faulty ones hav-

ing been disposed of as soon as they show up. Combs are trimmed wherever necessary. With skilled hands the birds are handled and once more a few notices go on record. Four months later the stags commence their life seriously. They are specially fed and trained, until they reach a mature state. They are worked by hand, tossed, pressed and run. Carefully massaged, fomented and finally sparred. Wind and endurance are developed to the highest degree, their action and punch observed minutely, while their style and mental capacity are tried, teaching them tricks that are repeated with truly oriental patience. In this stage of his profession, Abdul is a master, and when a cock does not show sterling qualities he is looking for, is dispensed of immediately.

And so comes the day, when the Sahib tells Abdul that he has agreed with a party to fight five cocks and as he managed to wager heavily on his cocks, he must win. About twenty cocks are selected. The additional trainers appear and serious, secret work starts at once. The best weight for each cock is found out, and once the preliminary work has been settled the cocks are conditioned to the highest degree. Nobody counts or hopes for a quick fight. The spurs are shortened and tape is wound round the stumps, ninefold.

The fights for the "Dora Dirza" have been described elsewhere. About five long and longer rounds per day, with pauses between each, called the "Parni." Cocks are refreshed, cooled and dampened. The handlers are the most skillful men known in the cocking world. They replace or

remove broken feathers. They operate quickly wounds produced by smashing blows. Swollen parts are treated with efficacy, etc.

The cocks fought did not show marked advantage, the first day, so Abdul puts them to sleep as soon as he can, caring to cover them with a hood, so long as other cocks are present. As the night falls, there is silence in Abdul's cock house, and each one is sleeping almost at once. In a corner the man sets silently listening to each noise about the cocks. Then he hears the black one producing a slight rattling sound as he breathes. A moment waiting, to ascertain the fact, and then the cock is taken to the next room, where in the light he can examine the bird's throat. He had got several hard blows on the windpipe, and the crab is to get the thing alright for tomorrow. He gets his basket from whence he produces a few small onions that grow wild in the near jungles. He cuts some slices which are placed round the swollen part and held in place with a soft bandage. The cock goes back to his coop and after a few hours the rattling has ceased completely.

Knowing that all is well, Abdul joins his company in the next room where some eats are laid out. Chatting and eating they pass the time, until at about midnight a motor car stops at the place. The Sahib comes to see about the cocks,—being satisfied and naturally tired he soon leaves again.

The men round the light inquire about that cock Abdul was nursing a few hours. "Oh, nothing so far" says Abdul, "he will start early tomorrow

afternoon, and he will soon recover. That cock fights better the second day, and at best when he has got a thorough lot of punishment."

The expectation grows, as the one or the other calculates the chances the white Sahib has. Then they start chicken talk and reminiscences, and as usual they come to agree that the old-time birds were better than the modern ones. This is so the whole world through. It is only Abdul who keeps still at this, he estimates that the lot he had in preparation was the grandest he ever observed. Otherwise it would be a discredit to his skill, and this is his most vulnerable spot.

Finally they fall asleep, and our man dreams of that dreadful black-red cock that the Rajah has pitted against his best. If he fears something, it is from his antagonist, that could swing both his shanks in a terrible fashion, and which had fairly shown superiority at the earlier rounds. Yet his Ghan Murgha, with a white eye, had evened with him late in the afternoon.

And so came next day and found the lot quite silent but extremely busy as the fight started again. No news that day beyond that Abdul's Murgha was thrown twice backwards over his back. But the third day brought some of the expected surprise. The first that Abdul's Ghan cock got his neck broken. Another of his cocks broke a wing, and the Black Rampur killed his antagonist in a sudden rush that startled the audience in unusual fashion.

The fourth day saw the fights draw, one antagonist being killed. This evened the count, and the

match was decided the fifth day—the Rajah's fowl being so seriously disabled that he lost. But the hero of the fight was the Black Rampur that was so badly beaten the first day. He won in the grand fashion that was peculiar to all the birds of his strain. Abdul's confidence in his "Snake-killer" strain was fully justified, as the young cock showed the traits that were peculiar of this family ever since.

There was another thing that Abdul made out. He knew now that the young Rajah, the last adversary, had better Ghan cocks than his own, and that it was a task for him to get under any circumstances a hen or two from his yard. This is an extremely difficult task, but his lifelong experience will teach him the way to procure those highly valued specimens. No first class professional could afford to be without some of the highly esteemed cocks of the Ghan strain.

Thus a cocker in India has always a task before him, always something better to strive for, always some perfection to aim at. Just as it is elsewhere in the world too.

General Remarks About Asil.

No two Asil cocks are alike. If the one has a terrible power, the other may be a trifle quicker. But taken as a whole they are a marvelous, uniform breed. They must be so, as their breeding is recorded several thousand years ago. They possess one paramount and fundamental quality: Gameness! No other cock, besides the near related Shamos and some Malay strains possess that

stupendous power, that give them the mortal punch, unknown in Caucasian breeds.

Some early authors have stated that Asils are somewhat slow, and that their mental resources are limited. This is obviously wrong. Ask the breeders that have handled the genuine article what they think about their speed, and doubtless you will get the information that though not a match for the high speed developed naturally by steel or slasher fighters, they are extremely shifty and that they adapt their fighting style to any other cock.

Their lack of wing, of course makes them unable for fighting advantageously armed with long heels. Their observation and general cleverness, their unerring eye, together with accurate cutting compounded with their general physical vigour, makes them outstanding intelligent and extremely dangerous adversaries for any cock alive.

They can stand an unusual amount of punishment and even deadly cutting. However distressed, there is hope in him as long as his staunch heart beats, and he will try and try again, with tenacious bitterness, so that only an extremely game cock will stand him.

Type and colour are remarkably fixed, although the average Asil breeder looks for an untainted pedigree and time "proof" consistency in first line. No specimen is kept for fancy points, in fact such a thing would cause an Asil breeder to smile, were he taught of.

It has been a source of speculation whence the different strains came from, or how they derived.

In the course of investigation I did not learn much more than what Mr. Herbert Atkinson published some years ago. These facts apply to the four high caste strains. Indian cockers differ somewhat in the names accorded to each, so that I stick to Mr. Atkinson's nomenclature, well knowing that his long career as breeder, cocker, game judge, and finally president of the greatest game club, are sufficient titles to enforce his authority definitely.

The Ghan.

These are the heaviest, staunchest birds. Their repute for gameness is high, while the marvelous punch for which they are famous has given them the name Ghan, that means sledge-hammer. They come dark-red in colour. Sometimes nearly black. The hens dark-brown with lustrous black lacing. Sometimes they appear almost black. Neck generally black.

Ghans are the deepest game fowl on earth. Nothing causes them to quit but death, and even dying they seem to be able to strike with such vicious power that they are at any instance fatally dangerous. There is no cock that can stand more heavy punishing than a Ghan cock. As such they are quiet, cool fighters. Never appear to be in a hurry, fighting constantly and shifting cleverly, to land blows that are as their name implies, as struck with a sledge hammer. They may fight for days and days without slackening. Dead game, their wind and endurance is truly abnormal. They are, as all Asils, very difficult to procure, and are the rarest of all high caste strains.

The Sonatawals.

No great difference between these and the foregoing, beyond the colour. The cocks coming any shade of light-red to orange-red. Breast black or striped with brown. They appear to be just a shade thinner than the Ghan, higher stationed and lighter. Their wings are also larger, and accordingly they are speedier than the Ghan. On the other side they are less steady in their fight, and not unfrequently they resort to fighting traits that remotely remind of some other breed. It is supposed that they are graded Ghans, or otherwise a sport from the old trunk.

As the Ghan, the Sonatawals are highly reputed, and some Anglo-Indian cockers prefer them to all others. Within the strain noted families have been recorded forming sub-strains with some peculiar traits, and more peculiar names still. The hens are lighter than Ghans. Some very light in colour indeed, wheaten, reds, cinnamon. White feathers in wings and tail, frequent in most Asils, are current appearance. Though, generally speaking, these Sonatawals are very near akin to the Ghan, they must be recorded as a distinct variety.

The Kaptans.

There is some contradiction in what I learnt about this strain. While some correspondents state that they are simply grades, others report that they are an old, distinct, and highly reputed strain. They are dark-reds and brown with several white spots and white feathers in wings and tails. The white does not dominate however. Those cockers that have bred them long enough

to study their traits assure that they are a most dangerous strain. Game and active to a degree, they seem to be of superior intelligence, and with their aggressivity and unusual audacity,—goes hand in hand a style full of tricks. Now stepping back they seem to lose ground, duck and dodge, when suddenly, like a flash they strike deadly blows. A family of these having been dubbed "Cobras" for their dangerous behaviour.

If we realize that the Cobra's bite is mortal, and that a great percentage of 20,000 fatalities caused by snakes in India are accounted to them, we can imagine in which esteem these "Cobra" Kaptans are held. They are more slendred than Ghans and Sonatawals, more active than both, and generally reported as bloody heeled. Mr. Atkinson says they are noted as good spurriers. They do not, however, display the massive muscle of the Ghan, neither possess they the staying power, wind and endurance that are inborn to the former strains.

My informant writes: "This is the strain to be used in Europe for crossing with steel fighters, as they are the quickest and most surprising fowls I have seen."

The Rumpus Blacks.

Blacks are not at all unfrequent. They may be found even among second rate fighters, and that is why many sports do not care to breed them. But of course, there are superior families, some of which are highly prized, as is the case with the "Snakekillers." Blacks are found in a vast dis-

trict, and even fairly down South in the United Provinces.

They are about the handsomest of Asils, both in type and colour. Generally smaller, from 4 to 5 pounds, game as one could wish, full of tricks, savage in their attack, and particularly accurate cutters. They are great finishers which cannot be said of all Asils, and their work on a down cock is worth seeing. When bred near the coast they generally grow larger and coarser.

Huderabad games are said to be derived from this strain. Though they are easier to procure than the coloured strains afore mentioned, very few may have been exported yet.

No Asil is good alone to look at, but this strain, besides being of high pit quality, is of outstanding beauty. The black on the whole body flashing in a blue reflection that is not seen in other fowl. The Samatra is green, some coast games are purple, but these Blacks have a prussian blue sheen that is a delight to behold.

Beyond these four, Mr. Atkinson states, there are no more to be classed as of high caste. Some Anglo-Indian cockers differ, but it may be taken as a rule, that how good some greys, mottled, reds, spangles and duckwings may appear, they have no place in the selected yards of highest repute.

They are, though, excellent naked heelers, that will whip and smash western cocks of flying type in natural spurs, but their gameness is not always reliable. Such cocks have founded several local breeds of Indian game that have been reputed as good, but evidently are not Asil.

It will be noticed that it is even difficult for Indian cockers to procure Asils. How hopeless for a foreigner to simply order a couple, and how clearly it is to understand that most birds that are advertised as Asils, are, in the best case second raters. However they can be procured. Anglo-Indian breeders issue a certificate to go with each bird, while Native Gentlemen, usually give the pedigree with tablets numbered by generations, when asked to do so. This is not the case, usually, with birds presented to a friend and therefore, nothing but the reputation of a man can stand for the bird's origin.

As the years go on, cocking is decidedly losing ground in India. Modern amusements have invaded the mysterious Orient, and the new generation of Rajahs are rapidly yielding to European fashions and habits. So the Dora Dirza, or tape fighting, is not today what it still was some decades ago, a sporting event of highest magnitude. How many years more, and it will belong to the past?

Yet, still, the sporting spirit of the Britons have honored the sport there. Something is always going on. There is the old excitement, thousands of years old, when defiantly standing on his coop, the Asil cock, self-confident, broad breasted, a picture of power and masculine arrogance, sounds the trumpet of war. There still are dead black eyes that gleam with pride, and brown, skilled hands that stroke with unending love the broad backs of the most perfect warrior, the most deadly puncher, the gamest bird on earth—The Asil.

Mahoney Gulls

BY E. J. LAKE.

A casual running over of the various game fowl journals of the past and near past reveals a surprising lack of uniformity in the opinions of different authorities and would-be authorities as to the histories of some of the prominent fighting strains.

And in inverse proportion to the reticence of the originators and breeders—in those cases where they have, for reasons of their own, said little about their fowl—is the verbosity and variety of their lineage as described by those who took upon themselves the burden of explaining to a confiding public what the originators did to create and perpetuate the strains.

One of the best examples of this is the lack of agreement among the numerous writers as to the origin of the Mahoney Gulls.

Dennis Mahoney was a practical cocker and was not interested in broadcasting to the world the breeding of his fighting fowl. He seldom sold one, and if he had cared to he could have disposed of more than he had without any paper advertising. He bred them to use and not to sell. The very fact that he said so little left open a fertile field for others who secured a grain of truth and then wrote a good story around it.

It would be of little use to attempt to review

all that has been said to little avail on the subject, but I will briefly refer to a part of it.

Not so long ago a writer stated that Billy Lohman furnished Mahoney with some of the Gilkerson fowl that whipped him (Mahoney) at Syracuse after that main and that a cross of these on the Mahoney Ross fowl produced the Gulls.

About ten years ago a writer, talking of the Gulls, stated that their origin was from the Gilkerson fowl and that the latter started from the Derby. He further states that "you might as well ask the 'winds,'" as Mahoney as to their other blood. He goes on, however, and outlines his own theory as to the source from which they came. Here it is: An English jockey known as "little English George" came to Hamilton, Ont., to ride for John Martin. He brought with him some pure Derbys. A cocker by the name of Reid fought some of them in a main and Mahoney saw it and was so impressed with them that he wanted some. He finally bought a cock known as the "Old Fairy Cock" and two hens for \$50. This was the start of the strain.

In 1912 another writer stated in *Grit and Steel* that the Gulls did not have a drop of Whitehackle blood in them.

One often sees the Ross Gulls referred to, and as I didn't know the distinction between these and the straight Gulls I started out to determine if there was any difference. I found one writer who recently stated in *Grit and Steel* that the Ross fowl got their name because Denny had

a valuable cock stolen at the time of the nation-wide search for the kidnaped boy, Charley Ross, and that later the cock was returned and was named for the lost boy and was a brood cock which perpetuated the strain which became known as Ross Gulls.

A late historian in writing of the Gulls disclaims all knowledge of their blood origin except that he is sure they have a cross of Whitehackle in them.

In the early days of the Feathered Warrior a versatile writer, apparently sighing for other worlds to conquer, pounced upon the Gulls and added some further embellishment to history. After making inquiry, as he stated, among Mahoney's friends and acquaintances he deduced a line of descent of which the following seems to be a fair statement:

About 1860 John Mulholland imported from the North of Ireland two strains of fighting fowl, one gray and the other black-red. He gave the latter to Mahoney and they were the ancestors of the Gulls. He goes into the matter to great length, however, and says that about a year before his death Mahoney told him "in the course of our conversation * * * 'The Gulls came from Dromore, County of Down.'" Then it is conjectured whether they were bred as imported or crossed with other fowl. Finally reference is made to the Reid stock. Here is what was "said" to have happened. Denny rented five cocks from Reid for \$5 apiece if they won, and nothing if they lost. Three of

them were impressive winners. Mahoney wanted some of the stock to breed and so he bought a hen for \$15. She was bred to one of the Reid cocks, but she laid nothing but soft-shelled eggs that season, therefore no chicks were secured. At this point where "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" no further facts were available, so it was "presumed he bred her to the Irish cock, and from them the Gulls were obtained, as the hen was known as a 'gull-hen.'"

Then the writer discusses the name and its origin. It is considered probable that the cocks as cut out for battle bore such a resemblance to the gulls flying up the Genessee river toward Rochester, N. Y., from Lake Ontario that the appropriateness of the name became apparent and stuck from then on. As a further probable reason for the name it was recalled that at about that time a pugilist by the name of Gulley was very popular in England and that his name, shortened to Gull, may have been used to perpetuate the memory and fame of both the man and the birds.

As a matter of fact there was a strain of cocks in the western part of New York state some years ago known and fought under the name Gulleys, and Mahoney fought against a full main of them at least once, but I know no reason to think they were crossed onto the Gulls. It might be that Mahoney fought them at some time, as he did a great deal of fighting, and they are more liable to be the fowl to which the last writer above is referring.

The same writer continues with a discussion of the Ross fowl. Apparently he knows little about them. Of course it is a well known fact that there must be a reason for everything, and a poor one is better than none. So the writer continues with this offshoot, as he calls them, of the Gulls. He says that Mahoney had a small Gull stag stolen and he searched for him for weeks. Finally he found him, and a friend who was present in the bar-room said that Denny said, "Here is the long lost Charlie Ross." The name stuck and he became the progenitor of that strain or offshoot of the Gulls. He was the lightweight in a main against Tom O'Neal and after he won his battle Mahoney held him up to the crowd and stated that this was his twenty-first victory (no less) and he never would fight him again.

When P. W. Carew was editing the Game Breeder at Toledo, Ohio, he was breeding and selling game chickens. He was a friend of Mahoney's and at different times received fowls of all the strains that Denny bred as presents. He kept after Mahoney for a history of his fowls, but it was some time before he could get any results. Of course, it will immediately occur to anyone why he wanted to print this in his paper when he was selling the fowl. Finally Mahoney "came across," if I may be pardoned the slang, and sent him what, so far as I have been able to discover, is the only article written by Mahoney on his fowl's breeding in existence. This article was reprinted

in the Breeder once at a later date if not oftener. The original article appeared in November, 1892. It has been copied in other game journals but has apparently escaped the eye of some of the historians above, or else they would have made some changes in their manuscript.

It was sent to Grit and Steel and reprinted in April, 1910. It was furnished at that time by Mr. Frank Wilson of Faun Grove, Pa., who, if I am not mistaken, had some of the Mahoney stock from Carew. I believe Mr. Wilson still breeds game fowl. In setting forth the original article as printed in the Breeder I am quoting at length.

Here it is:

Gulls and Genet Pyles.

Ed. Breeder:—Yours of recent date to hand, and in reply to your queries in reference to the Gulls and Genet Pyles, will say that those parties who claim they have the Ross Gulls, and received them from one “Col. Ross,” are frauds. The Gulls and Ross are the same strain, only the difference in name.

About twenty-seven years ago I fought several cocks which I received from a man by the name of Baird, residing in Toronto, Canada, and fought his fowl for three or four years. Among them was a fine brown-red, white-leg cock, which Baird called the “Gull,” and this cock was grandsire to the cock “Charley Ross.” I never made any inquiries about the Gull, and Baird died several years ago, and I believe in his day he had as good fowl as any man owned.

Now, in regard to "Charley Ross" taking that name, it was at the time there was such excitement about the boy, Charley Ross. I had a young man by the name of William McNiece helping condition and care for my fowl, and the cock having won a good many battles this young man named him "Charley Ross," and that is just how he got the name. The Ross and Gull fowl were black-red, with yellow and white legs. Of course, I did some crossing back and forth, and some will show willow legs now.

In regard to the Genet Pyles, or "Nigger" Pyles, as they used to be called: They got their name from a "gentleman ob colah" who raised them in Jersey for Harry Genet. Mr. Genet was quite a politician, and being in with the Tweed gang was forced to flee the country at the time of Tweed's arrest. Prior to leaving the country he presented a trio of his Pyles to a Mr. Wadsworth, of Genesee, Livingston county, N. Y., about thirty miles from Rochester, and he, Wadsworth, gave them to Henry Faulkner, of Danville, N. Y. I was working a horse, "Tom Walters," for Faulkner at that time, and of course I could get anything I wanted from him in the fowl line, and that is how I got the Genet Pyles. I had seen them fought in New York for years before that, and I must say that they are the best pit fowl I have ever seen. One thing remarkable about them, I never saw a blind Genet Pyle lose a fight if he could stand up; the best blind fighters in existence today,

if I do say it. I do not know of anything else to say, as you have as good an idea about them as though I filled two pages of the Breeder.

DENNIS MAHONEY.

I have not written this to start any "hilarity," but am setting forth the facts and those who read can use their own judgment. I know no reason to doubt Mahoney's sincerity in the matter, and he should know what he is talking about. The usual result of anyone's statement on a question of this kind is like the declaration of a Roman holiday, but here is hoping no casualties result. I am making no final conclusions. Help yourselves.

MAHONEY GULLS.

BY E. R. CARPENTER

To begin with, let me hasten to assure the readers that I am not writing for advertising purposes. I have carried an advertisement regularly in *Grit and Steel* for many years, and this has always sold all the birds I could spare. When I quit using paid advertising space I shall quit selling birds.

Having read the article by E. J. Lake, published in February *Grit and Steel*, I am surprised that Mr. Lake fails to support his many statements by reference and dates. Such dates as he attempts are so palpably erroneous that it would be an error to all interested in game fanciers to let the article go without comment, in that he purpose-

ly or unintentionally neglects to throw any light upon the origin or "Blood Lines" of the Mahoney fowls, which, of course, today are accepted as the Gulls and Commodores. While not apologizing for Mr. Lake, his mistake, it occurs to the writer, arises naturally from his limited information, based upon the undated letter, assumed to have been written by Dennis Mahoney. The unfortunate feature of the Mahoney letter is the total absence of any data, whatever, upon the very important essential of the blood lines of the cocks obtained from Baird, Toronto, Canada, and their crosses.

The writer hopes that the subjoined information may place at rest all controversies concerning the Mahoney fowls and their progenitors.

Just after the Civil War in 1866 and 1867, Mahoney was living in Rochester, New York, and was working in New York City with Bud Doble. They had a stable of horses, one horse in particular, was Dexter, the greatest harness horse of his day. Dexter was owned at this time by Robert Bonner of New York City. Mahoney's, Doble's and Bonner's main quarters were at John Morrsey's Ginn Mill, as it was called in those days, at Summit Street and Hamilton Avenue, South Brooklyn, New York. Denny had cocks from John Morrsey, John Maholland and Harry Genet. This was the greatest combination of cocks ever in New York City. In 1868 Denny was working a horse for McCarthy of Dunkirk, New York, by name of "Bay Tom," at the Brown and Kenilworth tracks, at Buffalo, New York. Denny had fought many of McCarthy's cocks years before this and

obtained what fowls McCarthy had. These Pure Irish Derbys McCarthy brought direct from Ireland in the fifties. Denny had many friends in Buffalo, New York, and Toronto and Kingston, Canada.

Medcliff, a great cocker and breeder, had many of Mahoney's Irish Derbys and was breeding cocks for Mahoney at this time. In 1869 Mahoney got many cocks from Tom Baird, of Toronto. These were Earl Derbys, which Medcliff claimed Baird brought from England in 1862. Mahoney, in 1870, crossed one of these Baird cocks to his Irish Derbys. This proved a nick. From these he bred a cock, when a stag, that won many battles, and as a cock was a repeated winner. This was the cock Mahoney called his Charlie Ross, and being the first named "Gull" and first named "Ross." In 1875, Kilcourse had this cock one season to breed to Mahoney Irish Derby hens. From 1875 Medcliff had this cock until he died. Medcliff and Kilcourse passed this blood back and forth until 1884. "Hank" Rice was devoted to following the circuit and shoeing trotters for Mahoney. Denny presented Rice, uncle to writer, many of his best cocks and tested hens. As Mahoney could have all stags raised at any time he desired them, it was in this way that the combination of breeders could keep these old fowls at top notch shape by infusing blood back and forth from each other's yards—hence the "Gulls." Just why they were called Gulls Rice never seemed to state, but undoubtedly from the Baird fowl.

Long before Mahoney ever moved to Buffalo he

had cocks they later called his Commodores. These he obtained from John Maholland, John Morrsey and Harry Genet. This was the best combination ever entered the Philadelphia Cocking Club; John Maholland Grays from Ireland; John Morrsey's brass back Irish fowls; Harry Genet Pyles. It would make a long story to write history of all these men. Morrsey, New York, old-timers should know much about. He was a great, gentle, fighter. He fought Heenan at Crown Point, Canada, and Heenan defeated him. Morrsey quit fighting and later was elected to the Congress of New York State. Genet said his fowls were white Georgians, brought from the South to the North and crossed on Earl Derbys. This made a beautiful Pyle fowl (white Georgians and Earl Derby cross) and great cocks for short heels. Denny had many of these Pyle cocks long before Genet was ever mixed up in Bill Tweed's arrest. After Tweed's arrest, Genet left New York and was never heard from again, as to my knowledge. Mahoney got all his knowledge from that old New York bunch of cockers and Maholland taught him his best cocking knowledge. Denny was a feeder and handler. He never bred fowls. He could get furnished cocks from any man. He got many cocks for short mains. But when Mahoney wanted a main for real money he got his cocks from his old reliable breeders like Medcliff, Kilcourse, and Rice, that had his Gulls and Commodores at that time.

The Gull and Commodore of today, in color, appearance, characteristic marks and action in bat-

tle correspond exactly with all authentic accounts of the originals. At the request of Grit and Steel, I can furnish any details concerning the right records of these celebrated cocks.

Permit me to state, in conclusion, that my uncle, "Hank" Rice, aroused my interest many years ago in game cocks, and started me in business in Potter county. The relations between my uncle and Mr. Mahoney were of the most confidential character, and the Gulls and Commodore fowls thus passed to my uncle. At the death of my uncle I acquired, by purchase, all the game birds he owned, and while others may guess what they possess of the Gulls and Commodore fowls, I know what I have.

LAKE DEFENDS HIS HISTORY.

BY E. J. LAKE.

Editor Grit and Steel:

I note that in the March number of your esteemed journal, Mr. Carpenter, under the title "Mahoney Gulls" intimates that he is not much impressed with my contribution on the same subject in the February issue. He seems to think that I am not properly dated up, that such dates as I give are, to use his words, "palpably erroneous," that "purposely" or otherwise I neglected to throw any light on the origin of the Mahoney fowl. While hastening to assure your readers that what he says is not intended as an apology for my shortcomings, he grants me the saving

grace of good intentions and says he thinks any errors were due to "limited information, based on the undated letter, assumed to have been written by Dennis Mahoney." Aside from these few things and the fact that I didn't give any data on the blood lines of the Baird cock there doesn't seem to be much the matter with my contribution.

Well, Brother Carpenter, I don't see any date on your article. Neither was there any date on the one I sent in for the February number. Don't you think that Mahoney did just what you and I did when we submitted our articles, sent a letter along explaining the situation? It may be that our little contributions will some day be called "undated, assumed letters."

As a matter of fact, I submitted in my paper the views of a great many writers, some of whose ideas I entirely disapprove, and at the end I say "I make no final conclusions." I thought and still think that some of these writers indulged in considerable "bunk" and that the readers of Grit and Steel could do the "debunking."

I will say now, however, that I believe that Mahoney is as good authority as anybody and for that reason I believe his statement.

His history, which as I stated in my other article, first appeared in Carew's Game Breeder in the November number of 1892, has been reprinted many times, once or twice later in the Game Breeder, in Feathered Warrior, Derby Game Bird and at least once before in Grit and Steel, viz: April, 1910.

Mahoney and Carew were very good friends and saw each other often and corresponded. In speaking of his own fowl, Carew, in March, 1892, said: "Well, we have bred some good fowl, and breed some good ones now, namely: Gulls and Genet Pyles, presented to us by Den. Mahoney, and we are a fair judge of a good pit fowl when we see him at work." In May, 1892, Carew says in his paper: "Den. Mahoney says he will be at home about the 29th inst. He has not been home since December." In September of the same year Carew says: "Dennis Mahoney has been away from home since last May, which will account for him not answering letters up to this month."

I set forth these quotations to show the close relationship between the two men. Carew was the stormy petrel of game chickendom and any old timers will know that he would have had no chance to get away with a spurious letter or article on the origin of a strain of fowls as well known as the Gulls were in those days.

The reason I didn't go into the make-up of the Gulls prior to the time Baird named the original cock "Gull" was because I didn't know it. Mahoney didn't know it because he said: "I never made any inquiries about the Gull, and Baird died several years ago."

I hadn't heard of the Irish Derbys before. I had always supposed that Irish Derbys were as scarce as English Shamrocks. The Earl Derbys were an English fowl bred and perpetuated at Knowlsley, Lancashire, England, by the sporting Earl. But

whatever it was that was used in making up the Gulls it must have been good.

The cock, Charley Ross, was probably more noted than the cock named Gull that originated the strain. Mahoney said that Charley Ross won fourteen battles. It seems unquestioned that he was the bottom weight in Denny's main against Tom O'Neal and it was after his wonderful fight which won that main that the great Canadian sportsman, politician and man of affairs, asked Denny to let him have the cock to breed from. This man's name was James H. Metcalfe, (not Medcliff) at one time a M. P. who lived in Kingston, Province of Ontario, Canada. The cock was taken to Kingston and bred as long as he lived. Mahoney and Metcalfe were great friends and Denny spent much time at Kingston, some of his important mains being fed there. The descendants of Charley Ross and some Gull hens taken to Kingston by Mahoney, are still being bred and perpetuated, on the very yard where Charley Ross died, by a near relative of Metcalfe's.

One of the noted crosses from this cock are what have come to be known as the Ross-Limerick fowl. A man by the name of Adair came to Kingston from Limerick, Ireland, and brought with him some brown-red and black-red tasseled game fowl. Metcalfe saw them fight and was so impressed with them that he got some of the hens and from these and the cock, Charley Ross, produced the Ross-Limerick fowl. Some of them come with tassels and this may explain the tasseled Gulls. The first Gulls were plain head fowl.

Mahoney used many of these cocks and in one main that he fought at the old Buffalo Club, using these fowl, he won every battle but one and all the hacks. Denny stayed with Metcalfe throughout the whole feed for this main and helped to get the cocks in shape. The present owner of these fowls is a prominent business man of Kingston, but he fights off all his cocks and doesn't want his name used as he has no time to answer inquiries. James H. Metcalfe, after many years of declining health, died at the old Metcalfe homestead about two years ago.

There are many other off-shoots from the original Gulls that are fine fowl. Henry Kilcorse, of Buffalo, of course, had the Mahoney fowl and their crosses. There are many today who are breeding Denny's old stock as good as it ever was. Many of them are your advertisers and I am not referring to them by name as I think they would not care for it. In the old days, James Squiers, of Newark, New York State, had them. So did Frank McCarty at one time of Buffalo; James Garner, John Mulholland and many others.

These sub-strains were usually named after some noted cock. Some of them were: Captain Jack, Ajax, Battle Axe, Commodore, Broken Wing, etc.

The original cock, Commodore, was a blue-gray and won seventeen battles in Mahoney's hands. I have it from an old man who was a swipe for John Mulholland over fifty years ago and who was fighting cocks at the same time as and with Mahoney, McCarty, Durringer, Hank Dean, Dean

Wilson and others in the western part of the state and the Pennsylvania oil fields, that the Commodore strain was the result of a cross made by Jim Garner, of a pure Gull cock on a Mulholland gray hen. Garner was at one time a swipe, who later became a fine driver of fast horses and at one time was at the Empire Stud stock farm at New Hudson, Alleghany county, N. Y., which was then owned by William Simpson of 91 Park Row, New York City. This cross with the fowl from Kilcorse including the cock, Broken Wing, I understand are in part at least the origin of the Commodores as bred by a prominent breeder of Catterague county, this state.

The cock, Ajax, won two hacks in one day at Olean, N. Y., in Mahoney's hands and then went on to Bradford, Pa., and won his fight in a main there. He was given to McCarty and put out with some hens and the chicks were called after the cock. However, they did not become as well-known as some of the other strains.

The Captain Jacks were probably as well known as any of the sub-strains of Mahoney fowl. As throwing some light on the origin of this strain I will go back to a controversy that arose about the year 1887, between Mahoney and Dean Wilson, (Silver Lance), of Buffalo. Asa Pollack, of Newark, New York State, had been doing a lot of fighting in the western end of the state and had been using cocks reputed to be Mahoney blood. He got into a paper war with one John Mahoney and Dennis Mahoney (no relation to John Mahoney) sided with Pollack. Wilson, who was un-

friendly with Denny, took up the cudgel against Pollack and stated that the Dennis Mahoney fowl he had been fighting were not game, thus cleverly using Pollack as a stool pigeon to get at Denny. In October, 1887, Pollack had this to say in an article he submitted in justification of his fowl:

"About fourteen years ago Mr. Dennis Mahoney came to Newark and got a brass-back cock with a white tail, a cock that would condition at about 5.04, and he has informed me since that he was one of the best cocks he ever pitted, and winner of nine main battles. This cock was known as 'Captain Jack.' I had two sisters to that cock and they were known as Captain Jack hens." He then goes on to tell that he subsequently put a cross on these hens of a cock that was brought from Buffalo and this cross was bad. The remainder of the story is of no interest here. I think it probable that there were more than one cock that took the name of Captain Jack. The above facts become important in connection with the following statement by Mahoney earlier in the year. The trouble had been brewing for some time and in relating some of his experiences Denny branched off from his main subject to say as follows, in speaking of one of his mains:

"A word about the last fight. The black-reds, 5.12 each, were shown; mine was a beautiful fellow, a brother of Wellington's; he had a few white feathers in his tail and hackles white. He was a grand cock. I fought him for three years after, and won ten or eleven battles with him. Well, he was pitted against a black-red that look-

ed like an own brother of his. It was a splendid struggle, and I won. Now, I wish to state that I gave this same black-red cock—the winner of the battle—to James Squiers, of Newark, N. Y., and gave him also at the same time, a pure Gull hen, on promise that he would never give any of the fowls to anyone, except on my direct order, so long as they should be in his possession. * * * * It will now be in order for Mr. Spuiers to say whether or not he has violated his promise to me."

I believe that the cock Mahoney refers to is the source of the Captain Jack strain, but I do not think he was called Captain Jack. Apparently Squiers let the stock go to outsiders and when the controversy arose Denny heard about the situation and accused Squiers of breaking his promise. The cocks over which the argument arose were Captain Jacks and I think Mahoney was stating the source of the blood and showing his displeasure that Squiers had let it go. In any event Mahoney and Squiers were bad friends thereafter.

One writer has stated that the Captain Jacks were produced by crossing a Henny cock on a Gull hen. I wouldn't be surprised if they had some Henny blood in them. A great many of them came spangle.

The main which Denny talks about when describing the battle above was against Hamilton, Canada, and was fought at a hotel called the Royal Oak, about four miles from Hamilton, in April, 1866. That would be about seven years before the time Pollack refers to when Denny took the

Captain Jack cock from Newark. Much more could be written about the sub-strains, but time and your readers' patience forbid.

The Mulholland fowl have been referred to and before I close I wish to say a word about them. They were the progenitors of the Mahoney Commodores. The story as told me by one who worked in the oil fields and among the race-horse men of the stirring days in the '60's, and later, is that Mike Ready or Reddy, a good friend of John Mulholland, returned to Ireland to bring his mother to America. He brought back with him either as a present to Mulholland or at the latter's request two coops of as good game fowl as could be secured in Ireland. One lot was supposed to be Belfast Grays, the other Irish Black-Reds. This story is verified in part at least, by Mahoney. In an article he wrote in December, 1886, he had this to say about the Mulholland fowl:

"In 1864 my old friend Mulholland, received some imported fowls. They came from a place called Drumole, about thirty miles from Belfast, in the North of Ireland. Among the number was a gray cock, a red cock, a gray hen and a red hen. They were supposed to be the best strain of fowl in Ireland. Mulholland made me a present of a pair of them. They were a gray cock, a black-red hen and a pullet bred from them. I brought these fowl here to Rochester, and bred them and raised quite a number of chickens from them." These fowl gave their color and characteristics to the Commodores.

In closing I wish to say that I have no desire to

injure any man's fowl. I am simply setting forth some facts as I have found them. I have indulged in very little expression of opinion of my own. The greater part of the facts set forth here transpired before my time. I have no pride of personal opinion in the matter. I am sending this to you in the hope that there may be something in it of interest to the old-timers and others and that it may save from the old days something for the new and recall some revelant facts about some mighty good chickens and the men that had them. If it does all or any of these things I am amply paid for my trouble. Your readers are a pretty hard-headed, sensible lot and they are the jury. I repeat what I said in my prior article: Draw your own conclusions.

Conner Volunteers

BY P. D. CONNER.

As you have asked me to write the history or origin of the Volunteers, and as I have had so many to write and ask me if the Volunteers was any relation to the Dangerfoots, will say that the Volunteers and Dangerfoots are the same thing in their purity. Will explain this further down the line.

In 1901 I ordered from Mr. W. L. Allen, Martin, Miss., two sets of eggs, what Mr. Allen called his "genuine Allen Dark Leg Roundheads." From the two settings of eggs I raised a nice bunch of chickens, in the bunch I remember well was two stags that made shakes, one of them at the age of 4 or 5 years old, with one eye out, I fought him twice one day on shakes, my shake weighing 9.04, but was hard fat, just picked up off the brood yard. He won both those fights dead easy, whipping the first one in first pitting, or in other words the first cock run away when pitted the second time. He whipped the other shake in second pitting, killing him dead. I had won 3 or 4 fights with him previous to the last two fights. Might mention here more about this cock. I was conditioning him for another fight later, after giving him his exercise on the working table, I was rubbing him down, while rubbing him, he kinder whipped his head on the working table and fell

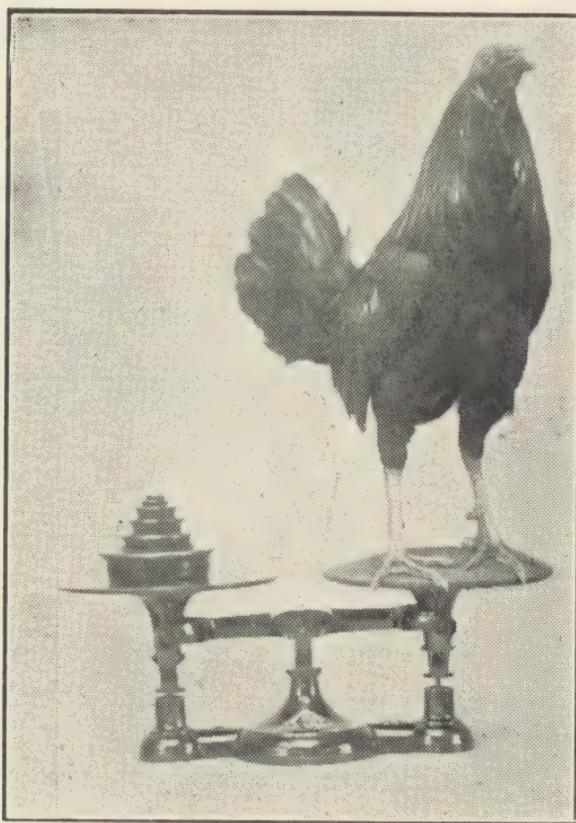
over dead. Might mention further in regard to those I bred pure from the first eggs I got from Mr. Allen; I had several cocks to die instantly while in the keep. One day I was carrying a bunch out into scratch coops, put one in a scratch coop, he flopped his wings and crowed, so when I got back with the next cock he was in the coop flopping, dying. Mr. Sam Steel went down South and fought some parties a main, I loaned him some cocks. He had selected one of my cocks for bottom weight, so after he fed his cocks night before the main next day, when he come to them next morning, this bottom weight was dead and stiff in his coop, so Mr. Steel thought some one had been in his cock house at his absence and poisoned his cocks. I could recall other instances, but wouldn't be interesting to the readers, just mention those three above instances.

Mr. Arthur Wright and Mr. Luther Wright, of Knoxville, Tenn., (both dead), had a strain of chickens they called "Hedgefence." Arthur and Luther would never tell any one what blood their Hedgefences carried, so later on I learned by reliable authorities what blood they contained mostly. Arthur and Luther were down South somewhere fighting cocks. There was some one who fought a cock they liked, made a sensational fight, so Messrs. Wright bought this cock. The party they bought the cock from didn't know his exact breeding, only he was part Warhorse. Messrs. Wright had at home a yard of black Warhorse hens. They put this cock over the yard of black hens. One of the hens stole her nest out, come in

with a big bunch of chicks. They kept trace of this bunch and all the cocks proved to be extra fine cocks. This hen had stolen her nest out in a hedge row, so they just called them "Hedge-fences."

Going back to the chickens out of the eggs I got from Mr. Allen in 1901. As stated I bred those pure, nevertheless I bought chickens from Mr. Allen all along later on, got some from Mr. Shelton and also others. I was living in Knoxville, Tenn. Had my hens and all my chickens in pens, coops, etc. Cost me more to feed them than I could stand, so I had a friend who moved out on a big farm. I let him have all my hens, had 35 I think it was. My brother and a friend James Barnett was going to raise them some games, talking the matter over with them, I told them to go to this farm and pick out some certain hens down there, and then go by Arthur and Luther Wright's and pick out a nice stag and put over the hens and they would get some cocks as good as anybody had to my experience. I had walked some stags for Messrs. Wright, and on some occasions could get a walk by furnishing two or three hens with the stag, in this way the parties would raise a few from them, and all were always fine cocks.

They selected five or six, went by Messrs. Wright and picked them out a stag from a bunch of 25 or 30 stags. They carried the yard back into the mountains, at a brother-in-law of Barnetts, so in the fall Barnett went up to his brother-in-law's, trimmed the stags and walked them



BUTCHER DAD, 6.00.

This Volunteer won two fights in one day; the first over a Roundhead cock that was the winner of nine fights, and the second over a Dom cock, winner of five fights. Butcher Dad is the sire of Napoleon and General Jackson.

while up there. So the cocks stayed up there on walk until coming three years old, as Barnett got into some trouble and had to skin out; got his trouble fixed up and came back.

Mr. W. M. Joines, Madisonville, Tenn., Mr. W.

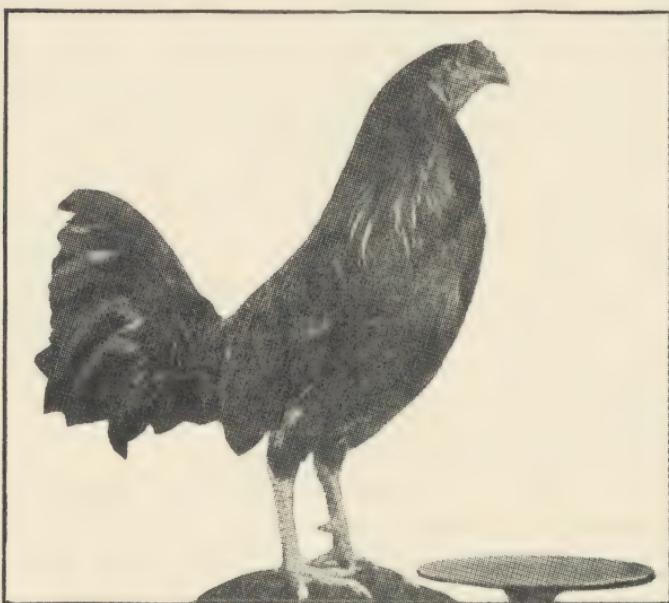
L. Matlock, Athens, Tenn., and a Mr. Hembre, of Chattanooga, or near Chattanooga Tennessee, fought North or South Carolina a main maybe others may have been associated with them. Mr. Barnett went up into the mountains, picked up all the cocks bred from above mentioned yard. To make it short, they fought nine of the cocks, winning 11 fights with them. This main was fought near Blueridge, Ga., about 1908 or 1909.

Why Called Dangerfoots.

James Barnett, (now dead) handled the cocks for Messrs. Joines, Matlock, etc. At this time I was living in Knoxville, boarding with Mr. C. F. Bayless, (Mr. Bayless is now located in San Rafael, Calif.) Mr. Bayless had a strain of chickens he called Tanglefoots, which were very popular around Knoxville then. Barnett associated with Mr. Bayless and me quite a lot, would help us feed cocks. etc., and maybe have a few in the keep with us. After the main was over when fighting North or South Carolina, some one asked Barnett what kind of cocks they were. Barnett studied a moment and says "Dangerfoots." I presume Barnett got this thought from Mr. Bayless' Tanglefoots, so this is where they got the name of "Dangerfoots."

Why Called Volunteers.

After I had learned of the reputation the cross had made, I had just located here at Clinton, having ample room here to breed chickens. Barnett's brother-in-law lived in about 35 or 40 miles of



GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, 5.14.

This Volunteer won over a favorite cock that was shown in the entry for Colt and Kent of North Carolina.

here. His brother-in-law came to Clinton quite often on a raft, so I got him to pick me out ten of the hens that were mates to the roosters fought in this main. So he brought me ten as fine hens as I ever looked at, seemed to me all just alike and with spurs. Mr. Barnett sold nearly all the cocks that were fought in the main to W. M. Joines, Matlock and Hembre. So I had a hard time getting one of those cocks to breed to the hens I had. Mr. Joines had one of the cocks that was fought twice. I wanted this cock, but was some time before Mr. Joines would agree to let me have him, but finally he let me have him with the under-

standing I was to let him have a setting or so of eggs each season long as I bred him. At this time I carried an advertisement in Southern Pit Games, and maybe had an adv. in Derby Game Bird, don't remember. Anyway, I had quite a lot of cocks on walks, so I wanted a name for them. Mr. Joines or Mr. Matlock either one didn't carry an advertisement then, so I concluded I would name them in honor of Tennessee—a Volunteer State—so this is why they are called "Volunteers." I advertised Volunteers and when I sold one, the party was always pleased with what I sent him.

So in 1914 Hon. Sol P. McCall conducted a tournament at Memphis, Tenn. Alva Campbell and Dr. D. D. Pinion, of Caruthersville, Mo., entered this tournament in partnership. Mr. Geo. P. Heath, of Byington, Tenn., fed the cocks for them. (Mr. Heath's address at present is Knoxville, Tenn.)

Mr. Campbell wanted me to make him a proposition to let him have some of my Volunteers, as he had seen them fight, and fought a few himself. So I let Mr. Campbell have ten, told him they wouldn't cost him a cent only transportation charges, and if he saw his way clear to fight one or more in the tournament, he was to fight them as Volunteers, that I had nothing to lose and all to gain. So Mr. Campbell selected four out of the ten to fight in the tournament, all four of my Volunteers won. While Campbell was down there he wrote me to come, that it would be the time of my life. Well, I couldn't see my way clear to go, had just started into business, no one but me and



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

Conner Volunteer cock, 5.00. Admiral Dewey defeated one of the greatest cocks in the South; one of the fastest and highest flying cocks in the tournament.

my wife, so my wife told me to go. I bought a round trip ticket so I knew I would get back. Mr. Campbell knew my financial affairs, told me if I would come it wouldn't cost me a cent while in Memphis, so I went. I had never been anywhere, had read of Mr. W. L. Allen, Mr. Hope, Shelton, Sherrod and all those big fellows, so when I got there, I felt just like a little fice backed up in the corner with a bull dog, afraid to open my mouth. I thought the time would never come for the tournament to commence.

I left here at 8 o'clock, P. M., got to Memphis next morning about 8. Never slept a wink that night on the train; never slept a wink next night, so anxious to see the tournament commence. So Campbell was to fight two fights the first day, he had selected two of my cocks to fight this day, just seemed to me like I would give the world and all that was in it if just one of my cocks would win in this tournament. The tournament commenced, think Campbell must have been the last man to fight in first weight. Was so anxious to see my Volunteer come in. Well, finally, the time came. I held for Campbell to heel, I was scared and shaky, Campbell giving me h— for being scared. Of course I couldn't help it. I brought him in the pit when heeled, afraid to look up or around, finally Campbell took him, I stepped out of the pit. They went to it, the other cock made a dash at my cock, my cock just side-stepped, here he come back at him, my cock side-stepped again and went after him and killed the other cock dead the first pass he made. This cheered me up.

Well later on the next fight come around. When Mr. Campbell brought the cock in the pit for Mr. McCall to announce the breeding, etc., Mr. McCall says, Campbell you are meeting the greatest cock in the South. While Campbell was heeling him, I says Alva ain't it h— that we have to meet that rooster. Campbell says yes, but we might get him. When Campbell got him heeled I went into the pit with him. I had my hacks down now after my other cock winning. I was walking my cock about in the pit, finally the other fellow came



ONE EYE DAD, 5.14.

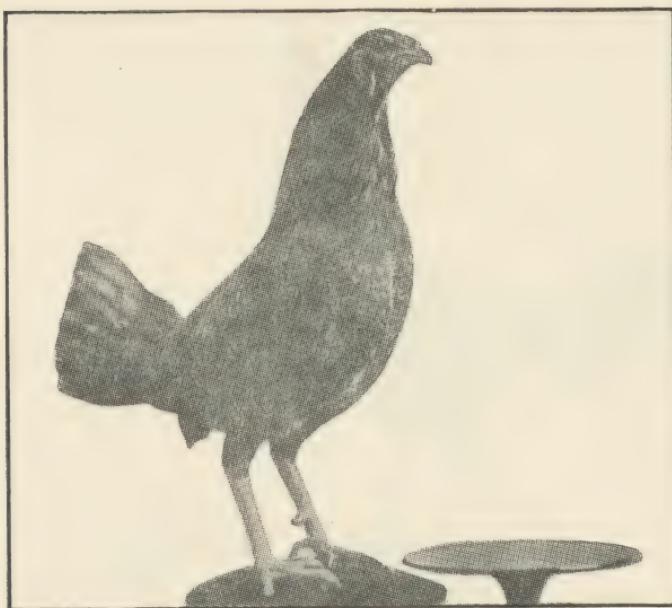
Winner of three fights. Sire of Sam Houston and Admiral Dewey.

in with his cock. They called him a Wildcat Laundry Blue, or something like that. When the pitter came in he took his cock by the tail, pitched him up and flew him to the ground. Some one setting up high on a seat hollowed out \$1,000 to \$500 on the Blue. This give me the jimmies again. So Campbell came in the pit and took my cock, I stepped out. When pitted the Blue went away up in the air, my cock just watched him and dodged around. The Blue then flew over my

cock four or five times, getting lower and lower all the time, so last time the Blue went over him, my cock side-stepped and went the way the Blue did, so when the Blue hit the ground my cock went into him before he got turned around. By the way, I was on my knees at the edge of the pit, and while on my knees I thought I might just as well pray for my cock; you may not believe it, but I offered up one with as much earnestness as I will offer one. When they were handled, they were against the wall of the pit right at me. I says Campbell he has killed him. Campbell says hush. I says hush h—, I can't hush. There never has been any person professed religion that was any happier than I was. If I had been a Sampson I would have torn the place up. I made a fool of myself.

Mr. McCall promoted another tournament at St. Louis, early in 1915. Mr. McCall wrote me if I could furnish him ten cocks. I told him I could, but couldn't furnish all Volunteers, so he came back at me and said he didn't care what they were just so they were good cocks, in good shape, from fresh walks. So I shipped Mr. McCall ten cocks, out of the ten, he fought five in St. Louis, four out of five winning, and the one that lost killed his foe, but McCall's died first and lost the fight. (Can't be positive about the cock that lost, just got this from hear-say, as I wasn't there.)

After the St. Louis tournament Mr. McCall wrote up both tournaments and made mention of nine of my cocks being fought in two of the greatest tournaments ever conducted, and 8 won, a

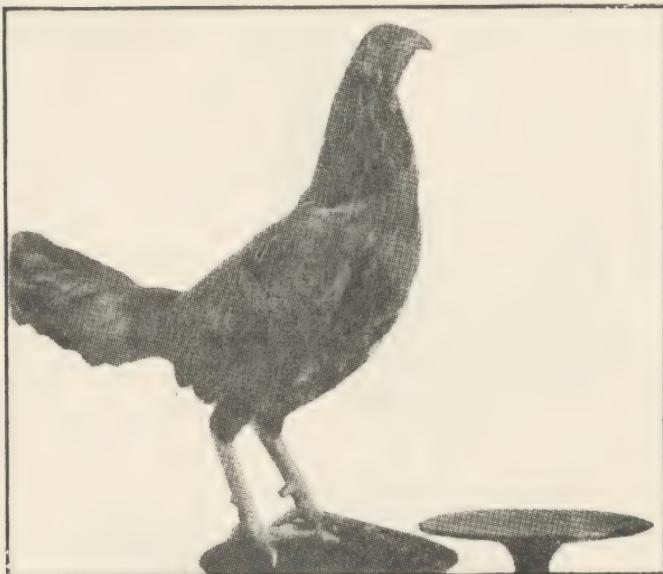


GENERAL JACKSON, 5.03.

Another tournament winner Volunteer. Defeated Gus Williams then of New Orleans.

record that any breeder ought to be proud of—not winning in the minor league, but winning in the major league. After this write up came out in the good old Grit and Steel, I got 13 letters in one mail, all wanting "Volunteers," and for quite a while I was never able to supply the demand for them.

I have my Volunteers today of the same unblemished blood, and will breed them pure as long as I am in the game, but I have new blood in most of what I fight. When anyone orders Volunteers I give him Volunteers. I have learned from my experience I cannot win as many fights with the



NAPOLEON, 4.14.
Defeated Goodlett & Co., of South Carolina.

pure bred ones around in this section, as most of my fighting I meet practically the same blood crossed up, and the boys lay it on me, but I trot them a fast gate with the ones I have new blood in, but I put in blood that hold them typical to color, etc.

I would like to say a word to the young boys just starting out, not that I am so old, (50). I cannot understand why I was always so cranky about game chickens, as none of my kinsmen ever had any sporting blood in them that I know of. When a boy I took every game paper I could see advertised. In those days Hon. Sol P. McCall wrote quite a lot, writing up the fights he attend-

ed, and to read them would thrill me until I couldn't sleep at night. I would lay awake at night and study if I could only originate a strain and have Mr. McCall to see them fight and write it up, I would give all I had, I almost prayed that I could do this, kept working and searching, buying chickens from nearly every advertiser, trying the cross, etc., so by experience with walking Hedgefence stags and with my hens, saw the offspring was better than anything I had ever tried, so this came to me after I had given up ever getting them, but after I got over here at Clinton I says I am going from here with the Volunteers. The Volunteers are just in their infancy now. Please remember this.

The Malay Fowl

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH.

Thirty centuries ago the existence of cockfights and game cocks has been recorded!

Three thousand years. Stop a minute to consider what this means if we allow thirty years for one generation! Fully one hundred human generations. And the bird alluded to in these records is, with all probabilities, the Asil, which is credited with being one of the purest of the Malay group.

I have pointed out in former occasions that Asils are not straight Malay, i. e., they are not identical with the bird from which they descended originally, but supposedly has been bred to the well known state of perfection it now holds, due to a cross. This statement, not influenced by former authors on the subject, is however open to discussion. I came to this assumption after having bred Asils and sub-strains of this breed for several years. As the reduced numbers of birds I have handled and observed, will not suffice to make a final and decisive statement, it is quite possible that in coming years I may be forced to change my mind. Up to the present, however, I am rather convinced that besides the fundamental Malay blood there is a portion of another kind, evidently of a breed nearly akin to what we know as the pheasant or Sumatra.

Evidences gathered to the effect will, however, be treated in a forthcoming occasion.

As for these notes it is sufficient to consider that, whatever the Asil is derived from, there is not the slightest doubt that he is fully 99% of Malay blood. The oldest known breed of pit fowl!

The Malay identified as the pit bird, known for his peculiar type, high station, queer fighting traits is a completely different specimen and unlike the Caucasian altogether. Though a near kin to the English bred bird of same name, the latter is only an offshoot bred to a standard, and generally considered by true game men as a mere joke. Several points of the Malay having been overdone to conform the desire of producing something extravagant to stir up attention in the poultry shows.

The true game Malay is an entirely different bird and completely unrelated to the Bankiva. Not by his type alone. Feathers, muscles, bones, internal organs and even his mentality is so widely different to those of Bankiva that game breeders will consent that both races must have sprung from unlike wild sources. This theory is not young, as Temminck regarded the Malay as descendant from an extinct bird supposed to be the *Gallus Giganteus*. Between fowls, the Malay is a true giant if we consider that some individuals stand as high as 36 inches occasionally, while birds of 26 inches height are not rare, and besides are massive and exceedingly heavy.

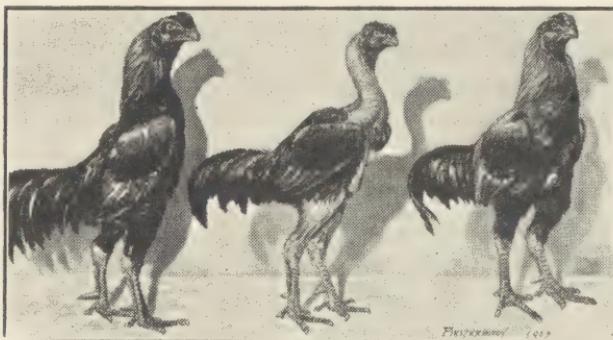
The Malay type is best judged by the accom-

panying illustrations. Upright carriage, strong neck and limbs with undersized wings. The head of distinct outline, massive and broad, with peculiar expression due to the position of eyes; heavy brows, comb in front of forehead, beak stout, and long dew lap with bare throat.

The muscle of Malays is heavy and extremely dense, unlike the elastic flesh known in Bankivoids.

Accordingly the Malay flesh is dry, requiring less water in the building up process and consuming less of it in maintenance. Logically it takes longer time to complete, and it is a well known fact that Malayoids require two and more years before reaching full maturity.

The distribution of muscles is different also. The Bankiva being a flyer, has a deep chest with plenty of pectoral and wing muscles. The Malay is flat and broad breasted with small wings. On the other side, it has a wide hip, long legs, and generously covered with powerful muscles. The rump is short and inclined towards the tail producing that roach that has been overdone by the standard bred bird. This inclination of the rump, breadth of hip and length of limb, gives the bird the upright station, and is the source of that abnormal strength for which Orientals are reputed. The wings are short, tucked up on the back, and so sparsely feathered that the joints are fairly bare showing the skin. If we compare them with the full feathered wing of a Bankiva, the difference in their function is, at once, apparent. Then observe the legs. While those on Bankiva look rath-



OTHER ORIENTALS—Left, peacomb Siamese Malay; center, the naked Malayoid of Madagascar, the big island off the coast of Southeast Africa; right, Brazilian game cock, evidently Malay though considered a native of that country by some people.

er weak, the Malay has a pair of thighs thickly muscled, long and enormously powerful. The Bankiva has feet perfectly suitable for a roosting bird, that grips branches for a good hold, toes long, thin and movable. Those of the Malay are thick, strong and somewhat stiff, perfect organs for scratching but not suited to roost on thin branches.

There is a marked difference in the head also. The Bankiva has a slender outline with long beak and the base of comb extends from root of beak to nearly the base of neck. The eye is nearly in the centre of face allowing an allround sight. Throat and dewlap short as if suited for small morsels only. Earlobes, wattles and comb rather large.

How different the Malayoid head: Broad, massive, with stout beak, while the comb is short,

broad and hard, set well forward. The eye is set well back, with good forward sight, but obstructed upwards by the heavy brows and backwards by the width of skull. Throat and dewlap large and ample, suited for swallowing big lumps. The under jaw very broad and strong. Earlobes beefy, but wattles and comb reduced to minimum size.

Malay and Bankiva differ in their nervous systems, but in fear that their description would be rather too scientifical, it may be stated that there is a natural difference as must exist between a flyer and a runner. We come back to this point when discussing their habits.

There is further difference in their respective internal organs. The digestive tract of a Bankiva being proportionally long and elaborate as in birds compelled to make a living out of stuff poor in nutriments, such as most vegetables, with a great percentage of water. Accordingly the abdominal cavity of a Bankiva is large. The Malay has a very short and tough digestive tract. Small crop, gizzard and gut, suited for succulent, animal food better than for vegetables. The abdominal cavity is consequently small, and that is why Orientals appear so short in body. Game breeders know that most Orientals have a large, stout heart and that blood vessels are tough and perfectly imbedded in the muscles. Likewise the nerves. This is why they are so hard to kill in a fight. If we consider their habits, as a derivation from their type and organs, we come to the conclusion, finally, that they are distinct, further still.

The whole frame of the Oriental, their specific

head, their scant plumage, density of muscle, point to a bird dwelling on the ground in dry areas and possibly near grass jungles, such as are to be found in Burmah and Assom, for example. Orientals do not drink as much water as Bankivas, consequently do not fatten gradually, they being known to do it inwardly. They are almost universally coop walked and dry fed and do not become stale as Bankivas in identical conditions.

The Malay requires heavy footwork in their training which can be had even in small pens. The Bankiva is a wing worker, and consequently must be country walked where he can actually develop. How true this is, only the game breeder knows.

A Bankiva coming out of thick grass in a field struts along directly, as his eyes allow him to cover a vast part of the field at a glance. Most Orientals, stoop and survey the field carefully, bending head and neck in all directions. This habit I had the occasion to study in many birds.

When frightened by predatory birds, Bankivas run along for a hiding place mostly, the Malay stands immovable on the spot, the head slightly inclined to allow him a glance upward.

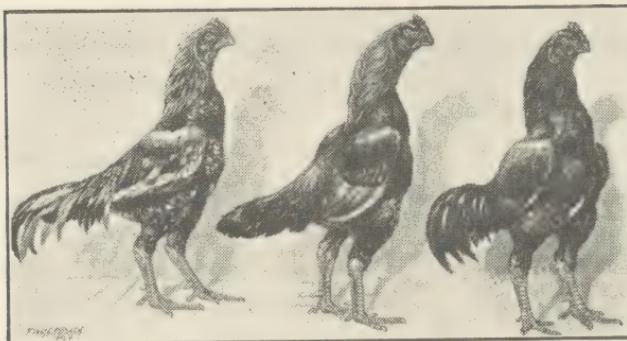
When resting, Bankivas climb on any elevation, covering their feet with the fluff and breast feathering. The Malays rest on their hocks, from whence they can rise suddenly in surprising fashion. Then observe when he scratches the soil, how the earth is shot backwards. When observing young stock I always noted those chickens as the best scratchers for deadly kickers in naked heels. If they

staggered while doing it, you may be sure that they are wide heeled. Likewise, if they throw the earth sideways.

I came to the conclusion that Malays are meat eaters while trying an experiment. I had collected snakes in the hills, several dozens, for observation, having heard that some of them had rudimentary poison glands and teeth. A small macaco-monkey discovering the snakes was so frightened that I took him out of the barn where the newcomers had been stationed. Coming back I saw a Jap cock, who started to talk to me, as he did usually. I got him up on my arms to caress and pet him, then I thought to try him near the snakes for fear. But he stretched his neck and tried to liberate himself, so as to get at them. With two snakes I went to a yard where several brood hens were running under a stag. Instantly I entered the yard with a snake in each hand, when the whole bunch fairly jumped on me and once the snakes were thrown to the ground they fell upon them and tore them to pieces, visibly relishing the delicate meal.

Then I took a stag and pitted him against a snake three feet long. The stag went for the head immediately, while the reptile thronged for an escape. I repeated the same trick with Bankivias, taking the smallest snakes, not much more than 18 inches long. They usually stretch the neck, retire, approach again, start an excited talk, and seem doubtful of the danger, allowing the cute crawler to retire.

From then on I experimented on this line sys-



INDIAN GAME COCKS—Left, a spangled Calcutta Game; center, Haiderabadi cock, and, right, a dark-blue Madrassi Game. Three related, though distinct varieties of Malayoids.

tematically, using frogs, bugs, crickets, lizards and small animals I could get. No doubt that while the Bankivas are undecided, even with worms, the Malays are keen on every vermin. On one thing, however, they were all equally keen,—dead fish,—as well as any form of meat. Digestion seems quicker in Bankivoids also, rests of certain food being detected in the feces two hours after feeding, while Malays never showed it before three hours.

As they differ in normal state, so they do when out of their pens. Even under favorable conditions, Bankiva are tender and delicate during moult, while Game Malays, being decidedly of more rugged constitution, do not seem to care a bit about this ailment. I have seen Orientals, fighting to death during plain moult and if they really lacked punch in their blows, their game-ness could not be disputed. I have also seen a

cock fight and fall until dead, seemingly without power to stand on his legs. Autopsy showed afterwards that the intestines were full of ulcers. Yet he died game.

On the whole, Malay fowls are robust and hardy, their fertility being extraordinary. There is one thing they cannot well bear, that is cold weather and damp soil. That is also why when running free in cold countries they start breeding functions rather late.

There is seemingly no explanation why they should be originally found in grass jungles and countries with dense undergrowth. Yet there is an index for this too. They are sparsely feathered, the structure of each feather being, according to their general dryness, wiry and extremely hard. The web of feather is loose making some specimens appear dishevelled.

The general colour scheme is some sort of dark red, and as they run lighter, due to crossing, "sans doute," they approach more and more to the Bankiva type, growing more abundant plumage and larger wings and tails. Apparently their ancestors were henny feathered or nearly so. Where a neck hackle exists, viewed from the back, it always looks as if it was brushed back, points of feathers meeting in a line back of the neck.

Position and shape of the comb, in front of head, beak curved down and stout, the strong base of skull and neck, indicates that the bird is well adapted to push his way forward through dense growth. His preference for animal food is also explained if we consider that in such jungles, ten-

der grass for food is not always available, and the seeds come but once in season. So he hunts in the warm time, and digs for animal life in the dead season. The Bankiva, dwelling in forests can get at either, leaves, seed and fruit almost the whole year round.

A bird with abundant feathering, flyer and dweller of forests, could not turn in the grass jungle. The Malay can.

The Bankiva, frightened, resorts to roosting up in a tree, this being a trait well known to hunters. Once they get him up to roost, the shot is easy. The Malay frightened stops on the spot knowing that so long as he does not move he is well protected in the impenetrable grass mass.

And then, to hunt the Bankiva it requires some sort of gun. To hunt the Malay ancestor it was only necessary to put fire to the grass. And this is possibly the best explanation why it became extinct before the white explorer reached his ancestral haunts.

Formerly, the Bankiva could only be hunted singly, while it was difficult and unprofitable to hunt the Malay ancestors otherwise than in mass. And such persecution spells EXTINCTION.

Now think, how wonderful, that since ages have past by, that the Malay has been fed artificially since his domestication, that he has been probably crossed out and out, that he has been taken out of his natural environments, and still shows such a marked prepotency that the offspring of today, thousands of years later, tenaciously preserves the traits of the birds of yore, in

such a marked degree that it appears indelible altogether. How old, how homogenous, must those birds have been, and how consequently inbred, to assure that most outstanding quality known as prepotency.

For their habitat, their mode of living, and general sexual behaviour, they must have been monogamous as doves and as such they have preserved their general type and colour. Up to our days!

The Malay is a large family today. The general fancier, of course, only knows the standard bred variety produced in England, and disgusted, the game breeder has abandoned the name Malay, knowing that the English production is neither fighting nor game. But the game varieties have been since identified by the general name of Orientals, and under this flag a long array of now distinct breeds and varieties are bred, fairly pure, and most all reputed as sporting birds of highest order.

In a former article we have already discussed the highest caste of Malayoids, the Indian Rajah fowl or Asils, while the other breeds will be treated in detail later on.

The common Malay or Kulm fowl, which rarely is seen outside India, Burmah, Siam and Malayan Peninsula is known in all grades from the deepest game strains down to rank dunghills, as the Chittagongs. In many parts they are identified by local names and are not seldom kept as barndoors fowl, much as is the case with our common dunghills. Yet, there are strains bred pure for the pit and mostly matched in naked heels.



IN THE GRASS JUNGLE—Thousands of years ago a scene such as this might have been witnessed. A giant Malay cock and mate in their natural haunts.

In the South of India a reputed breed is kept for fighting, which, besides being typical Malay, has the characteristic of the henny feather alluded to before. The local name is Kikili for a hen, and thus the cocks are name Kikilia or hennies.

Asil bred fowls, such as Haiderabadi, Calcuttas, Madrassi and the many varieties derived from the Rajah Murghi in Central India; are somewhat distinct in type and details.

Calcuttas have been exported extensively to all parts of the world and many of them have passed through my hands. They resemble the Asil closely, and are mostly traded under that name. All colours may be seen: Reds, both dark and light, black and white mottles, "Jawa" or greys, beautiful gold and silver duckwings as well as pure whites. They are larger, rounder and heavier than Asils, in most cases a bit coarse and lacking the supreme quality of Asils both mentally and physically. Yet they have proved to be, at instances,

valuable birds, of wearing qualities, for naked heel fighting. I admired a pumpkin red cock and another grey in our pits way back some ten years ago.

Such were the birds that brought some American sportsmen years ago and cleared the pits in Central and South Chile.

The Haiderabadi Games, are very near kin to the Calcutta, though cockers there appear to have bred to dark colours only, blacks and very dark reds or black-reds being almost the rule. Anglo-Indian fanciers attribute this breed to an Asil-Malay cross. Evidently they are higher stationed than the Calcutta. Henny feathered, or nearly so specimens, are not at all seldom. At any rate the Kulm blood is evidenced in their carriage. They run from sizes about those of Calcutta (6 to 8 pounds) up to fully three pounds more. They are matched blunt spurred and sometimes taped like the Asil, and emphatically reported to be true game.

The Madarassi Game is almost identical in detail to the aforementioned, though generally not under 9 or 10 pounds. In colour they are any shade of blue, from very light slate with dark spangling, to almost black slate. As in the Haiderabadi, some specimens are decidedly of Kulm type, while others are elongated and of graceful outline.

There are several other varieties of Malaycids in India, as far south as Travancore, and north as Kashmir. It is difficult, however, to get reliable information, so that we leave this in store

for a near future hoping that the writer may gather information at the very source. Steamers from India reach Chilian shores fairly frequent, but obviously the birds brought over by sailor friends are only such that can be easily got in harbour places. Not true games, though highly interesting for investigation and experimental purposes.

Another Malay variety may be found in the Siamese district, all the way south of Assam. Distinctly crossed, as evidenced by their long wings and tails, but otherwise strongly Malayan in their bold glance and general type. Some pure Malay strains, smaller than the Indian Kulm, deep red to black in colour may be found also as far down as the Malay States.

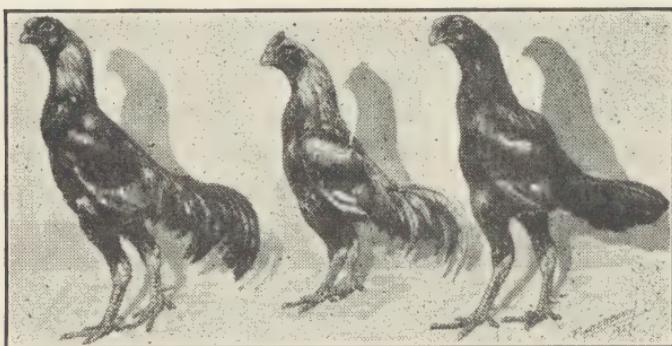
A friend travelling and hunting in this district, noted some black and spangle cocks, completely Bankiva in type like the Filippino cocks and used for slasher fighting. These birds, high stationed, however, show knob or pea comb, besides the well known serrated Bankiva single blade head gear.

The Japanese Shamo (Siamese cock) has been bred to a fair degree of perfection in the Insular Empire. Some of the Shamo strains are decidedly pure Malay blood and but for size and station resemble the Indian Asil. Some strains, however, game and warlike, are evidently crossed or graded as the name "Ainoku" (graded) implies. Such birds sometimes display a surprising action and their aggressivity may be quite a revelation to many a cocker.

In years of Shamo breeding I have taken a fancy for them, not only as pit fowl, but for the exotic beauty they, as most Orientals display, as they head a couple of hens, a picture of power, self-confident arrogance and extreme audacity. True, when my heavy earned money is staked in the pit, I'd rather prefer to lay my hands round the smaller, quiet, compact bunch of concentrated fierceness of the Asil. For sure! Japanese games are so highly interesting, that no justice can be rendered them in a by the way mention, and we shall come again to this object, I hope, very soon.

Australia had some Malays in years ago, but I could not learn much about them of late. Possibly the show bench ruined their utility for the pit. I wish I could get some more information about them. I well remember the day when a friend sent me a wire from Valpo announcing the purchase of a couple of Malays from an Australian steamer, how I hurried to catch the night train.

They could not be landed lacking veterinary passport, but finally we were sitting in the hotel room turning the Australians loose. They were moderate specimens of English show type, but for size and colour. Overfat as the larger cock was, he tipped the scales at 8½ pounds. Had enormous spurs, but fairly dry shanks. In colour they were slate blue with just a shade of red. One hen pea combed, of reddish colour and looked the gamest of the whole lot. All the fowls had too much wing for pure Malays. As fighters they all were disappointingly slow, but it was remarkable how the progeny came. Homogenous like peas. My



MALAYOIDS OF TODAY—Left, a Culm or modern Malay; center, a gray "Jawa" cock of India, or low-caste Asil; right, the henny Malay of South India, known in Ceylon as "Kikilia."

friend crossed them with local games and English, but fully 3-4 of the progeny came Malay and the rest strongly Oriental.

Dr. H. P. Clarke had a remarkable strain of Australian Orientals, not only extremely good in the pit, but pleasantly pretty to look at also. A cut of one of these can be appreciated in his booklet "Rules of the Pit."

We find pure Malays scattered over several places of the world in these times, but before deep sea ships crossed the Indian Ocean they were taken to Madagascar, the island off the southeastern portion of Africa. Here they procreated since and have produced a queer type of almost naked fowl, the Madagassi, that in different crosses with foreign breeds has produced such varieties known as naked necks, Transilvanias, etc.

The English Naturalist Sclater gave rise to the

theory that Madagascar, Australia, Sumatra and India were formerly connected by land, and if we consider the difficulty to navigate the past expanse of water on prehistoric craft, the propagation of the Malay breed, at least to this part of the world, has many probabilities on the authenticity of this statement. The more so if we look for the land. Ophir alluded to in the Old Testament, and whence King Solomon's ships brought gold and other materials, that up to this day, are found in the southern west portion of India. The idiom predominating is the "Malagassi" while the population is chiefly of Malayan origin, the Howa, predominating. Flora and Fauna of Madagascar is queer, indicating that there is no great relation with Africa.

If we find such a pleasant explanation for the existence of Malay fowl in this island it would appear that the sinking of Lemuria could also account for the extinction of the Malay ancestors, and the progeny now found elsewhere representing the rest of the old race. But it is certainly extraordinary to find fowl of distinct Malay type scattered along such a far off place as Brazil. The introduction of Malay birds here is not recent, as at least, there are records of their existence along the coast, dated over 60 years ago.

Up to the present in Brazil cock fighting is popular and practised with more frequency than in Argentine, Uruguay and Paraguay. These Malay games predominated fairly, some 30 years ago, coming with double rose, pea and knob combs. This latter about 60% dominant. A friend of

mine, recording souvenirs of the year 1890 states that this type was found extensively north and south, and that communications and traffic being in embryonary states, it proves the antiquity of the race. It appears furthermore that they were a cross of the Malay with the naked Madagassi, but we find half naked Malays also in Japan. Skin barenness being a Malay characteristic of dominant quality. The Madagassi, called also Tamatava, are known in Brazil as Africanos; and as such are considered different entirely to the native fowl.

Adepts to the sod, then, used also crosses produced between this Malay and a game Silky breed, while others crossed with the Canary or Baleares Game.

Breeders will be surprised to learn of the existence of a jet black, silky game, yet there is evidence to this effect, and their relation to the Sumatra or pheasant will be discussed later on.

Another friend writes me that he imported Shamo, being very satisfied with this stock. There it is again, some breeders cannot feel happy until crossing and improving the native stock with importations, always under the blind impression that the foreign birds are superior to his own. This has been so ever since.

Startling cock stories, sometimes fraudulent reports, and the permanently creative imagination of man has induced cockers to cross and cross, to improve and improve, until the natural characteristics of native stock are wiped away.

Crossing pure Malays with Indian Game, Suma-

tra and finally Asils, the Japanese have produced several strains, not yet settled, judging by what Don Atilio Rossi, Buenos Aires, judge and breeder of games a whole life long, writes me.

Thus the stream of activity rushes along for years and years. Today is destroyed what yesterday was admired as perfection. Strains go and strains come, all improved, since ages and no perfection after all. The gamest of game crosses, the deadly cutters, the bloody heeled cocks, all show a breakdown occasionally in their ups and downs. And frantically the new breeder starts afresh to improve and cross, hunting behind that fatous light of perfection, applying glittering breeding rules, experimenting, trying and speculating to compound blood lines. After what? The perfect game cock, the lure of the pit!

And blindfolded behind the phantom of success, no one stops to learn that the perfect cock is there already, or was there rather, since three thousand years. That it was produced for a certain sport, that he was never since crossed, and that his exquisite perfection was attained breeding in and in, along the lines prescribed by ONE type alone, and identified by only one colour scheme. And such is the rule for breeding the perfect cock. Capacity and ability according to his natural dispositions. Preparation for one ob-

ject solely. Line bred or in and in, along the true blooded female line. So was the Asil produced and kept for thirty centuries and more.

Now consider finally that since there was cocking, there was some sort of improving, there has been crossing out and out, centuries in and out always the same outrageous, destructive mixing of alien blood, and from this turmoil, tenacious, true and immovable this Malay type emerges again and again. If this type is not a natural, patriarchal and fundamental one, none else will be!

Fardowns

BY DR. H. P. CLARKE.

Ed. Grit and Steel:—

When I asked innocently enough about Gray Fardowns I had no idea the replies would be so many nor the opinions so varied. And least of all did I expect to find fowls of my own breeding involved in the mix-up. Well, let's try to unravel the tangles. As near as I can figure, there have been three different families or strains to carry this name.

Strain No. 1.

In the old Game Fanciers' Journal from December, 1886, there appears a lively controversy between C. P. Talbot, Danville, Ky., on the one hand and Mike Garrigan on the other, as to what blood-elements entered into the Fardown strain. Talbot insisted upon the presence of Huddleston blood. Garrigan disputed this statement most bitterly, went before a notary in Pulaski county, Ky., and swore to a long affidavit whose purport is well summed up by the words used in my article of last December: "They secured a thrush breast red cock from the north of Ireland in the year 1878, bred him onto some White Tail and Kentucky hens, then inbred the progeny under the name Fardown."

This thrush breast cock was named "Fardown" and the name carried over to his progeny. It is

distinctly stated that this "Fardown" (whatever that means) cock "came from the North of Ireland in the Province of Ulster." Not from County Down, please observe.

No mention is made of the importation of females nor of that cock ever having been bred to any Irish blood. In fact, one would infer that Garrigan's "Fardowns" were then rather more American than Irish.

Strain No. 2.

Memory does not provide the particulars but I once had quite a long talk with Mike Garrigan on the subject of Irish pit fowls. It may have been at one of the Louisville tournaments or possibly in the Covington pit. He inquired about the several Irish importations that I had recently made and told me, as I now recall, that his "Fardowns" were pure Irish and descended from fowls brought over from County Down, as related by Mr. C. H. Balof. Possibly Mr. Balof can supply the date of this importation. My impression is that it was either in the late eighties or else in the early nineties. At any rate it is perfectly plain that the County Down fowls were entirely distinct and different from the Ulster cock and his progeny.

Strain No. 3.

No. 1 is dead and gone. No. 2 almost extinct, off the market anyhow. Now if Mr. John R. Bowdoin has a live winning pit strain and fancies the name "Fardown," there seems no good reason why he should not use it; no matter whether on

account of a bit of Irish blood of my own importation or from the little that may have trickled through Cavenaugh, Surratt and Johnson.

Below is given a letter from John Roome, an old friend and correspondent from whom I had not heard before in years. It was not intended for publication, but am sure he will forgive me if I put it in here to clear up the mystery about the origin of Gray Fardowns.

Before closing, let me change the subject. I wish to strongly commend your January editorial on the Father and Son idea. True, parent and progeny should be pals, in cocking as well as in other lines. For a good example look up the Maunders of Lindsay, Ont. One is the same Old Jack who fought with us at the great Louisville tournaments thirty years ago. Young Jack attends to the correspondence now, and (whisper) he knows a lot more about breeding and pitting than he does about advertising.

“Russellville, Ark., January 21st, 1927.

“Dr. H. P. Clarke:—

“I am writing to tell you that you are partly the originator of R. B. Johnston’s Gray Fardowns. I went to Caddo Parish, La., in 1911, I found J. E. Ribb there as superintendent of oil production for the Pure Oil Company. I had known him in the West Virginia oil fields and had fought cocks with him. He had a strain of chickens that he secured from you. The hens were black and many of these had tassels. The cocks were dark-red. I liked the looks of them and bought two cocks from

you, one a Gray Trans-Atlantic. The other an Irish Red or Hoosier Beauty. Then in the spring I sent back to you for a cock and two hens, one hen had tassel, the other a muff.

“Ribb, Oscar Shanks and myself made a main that winter with Bob Johnston and we only won one fight out of nine and that fight was won by a Blue Gray Boone that I had got from a Mr. Rollins, of Okmulgee, Oklahoma. That spring I sent to Alva Campbell and bought half dozen stags and raised them. One was a Blue Gray, 1-8 Grimme, 7/8 Blue Boone. The same combination fought Johnston again in 1914 and he defeated us again. We sent to Campbell and bought a full main of cocks, later in the season, and Johnston repeated the story, so that was twice that season.

“Then in 1915 we fought him again and he beat us again. Meanwhile those Campbell stags had matured and looked fine to me, but Ribb and Shanks were leery of them, but I made a main with Johnston, to show 11 cocks, nine fell in; \$100.00 on the odd and \$10.00 on the fights. I used an old Boone cock for top weight that I had got out of the main of cocks we had bought from Campbell. I got choice, starting the main and won top weight with him. Then we fought two of Ribb’s cocks, lost both. Then I had the stags left to fight and won five straight fights with them. That was the first time Bob was ever beat at Oil City.

“Then Bob came to us and wanted to join our combine and fight outsiders; that is

how Ribb, Shanks, myself and Bob got together. I took the Blue Gray stag I mentioned and bred him over the tassel hen I had obtained from you and Ribb gave me two hens almost like her. Now that is where Bob's Gray Fardowns came from.

"I went into the Red River oil field early in 1915 and let Bob have my cocks. He fought a main with the Gulley Bros., at Farmerville, La., late that season, showed seven, won by the odd fight and three of these winners were Boones, and his other winner was a Bentley cock that I had bought from Dr. Bentley. The three he lost were his Fardowns. His Fardowns were very dark red, big black eyes, but his choice brood cock was a Claiborne (Old Pride), and I think his best fighting cocks were crosses from the Old Pride cock on the Fardown hens.

"I left Louisiana in November, 1915, going to Oklahoma. Then I turned all my chickens over to Bob: The gray cock, also the old black hen and four of her pullets. I saw them no more until June 16th, 1916. I went from Oklahoma to see the fight, it was the Gulleys again with all the Roundhead breeders of Louisiana, Miss., against him and he won 11 fights out of 13, and every cock he fought, except one White Speck, was a blue or black-gray. Then I still left the stock with him and how much crossing he did on his Fardowns I don't know, but I think he did a lot of it, for I saw his cocks fight again at Shreveport in 1920 and all he fought were grays, so you see you and Ribb and myself are really the origi-

nators of the Gray Fardowns.

"I saw Mr. Pearce's letter in January Grit and Steel and I was lonesome, so I scribbled this story to you. Brother Shanks, of Alexandria, La., sent me a hen and cock of the grays last spring and I have a nice bunch of young stock from them. They look very much like the old stock did and later in the season I will fight a few of them.

"The Campbell stags seemed to be too fast for Johnston's Fardowns or the Roundheads either and were the surest cutters I ever saw. We used your full drop heels on them almost entirely. I sometimes used Campbell's combination, one full drop and jagger.

"Well, this is getting long and may not interest you, so I will conclude by telling you Ribb was in California about one year ago. I had a letter from him. Bob is dead, so Shanks and I are all that is left of the old gang. A serious accident put me out of commission in the oil fields and I am up here in the Ozarks with a little fruit farm and some nice game cocks.

"Yours very truly,

"John Roome.

"Russellville, Ark."

MORE HISTORY OF FARDOWNNS.

BY C. A. PEARCE.

I have been breeding the Mike Garrigan Fardowns for a good many years and during that time at intervals have asked for the history of

this strain, but was unable to get any one to come forward with same. However, since the publication of my article in January issue of Grit and Steel I have received a good many interesting letters regarding these fowls and have learned a great deal regarding the fowls bred by the late Mr. R. B. Johnston, of Shreveport, La.

Now I note what Mr. Bowdoin has to say regarding his Fardowns in February issue of Grit and Steel and it will be noted that this gentleman states he is breeding the Fardowns as he received them from the yards of Bob Johnston, which in my opinion is absolutely correct, and he is breeding the pure Bob Johnston Fardowns as they were bred by Mr. Johnston, however, I still maintain that the grays are not the pure Garrigan Fardowns, but are crosses originated by Mr. Johnston and I am quoting herewith two letters I have received from two parties who knew a great deal regarding his breeding operations and were also associated with him in many of his fights.

Shreveport, La., January 4th, 1927.

Mr. C. A. Pearce, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

I noticed your remarks about the gray Fardowns in January Grit and Steel. I knew Bob Johnston over twenty years, saw every shipment of cocks or hens he ever received from A. L. Surratt, and helped him condition and pit cocks in mains and hacks from 1910 to 1915, inclusive.

All of the fowls Surratt shipped were to Bob, except ten cocks in 1911, which I bought. Bob's first

Surratt cocks were from the Deal Bros., here who began buying from Surratt in 1907.

Surratt shipped cocks of all descriptions and called them all Fardowns at first. Finally one in 1909 grew a tassel after moulting. When written about it he then explained that he raised Fardowns, Warhorses, (both red and gray) and Aseel crosses.

The first hens were wheaten and black and one speckled. In 1909 Bob had ten of these hens on his yard. He had about 80 or 90 feet of his back yard fenced high. He bred his favorite cocks on these, one being turned out every day.

He named all of his cocks and I will mention those he began with; 1909 was the first year he bred Fardowns, "Brody," brown-red Fardown, six pounds, five times winner; "Crook" Hopkinson Gray, five times winner, 5.13; "Racehorse," Hopkinson Warhorse, seven pounds, winner of three battles; "Johnston's Pride," yellow legged bright red, a seven times winner, 5.14 cock, 3-4 Mug, 1-4 Claiborne and had a tassel, bred by H. R. Moore, of Burlington, N. C. Later he used "Peacomb," 1-4 Aseel, 3-4 Fardown, a seven times winner in seven pittings, weight 5.08; and "Brass Back," a three times winner, we never got the breeding from Surratt, weight 5.08. These last two cocks we got whipped at Opelousas, La., May 20th, 1911. Such was the manner in which he bred them for a good many years, and regardless of whether he knew the exact blood or not, he produced some of the best cocks I ever saw or handled in a pit. Bob was not a scientific breeder, but

there was a something he understood about hens and cocks that caused him to produce wonderful cocks. It is possible that Bob sent to Surratt for pure Fardown hens between 1916 and 1919, (if Surratt was alive then.) Bob always referred to his cocks as Johnston Fardowns and called the peacomb and yellow legged ones Fardowns, as he did the others.

I was in the U. S. army from 1916 to 1919 and as I said above he may have bought some pure blood from Surratt and bred them separately; they could not be found when he died though, and the hens all continued to come all colors. But you need not ever regret having bred and fought or sold Bob's Fardowns, they were as good for the pit as ever were produced, when he lived.

I breed two good strains of fowls and I wish I could have the knack of breeding to produce such cocks as I have helped him put in the pit.

I am sincerely,

S. P. Hampton.

Now it will be noted by Mr. Hampton's letter that Mr. Johnston crossed the Hopkinson Gray blood into his Fardowns, also a light-red yellow legged cock which carried 3-4 Mug, and 1-4 Claiborne and showed a tassel, and later used a cock which was 1-4 Aseel and 3-4 Fardown, and also a brass back cock that he did not get the breeding of, so it will be readily seen as stated in my article of January issue that Johnston not only crossed the gray blood into his Fardowns, but

likewise used Mug and Aseel blood, and also Claiborne.

I will quote herewith a letter I received lately from Mr. C. H. Minge, of Shreveport, La., which also carries some interesting information bearing on this subject.

Shreveport, La., January 5th, 1927.

Mr. C. A. Pearce,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sir:—Your article in Grit and Steel relative to the color of genuine Fardowns is indeed interesting to me. I have bred the Johnston cocks just as he bred them and have been doing so for years.

Dr. Clarke's statement that the original Fardowns never came gray in color is probably correct. He is a learned man on the subject of game fowls and is much more familiar with the history of the different game chicken strains than I will ever be; however, there seems to be a belief on your part that Mr. Johnston crossed the gray blood into his reds just before his death and that is what I wish to correct. Any veteran of the game who is at all familiar with the Bob Johnston chickens will back me up in this statement that Johnston did not cross the gray blood into his fowls at any time, but received them from Surrott along with the reds and they were supposed to be Fardowns. These grays are very popular, not only do they look, act, fight and crow like the reds, the gray color will crop out occasionally in a yard composed entirely of red fowl and vice versa.

Here we have come to recognize both reds and grays long before the Gulley main in 1920. In the M. C. Jones main which took place before the Gulley main Johnston lost the first five fights, every cock a red. He came back to win the next five straight with these black-gray Fardowns, (direct descendants of the Surratt blood) and two blue gray Fardown crosses, supposedly 1-4 Campbell Blue Boone. After sensational showing of his gray cocks they became extremely popular and are still believed to be superior to the Red Fardowns. I believe this to be a false impression however, because they all could fight like h—l.

Now let me try to straighten out how the real Johnston Fardowns originated. Shortly after Johnston began using Surratt cocks he crossed a magnificent light-red Tassel-Claiborne cock on his Fardowns. The Claiborne was named "Old Pride" and his offsprings were well nigh invincible. I have hens and cocks today that bear the blood of "Old Pride" and I sometimes raise wheaten colored hens with red necks and yellow legs and maybe a small tassel. Some of the stags will be red and some white speckled. I have even raised a yellow legged and many moccasin legged stags.

Mr. Oscar Shanks, of Alexandria, La., who used to back the Johnston cocks, and for many years was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Bob's breeding methods, tells me that even before the Claiborne cross Johnston also bred some brown-red Grist Champion cocks and that all of the big, black eyes sometimes seen are a result of the Grist blood.

The last cross was supposed to be a Campbell Boone. Mr. Shanks says that he and his friends had six stags, some of them Boones and one of them from a breeder in Oklahoma, who bred Arkansas Travelers and called them Campbell Boones in order to help his sales.

In a friendly hack fight Johnston using his Fardowns, licked and ran most of these Boone stags all over the stable yard where they were fighting. The iron gray Oklahoma stag he could not whip. Johnston tried repeatedly to whip this gray chicken and lost some of the best cocks he ever owned in trying to do so. Seeing he could not lick him, he bought him and used him in many of his largest mains. Johnston called this cock "Old Gray Boone" and bred him on his hens. This blood is very easy to detect because of the blue feathers that show up strong and I breed my blue grays on Boone crosses separately. They seem to break higher and out-speed the reliable reds and grays, and are just as game, which is saying a great deal.

I have given you the history of these chickens to the best of my knowledge and I think you will understand that breeders, such as Bowdoin, Flanagan, and perhaps a few others are advertising them to be such, and not because all of us down here have always believed them to be such, and not because they are trying to bunk the unsuspecting public, as some might be led to believe. Personally, I will always advertise and sell my cocks as Johnston Fardowns, except the blue-

grays and they will be called Fardown-Boone crosses.

There is one more subject upon which I would like to set myself straight. In Johnston's letter dated August 30th, 1920, he describes three cocks as suitable for breeding. All of them were fought June 6th and won easily. Johnson said: "I think the middle weight cock is as fine as I ever saw or owned. He is a beautiful brown-red." Did you buy this brown-red from him? If so, I am anxious to know what you bred him to and if the cock is still living. If not, have you any of his offspring that closely resemble him? Please write me at your convenience about the above question.

Yours truly,

C. H. Minge.

You will note that besides all the crosses Mr. Hampton mentions, that there was also Grist Champion blood used, and I am quoting herewith my answer to these gentlemen which was in the form of a joint letter.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan. 22nd, 1927.

Mr. S. P. Hampton,
R. F. D. No. 2, Shreveport, La.

Mr. C. H. Minge,
P. O. Box 356, Shreveport, La.

Gentlemen:—I received a letter from both of you recently, and as you were writing me on the same subject, and as I supposed you were acquainted with each other, I thought I would just

write you jointly regarding the subject of the Gray Fardowns. I will try to answer Mr. Hampton first.

Now I note what you say regarding Mr. Surratt breeding the Fardowns and also a strain of Warhorses, both red and grays. I was aware that Surratt did breed Warhorses, but I did not know that any of them came gray. In fact, I never saw any of his chickens except the ones I owned and I will tell you later how I came with those.

Now, I was under the impression that Bob Johnston had crossed the gray blood into the chickens after he got them from Surratt, but if he got grays from him for Fardowns Surratt must have done as lots of other breeders are in the habit of doing, when they breed several strains of fowls; and that is, if they get an order for one strain and they haven't got anything in that line, they fill the order out of one of their other yards and call it the strain ordered, and that is what is mixing up the detail more than any other one thing in our game chicken business today.

I want to say to you gentlemen, regarding the article that I wrote regarding this matter, that the only reason I had in doing so was to show where these gray fowls called Fardowns came from, and I did not want to try to discredit any man in doing so, for I knew that every man that purchased these fowls thought he was getting the pure blood and was perfectly honest in advertising them as such.

I will now try to answer Mr. Minge, as he has put out quite a little information regarding this

matter, and I wish to thank him for his letter.

Now my statement regarding the matter of Johnston crossing the gray blood into the Fardowns, you will note what I have said above. However, I am satisfied that I was told by someone that Johnston did cross this gray blood into these chickens, and if either of you gentlemen know Mr. Oscar Shanks, of Shreveport, La., and ever see him, I wish you would please ask him if he did not tell me about this matter. If it was not him, I don't know who it was. However, I would not say that it was him, for I don't remember for sure.

You asked me if I got the cock from Johnston that he described as the middle weight, a beautiful brown-red, and in reply will say that I did not, the only cock I got from him was the broken bill spoken of in one of his letters.

In my article I did not say any more than I could possibly help regarding my Fardowns, as I did not want to leave the impression that I was making a bid for free advertising. However, in a personal letter to you gentlemen it will be my privilege to say whatever I please regarding them.

To start with, I had a friend that was a nephew of one of the Governors of South Carolina, and had fought the Fardowns around Charleston, S. C., for a good many years and was well acquainted with the strain, and knew who was breeding them pure and where to get them; and through this party I secured a setting of eggs from Surratt, out of one of his pens of the pure quill, and from

this setting of eggs I raised three pullets and one stag. I kept these pullets and stag until two years old and then bred them and from the mating I secured some great cocks and hens. However, I did not like the idea of breeding them so close so went to looking around for some one that had the pure strain, and struck on Johnston, and bought the broken bill cock to breed on some of my pullets and got some mighty fine looking stags and pullets from the mating, but as soon as they grew to maturity I saw that I had made a mistake in this cock, as some of his offspring came with peacombs, and I knew that this was not right. Therefore, I discarded all of his offspring along with the cock and tried over again. This time I struck a party in Texas who secured his stock direct from Old Mike Garrigan in 1898, and who sent me, I think, six pullets of the dark-brown color with the gold hackle, and as fine a brown-red stag as I ever saw. I put the stag out on a walk and lost him, but I bred the pullets to the cock that I got out of the eggs from Surratt and got some of the finest red fellows you ever saw and I have been breeding from this line ever since, and later on I bought several old hens from this party and have some of those in my brood yards at this time, and their stags, lots of them are still coming thrush-breasted as described by Dr. Clarke in his article, and they are still coming great pit cocks.

I note what you say regarding the different breeders advertising the gray fowls as Fardowns, not trying to bunk the unsuspecting public, and I

want it understood that I had no such idea when I wrote the article I did, and I am not trying to discredit any one, or trying to raise a row with any of my fellow breeders. All they have to do is to keep on advertising and selling them as Fardowns or Johnston Fardowns as they see fit for there is plenty of room in the field for all.

Thanking you gentlemen for the information you have given me regarding this matter, and wishing you a very prosperous season, I beg to remain,

C. A. Pearce.

No. 413 East 3rd St.,

I also wish to quote herewith a letter from Mr. S. P. Hampton in reply to my letter of January 22nd.

Shreveport, La., Jan. 25th, 1927.

Mr. C. A. Pearce,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sir:—Yours of 22nd inst. received. I can understand your feeling exactly in regard to the purity of your fowl. I have bred the Grimes pure over twenty years and one of my hobbies has been purity of blood. Still, if you happen to have any of Johnston's Fardown crosses and wish to raise some real fighting cocks, you positively cannot find better, though I have never bred any of Johnston's fowl. I conditioned and handled hundreds of them in the ten years Bob and I were associated.

Mr. Minge is a nice young man, about 23, and really believes that Johnston's fowl are the real

Fardowns. In fact, everyone in this vicinity believes it and would bet on it. Of course you know what a pure Fardown ought to look like and could not be deceived by crosses. The boys around here all believed in Bob's ability, (and he was a good one), and what he said went. He was never very explanatory and always said "He's a Fardown, like the rest of them," regardless of his color. Bob and I did receive several brown-red Fardown cocks from Surratt and every one was a crackerjack. None of the brown-reds ever lost his first battle and several won five.

I love to talk over these old fights. Surratt only sent us two sorry cocks in all the time we used his. Surratt never actually wrote us the cocks were all Fardowns. After using a few of the brown-reds, we ordered a shipment of cocks for a main, saying send us twenty of those Fardown cocks. Of course he couldn't supply that many mixed weights and merely shipped us from all strains he had. We, not knowing what a Fardown was, supposed they came all colors. I enjoyed your letter as it revives old memories; also your courteous manner of writing was appreciated at a time when men become sarcastic, if a difference of opinion exists. After all, these old Irish strains are about the same blood, their ability depending upon the care their breeder has given them. I am,

S. P. Hampton.

You will note that Surratt did not state the gray cocks he shipped were Fardowns, as Mr. Hampton

says. They ordered a bunch of cocks for a main, ordering mixed weights and in order to make the weights ordered, he apparently had to ship some of his grays, and they not knowing the difference called the grays Fardowns on supposition.

I note Mr. C. H. Balof, of Georgetown, Ky., writing of the Fardowns in February issue of *Grit and Steel*, says in part: "Dr. Clarke is right, there never was a straight bred Fardown that was gray, or brass backed, and let me go farther and say, or light-red, thrush-breast, pumpkin red, ginger red or any color except black-red, and let me say now that no man outside of Kentucky ever had a straight Fardown."

Now, while I would not pretend to dispute this gentleman's word regarding these fowls, I am inclined to believe that Uncle Mike was either putting out his Fardowns to the public without Mr. Balof's knowledge of the transactions, or he was practicing a fraud upon the honest breeders of this country, and I beg to quote herewith letters from two breeders who bought pure Fardowns direct from Uncle Mike.

Racine, Wisc., January 4th, 1920.

Mr. C. A. Pearce,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sir:—I have bred Fardowns for twenty-five years. I got my stock from McLafferty and Garrigan, of Kentucky. They come with dark eyes, dark beak and legs. I got some from Sur-
ratt. I like the McLafferty the best. Any time

I want to make a cross I always use the Fardowns for the foundation, color of plumage, dark-brown and mahogany red.

Yours very truly,

H. Van Bree.

No. 2052 Douglas St.

You will note the gentleman states he bought Fardowns from McLafferty and Garrigan, and not Fardown crosses, and that their color was dark-brown and mahogany red, which is about right, I think.

I also quote you herewith a letter from Todd & Samford, of Timpson, Texas, and you will note they do not state they bought Fardown crosses. What Mr. Garrigan sold these gentlemen he sold for pure Fardowns and I am inclined to believe that they were.

Timpson, Texas, August, 1919.

Mr. C. A. Pearce,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sir:—Your letter received. In regard to our Fardowns, we got our first Fardowns from old man Mike Garrigan, of Cincinnati, Ohio. In color they are black with more or less light hackle feathers; cocks mostly black-reds. They are a great strain of fowls. Let us hear from you.

Yours truly,

Todd & Samford.

Now, in my description of the Fardown cocks I might have been a bit misleading to Mr. Balof when I stated my cocks came light and dark-reds,

they come two shades of reds, one a very dark, or what I term a black-red, the other a mahogany-red, the latter shade is what I call the light-red of the two. As for the ginger and pumpkin color, I don't remember saying anything about these two shades. If so, I was mistaken. However, in regard to the thrush-breasted cock, there are a good many cocks that come with a mottled or what might be called a thrush colored breast and which I think is perfectly proper, and I will quote you a letter in part from a gentleman in Cincinnati, Ohio, who handled cocks for Mr. Garrigan up until two years before his death, and you will note what he has to say regarding the color of these cocks, and also that some of the cocks that Mr. Garrigan was fighting were mottled breasted:

Cincinnati, Ohio, February 4th, 1927.

Mr. C. A. Pearce,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sir:—Mr. Pearce, I also read your article in Grit and Steel about the Fardowns and their color. I guess I know as well as any one in regards the Fardowns. There never was a Fardown of the real Garrigan and McLafferty strain that did not have dark legs and eyes and dark-red in color; some came mottled breasted, because I knew them while Garrigan and McLafferty fought them years ago and I conditioned and handled cocks for the old man Garrigan. I handled and pitted for Garrigan just two years before the old gent died.

Let me hear from you. I remain,

Yours truly,

No. 652 State Avenue,

N. J. Zwick.

On page 41 of February issue of Grit and Steel under the head of Shrapnel, the editor says: "The time to stop a controversy is just before it starts," which is a good suggestion. However, I don't think there has been any hard feelings on the part of any one writing on this subject, and I am sure we are all interested and want to find out all we can regarding same, but regardless of what has been said in the past, or what may be written in the future regarding this subject, I have said all I have to say in the matter and will wind up my part of the controversy with this one little word—**FINIS.**

Yours truly,

C. A. Pearce.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Letter from Mr. Balof.

Georgetown, Ky., March 5th, 1927.

Editor Grit and Steel,

Gaffney, S. C.

Dear Sir:—Just a few more words on Fardowns, if you will permit me. First I want to correct one statement in my letter to Grit and Steel of February, 1927. It says: "I lost the cock." It should have read, "They lost the cock," meaning Garri-gan. Now back to Bro. Clarke's statement, "there never was but one importation made, that in 1878 or 1879, and they came from near Ballynabinch County Down, from Tim Welsh." (This from Jim Welsh, his brother.)

As for their crossing them, they have been crossed **on nearly every breed of games in this**

country, but still we have a pen of straight bred. I picked up two straight bred hens two weeks ago that are 15 years old, did not know they were living, but that is not the question before the house. I contend that I have the only straight bred Fardowns, just as Mike Garrigan brought from Ireland, regardless of what they call them or what color they are. Pearce has a perfect right to sell his birds as Fardowns; Bowdoin has the same right. They both have the blood in them. Jim Curry had a right to call his Race Horses Fardown; Maddux, of Virginia, had the same right; Madigin has the same right to call his Rangers Fardown. They all have some Fardown blood in them, but none of them are straight.

Wallace Harper could have called his Feudists Fardown. They had the blood in them. They are all crosses, yet all made history in the pit. All good birds. Surratt had good birds, though he did not originate them as Dyer says. See his ad in Grit and Steel of October, 1912.

Johnston showed Grey Fardown in his main against Deal at Shreveport in 1911. He showed a Grey Fardown; also a Roundhead-Fardown, and who ever heard of a Roundhead in Ireland, unless shipped in?

All of this goes to show that I was right regardless, but as I said before, call them all Fardowns if you want to, as long as you can win with them.

Regards,

C. H. Balof.

The Grimme Fowl

BY J. L. CASEY

I see Mr. Crane and Brady wants to know the history of the Grimme pit games and quite a few of my friends have asked me and written me to publish same, so in order to satisfy them I am going to give you what Mr. H. Grimme told me and he also published in the Arena, in 1910, the history of his games.

In the year 1854 J. C. Herman and Tom Suyers fought a main in England. Herman was an American and Suyers an Englishman. Quite a few rich men went over, among them Dr. S. K. Van Meter. On their return the doctor brought back some English Derby pit games. These cocks were Silver Grey. After a few years of breeding he gave Dr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, some of them. Cooper crossed on Nick Arrington's old strains, known as Irish Red. Arrington bred this cross with great success, and he presented Tom O'Neil a cock that he bred to his hens which was Waddell's Irish. Waddell was an Irishman and imported quite a few games from Ireland. In 1859 O'Neil fought a main—Waddell and O'Neil. Waddell won, and O'Neil got a hen and bred her on his old cock in 1860. The war broke out and there was nothing heard of them until 1865, when O'Neil picked up his breeding which had been car-

ried on by his partner, Mr. Franklin, near Cincinnati. O'Neil's first main was in New Orleans, La., in 1868—O'Neil vs. Cherally & Co.. O'Neil won and he bred those until 1871, when he fought Charley Bryant in Louisville, Ky. O'Neil won and he and Bryant exchanged cocks to breed. O'Neil bred this cock to his old hens and in 1874 named them Kentucky Doms, as Bryant's cocks were a Dom colored cock. O'Neil kept this cross pure and would not sell to any one.

In 1876 O'Neil fought a main in Chicago against Jerry Moore, O'Neil using most of this cross, a dom and grey colored strain. After the main a helper of Moore's stole one of these cocks (see ad in Arena, 1910) and bred to some Hubbard hens, which was the same blood as Dr. Van Meter's English. Moore bred for four years and in 1880 Mr. Grimme got a cock and bred to his old hens which was R. S. Williss, Irish Reds, W. G. Perk Huddleston and Dr. J. W. Cooper crosses. Cooper's cocks were half Cobdin Irish, one-quarter Williss, one-quarter Huddleston; the last four strains constitute the Grimme blood that whipted O'Neil two mains at Hot Springs, Ark., 1882 and 1883.

Grimme was a citizen of Yazoo City, and about this time moved to Hot Springs, and ran a cock pit for six years. All these years he had A. L. Scoles and Jim Rustin, both big land owners, raising games for him. In 1890, a boy of 12 years and living just across the Yazoo river from Scoles, I naturally got interested in games and Uncle Les, as we called him, gave me a yard of Grimmes, six

hens and an old cock. I bred these for 10 years on my father's plantation and in 1900 Mr. Grimme moved to Greenwood, Miss., and, being a friend of Scoles, soon met me and lost no time in making friends, finding I was breeding the Grimme Greys at that time. I had 15 hens, 5 cocks and 3 stags, so he bought two cocks for \$5.00 each and fought Dellingham on the Fourth of July, at Scoles' home, both winning and he at once took me under his care and he and I bred these same chickens for twelve years under his selection, and until his death. He owned half of all I had. He finally moved back to Yazoo City and died there, and I kept all and have bred them for 35 years. Have never used a cock or hen that was not closely akin to breed; have never introduced new blood, always using my own cock as brood cock.

This history is what I got from my 12 years of constant association with Mr. Grimme and in 1910 when his life-long friend started to publish the Arena, he and I wrote this history for that game paper, which only was published for one year, I think. I know I have only nine copies and was one of the first to subscribe through Mr. Grimme. I still have a lot of Mr. Grimme's letters he wrote me from Greenwood and Yazoo City after I moved here. Will say no man ever got any closer to Mr. Grimme than I did.

I hope this is what Mr. Brady and Mr. Crane want for I assure you it is a true history of the Grimmes and told me by Mr. Grimme and written for the Arena in 1910, and so published by

that paper in the August issue, 1910, still in my possession, in fairly good condition.

Now Mr. DeCamp, I am writing you this history early in the month so you can investigate me and my games. I am no cocker, have not seen a fight in years and don't know if I ever will again, but intend to keep games as long as I live. I kindly refer you to Ben F. Dyer, of Weatherford, Tex., Head Brothers, of Ruleville, Miss, Dave Smith, of Grace and Duncan, Miss., and will say, ask Henry Wortham, of Memphis, who furnished the Grimme cocks when he whipped Head Bros., and Charley Boyd at Isolo.

Hoping you can use this writing to your advantage for I assure you I do not intend to drive a dollar out of it for I have only a few Grimmes left and have none to sell.

GRIMME FOWL

BY H. GRIMME

I note in your magazine that there are some inquiries for the history of the Grimme fowl. In 1916 Mr. Grimme wrote some letters to Mr. B. Sproule, of Galveston, Texas, with regard to the history of the fowl. Grimme says in part:

"In 1867 or 1868 I got a Wm. Banwise (or Bauwise) cock in Cincinnati, Ohio, and a hen from Chas. Herbert, of the same city. This hen they called the English Brush Head, as she had a top-knot. In 1868 or 1869 when Jim Sandford was killed I got five hens and a cock that belonged to

Sandford, but as he was killed the five hens and cock fell into the hands of Wm. Bauwise and Bauwise sold me the hens and the cock and some of the hens had topknots and Bauwise told me they were the same stock I got of him, as Bauwise was Sandford's handler. After that I got two cocks from Bauwise, then again I wrote him for more and Bauwise stated that W. T. Wetmore, of Hillsboro, Ohio, had the cocks and hens like he had them. Then I got from Wetmore one cock and six hens, they looked just like those I got from Bauwise. Two years after that I sent Wetmore \$200 for two hens and some cocks. I think there were 13 cocks. I bred the hens and some of the cocks in the 13 lot, one or two hens turned speckle. I wrote to Wetmore and his reply was that Bob Harlen had put in a cross of a four spur cock; this cock Harlen got from Thos. O'Neil, of Louisville, Ky., and was in blood Waddell Irish White Tail and Dom. Afterwards I sent the Smith cock to Wetmore and he bred him to the old-time hens and Wetmore sent me some of his sons which I bred. I also bred a half James Dougrey, of Troy, N. Y., and one-quarter White Tail and one-quarter Irish cock. He was a dandy and threw one son winner of seventeen battles and threw several winning four to ten. J. H. Madigin got one or two of these cocks, one was a terrapin or turkey legged, marked 'right in' and was sold to a St.

Louis, Mo., party, the St. Louis party sold him to Charles C. Kenny, of Paris, Ky., and Kenny bred from six of my cocks and he called them Race-horses. Madigin also got one or two four-spur cocks—one for sure. He was a brown-red, about six pounds, green legs and the spur was hardly visible and it might be Madigin did not see it. I cut it off as it does not bleed. This St. Louis cock should weigh about 5.14 or six pounds.

“Later on I bred a Nick Arrington Stonefence cock, he was a Roundhead and Peacomb. I see Charlie Boyd every night and he tells me he sold M. C. Jones four brown pullets, with straw necks, and a brown-red stag. They might have topknots, but not Roundheads or Peacombs, as Boyd did not get any from that cross.

“Yes, I heard Mr. Latimore was dead, I’ve been trying to find out about his chickens. Henry Kleinbrodt, of St. Joseph, Mo., bought of me several cocks and hens. I don’t remember the number, along about four to six of each and Mr. Kleinbrodt wrote me that he turned them over to his friend, I think he stated in Kansas, and he also stated that his brother got stuck on one of the cocks and took him home. There is a man here by the name of Brady that lived in St. Joseph, Mo., and he told me that————— Bros., had my fowls but kept it a secret, but Mr. Kleinbrodt

had told Brady that he got them from Grimme. I do not know----- Bros., or Kleinbrodt, but have met dozens that know Mr. Kleinbrodt and all speak mighty well of him. You understand after breeding the Stonefence, I bred his son and daughters with my old stock. The Stonefence came after-----got my chickens, twenty-two years ago. You see I am over seventy years old and you must allow for bad writing. Look at the lines—I went, Bauwise with Dutch Petes, Herbert with his English Brush Heads, Thos. O'Neil with his Waddell Irish, Wetmore's, Henry Smith, James Dougrey, Sam Bankley, Henry Long, Bidleman,—all are the same fowls. It was a Sam Bankley cock that whipped the shake for Chas. Brown on Barrone Street pit. O'Neil bred him at Henry J. Smith's, the Smith named before; I bred from him the next season, then sent him to Wetmore. I guess this is long enough and hope you will understand. Remember me to M. C. Jones, Madi-gin, Wheeler and friends."

In the postscript to another letter he says:

"I do not breed for colors. Many claim my fowls should come grey. I know all the blood in my fowls but could not tell in what year I changed cocks, all of the same blood."—H. G.

There are several sources of information as to the Grimme fowl, but it would be a long story.

Undoubtedly Mr. Sproule could add considerable information if he cared to. I do not know if he is living and interested in chickens at the present time.

I have never owned any of the Grimme fowl. Hope this may start those interested on the trail of what they are after.—E. J. Lake.

ORIGIN OF THE GRIMMES IS SHROUDED IN MYSTERY

BY A. N. BRADY

I notice in the September issue, my friend Mr. W. M. Crane, wants to hear a truthful history of the Grimme fowl. From my acquaintance with Mr. Grimme, a truthful history would be pretty hard to acquire, as he always shrouded their origin with a certain degree of mystery.

About fifteen years ago, being in the automobile business, necessitated my making frequent trips to Yazoo City, where Grimme lived and I often stopped in and chatted with him. He ran a little shoe shop where he mended shoes, and he often had a coop in one end of the small room with a game cock in it. He had very few chickens then and I believe no pure Grimmes.

He told me of several people he had shipped some of his best stock to whom he had them in

their prime, and in this way I got a line on a few of those who then still had pure Grimmes.

He said that he had shipped Mr. Madigan cocks at different times, and was under the impression that he had put some of this blood in his Rangers.

He said that he had shipped Mr. Madigin cocks character, although very small and deformed of body he seemed to have a very keen mind and a good sense of humor. He was getting along in years at the time, but he had a youthful, mischievous look out of his eyes that seemed to belie his years. He was good company and I always spent my spare time with him.

To give an example of how hard it was to get any information from him, some one asked him one time at a fight what the breeding was of a certain cock. He told them he was part Grimme, later on in the day the party becoming more interested in the rooster, came back and asked him what the other part was, and he answered him by saying, "Well, that's Grimme, too."

All that I was ever able to ascertain from him about the Grimmes was that he had obtained a certain gray cock that was very vicious, and then went on to tell me the following anecdote about the prowess of this cock.

He said he used to catch rats in one of those old wire traps that would hold several rats at a time, when he would catch the trap full he would

carry it to the pen, where he kept this old cock, as the pen was small and boarded up a way, he would loose these rats in the pen one at a time and the old cock would kill them before they could find their way out, as he had very sharp spurs.

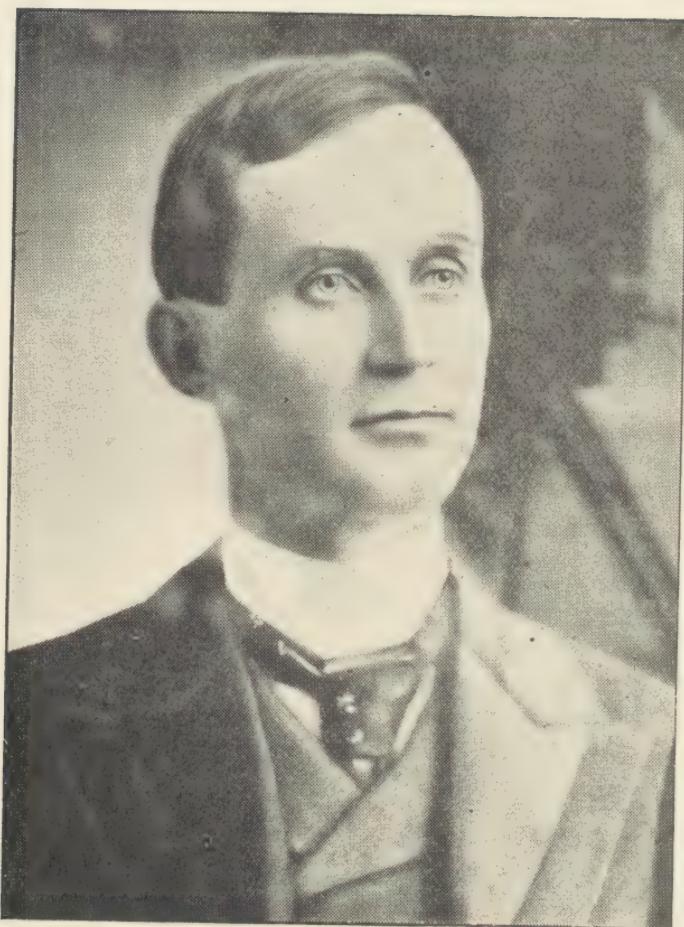
This might sound fishy to any one who has never bred any of the Grimme blood, but I have some now with as little as one-quarter, that will jump on a dog or a man just like he will another cock, and I have had them so mean that it was not safe to put them on a yard where there was a small child, so I am inclined to believe the old man's story.

I heard one man say that someone gave him this cock after a main and that he had been all cut down, and Grimme took him home and nursed him around; and still another gentleman who ought to know, says that he was stolen from a main that was held on a boat in the Mississippi river and that he belonged to a man who at that time was a prominent cocker in Louisiana and that he was a red in color and not grey. Anyway Grimme told me he bred him on Irish hens and I believe Charley Boyd, of Yazoo City, verifies this statement. At that time Charley Boyd was about the only one around this part of the country who pretended to breed them pure. He had a fine lot of fowl then, both reds and greys, and I under-

stand he won the Monroe tournament a few years before that with a straight show of them.

They were something like the Redquills. They would cross on anything and I do know it to be an absolute fact that some of the best strains in the South contain a good portion of the Grimme blood. The Grimmes were beautifully plumaged fowl and a Grey Grimme in full feather was a picture.

I, like Mr. Crane, would be glad for some one to throw more light on this famous old strain of the days gone by.



JAS. H. HAMMOND.

Originator and perpetuator of the great strain of Hammond Gordons.

Hammond Gordons

BY JAMES H. HAMMOND

Strange as it may seem, the history of the Hammond Gordons could be written in a single sentence, for the Gordons were made from two well known strains, but since many versions have been given as to the true origin of the two strains from which the Gordons were made I shall endeavor to give a correct history of both.

It is a peculiar fact that if a man report something he has seen with his own eyes there are those in a distant land who will rise up to deny the report of the eye witness, so, even though I was intimately acquainted with the men who were most prominent in founding and establishing the reputations of the strains I am about to mention, I do not expect everyone to agree with me. As I am nearing my three score and ten you will realize that it was not impossible for me to have first-hand knowledge of many of the facts I shall presently set forth, but in the outset I want it distinctly understood that I will not take issue with those who refuse to accept as authentic the events herein enumerated. I have but two reasons for writing this article; First, to comply with the wish of Grit and Steel; and, Second, to do what I can towards establishing a permanent record of the strains that have been, and are famous today.

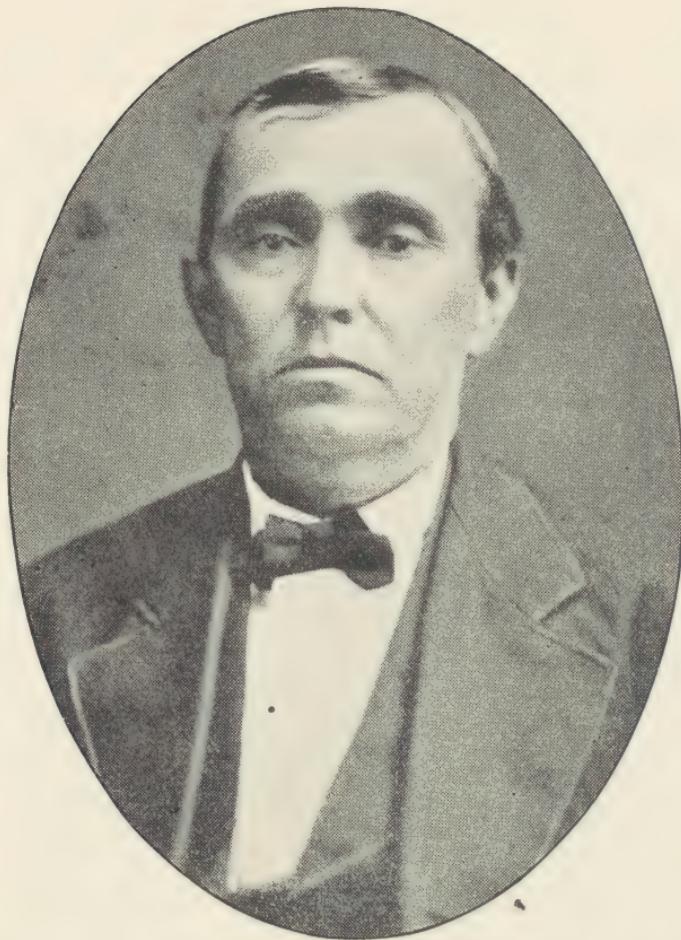
If through my feeble efforts just one man is benefited then I shall be adequately compensated.

First I shall endeavor to give you, as briefly as possible, a correct account of the origination of the great strain known as Warhorses.

In Augusta, Georgia, there once lived a man by the name of Barney Dunbar, who, in that particular period, was considered the wealthiest man in that entire section. Mr. Dunbar was a great fancier and lover of game cocks, though he never fought them. About 1850 he sent to John Stone, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, and purchased a trio of Stone's Irish Gilders. These fowl were placed with Mr. Tom Wilson at Beech Island, S. C., where they were to be bred for Dunbar. After a trial of a few seasons these Gilders proved to be absolutely game.

In the meantime, Col. Thos. G. Bacon, of Edgefield, S. C., discovered some wonderful fighting cocks in Baltimore, Maryland. Col. Bacon brought some of these cocks to his Carolina plantation and they turned out to be the greatest winners shown in that section up to that time. Occasionally one would run away despite their wonderful fighting and cutting qualities. Col. Bacon and other prominent cockers decided to try a cross of these Baltimore fowls on the Irish Gilders, thinking they would probably get the fighting qualities of the Baltimore fowl, (Burnt Eyes) together with the staying qualities of the Gilders, and thereby produce a great strain of fowls.

So the Burnt Eye cock from Baltimore was put over the Irish Gilder hens that came from Massa-



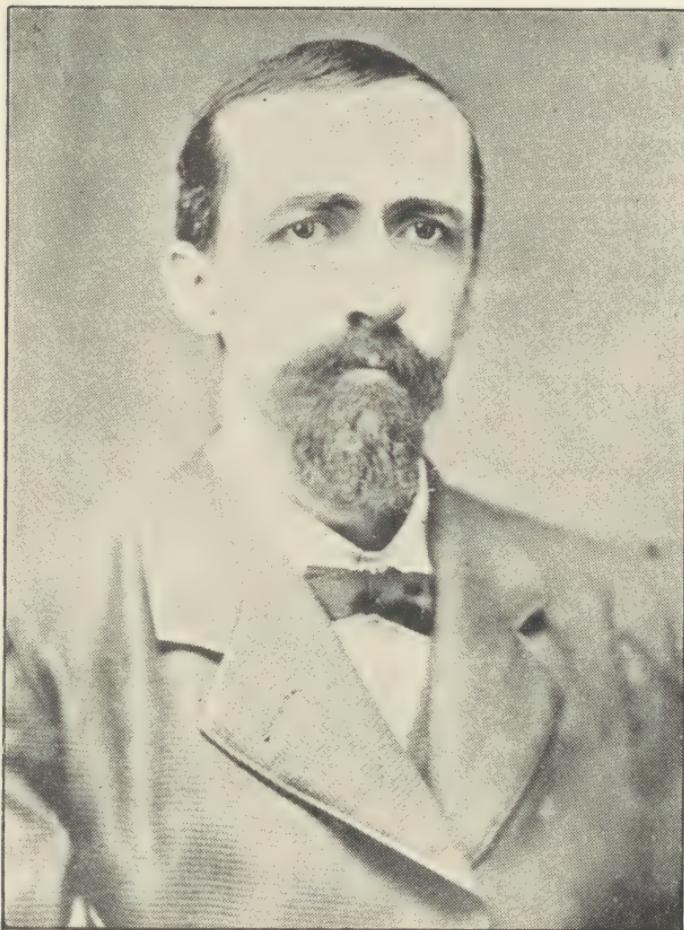
JOHN BOHLER.

Few men loved a game cock as did John Bohler, and no man ever contributed more to the uplift of our sport. In one particular the record of John Bohler stands out as unique—unrivaled in all the annals of our country. For 54 years Mr. Bohler was tax collector for Richmond County, Georgia, and, despite the fact the job carried with it a possibility of several thousand dollars a year in penalties, it is a matter of record that not one cent did he receive through this channel in his 54 years of service. Today (1927) the office is held by Mr. Bohler's son, who was elected when his father resigned. The office has been continuously filled by father and son for 76 years. Mr. Bohler was associated with Col. Thomas G. Bacon in fighting the Warhorses, and they fought all comers with equal success.

chusetts and a number of stags were raised from this mating.

It will be remembered that the Irish Gilder hens were placed with Tom Wilson and so it was he who raised the stags from the Burnt Eye cock and the Gilder hens. Wilson was known to his friends as "Fowl" Wilson on account of his consummate fondness for game fowl. It so happened that Tom wanted a saddle, which, in that day and time, was a most important item in every would-be "traveling" man's equipment. In "the good old days" a man seldom bought or traded for anything as it was the custom then to "swap." At this time, about which I write, one Peter Sherron, a policeman in Augusta, Georgia, had a saddle for which he had no particular need, but being a fancier of game fowl he very much wanted one of the stags of the Burnt Eye-Gilder cross. So, it naturally followed that Tom and Peter "swapped."

In 1856 at the Old Shades on Ellis Street in Augusta, Georgia, Bacon and Bohler fought a main against Franklin, of Columbia, S. C. Bacon and Bohler used a number of these half Gilder, half Burnt Eye birds, among them being the Sherron stag for which the saddle was traded, now grown to a cock and making top weight at 6.04. This cock met his opponent high in the air; both came to the ground shuffling and fell apart as if in a dying condition, whereupon the half Burnt Eye, half Gilder vomited a mouthful of blood, staggered over to the Columbia cock and shuffled. The Sherron cock killed the Columbia cock in this ter-



HENRY HICKS.

The man who so successfully trained and handled the Warhorse cocks for Bacon and Bohler, winning 40 of 42 important mains. Few men ever enjoyed quite as much success in the pits as did Mr. Hicks.

rific shuffle. Peter Sherron, the proud owner of this wonderful bird, was so enthused he did not wait for Henry Hicks, the handler, to handle the cock, but jumped in the pit, grabbed the cock up, raised him above his head and yelled: "Be faither-rs! But ain't he a War-rhorse?"

This Sherron cock was a typical Burnt Eye in appearance: Black body, dark legs, black eyes, lemon hackle. In blood he was, as has been explained, one-half Burnt Eye, one-half Irish Gilder. This was the cock, and this was the occasion, of the origin of the strain of fowls called "War-horses"

The Burnt Eyes and Gilders were so entirely different in every detail of appearances that the off-spring from this cross (the birds that were destined to become Warhorses) came many colors: Some black-breasted reds with the white fluff, coloring after the Irish Gilder cocks; some brown-red with red eyes and some with black eyes; others exactly the same as the Sherron cock, a description of which has been given.

Col. Bacon seemed to have fancied the brown-reds, and on my visits to his yards most of the fowls I saw there were of that type. Old Col. John Fair also fancied this type. Hopkinson fancied the darker fowl; his hens came jet black and cocks the type of the original Warhorse founder—the Baltimore Burnt Eye cock. And so it was that many people had these fowls (Warhorses) just as they carried them from that yard, of just such color as appealed most to the taste of each purchaser. And so it is, too, that many people



THE HON. JAMES M. COBB.

Mr. Cobb was a son-in-law of Tom ("Fowl") Wilson, who, it will be remembered, raised the Peter Sherron cock from which Warhorses got their name. It was from Mr. Cobb that Mr. Hammond secured his first Warhorses in 1877. At that time Mr. Wilson was living with Mr. Cobb.

today may have pure Warhorses, yet strikingly different in appearances.

Having established the facts as to the foundation of the strain of Warhorses we will no longer refer to these chickens as Burnt Eye-Gilder cross, but will call them by their rightful name: Warhorses.

As proof of the splendid fighting qualities of the Warhorses, and as a tribute to one of the greatest feeders and handlers it has ever been my privilege to know, I want to state that the Warhorses were used in 42 important mains, winning 40 and losing 2. Forty-one of these mains were fought by Bacon and Bohler, with Henry Hicks, half brother to Bohler, feeding and handling. Of this number only one was lost, this to Dr. Gee at Selma, Alabama, about 45 or 46 years ago. About 25 years ago the Warhorses lost one main to S. S. Moore, but Bacon and Bohler were not interested in this main; Hicks fought the main on his own account, using the Warhorse cocks. Right here I would like to say that while Hicks fed and handled all the mains for Bohler and Bacon, it is my belief that Hicks never bred any cocks. He was not a breeder, not even a fancier in the true sense of the word, but as a feeder and handler he ranked among the very best the world has ever known.

Some years ago I had the misfortune to lose my house by fire, at which time all letters and notes I had were destroyed, so I am, of necessity, writing entirely from memory. It is possible that there may be some little inaccuracies in dates, but



YELLOW BIRD.

(Painting by Sturzel.)

One of the original Gordon cocks. He was sent to Coates Brothers, Kerens, Texas, along with four other cocks; all of which won their first and second battles. The last account of this cock was through Mr. Burkhead, of El Paso, Texas, who wrote that he was present when "Yellow Bird" won his 18th fight, in his usual style, at Juarez, Mexico. The five cocks proved so satisfactory to Coates Brothers that they ordered five sisters to this particular cock, and for 27 years they have kept these fowls pure and fought them successfully.

the sum and substance of this history is correct. And this represents one side of the Gordons. The other side of the Gordons is represented by Col. Alfred Aldrich's Mugwumps, and these two strains make up the blood lines of the Hammond Gordons except a thirty-second infusion of Rood Warhorse, which, no doubt, was a direct descendant of the same Warhorses used by me in founding my Gordons. The Rood cock resembled very much the Bacon cocks and I am sure there was little difference in the blood except that this Rood cock had a round head, and it was from him that the round head is now seen in the Gordons. In color he was brown-red.

Greenwood, S. C., March 1, 1919.

Mr. C. R. Wilson,
Allendale, S. C.

Friend Wilson:—The request that you have made of me to write out for publication the origin and breeding of the Mugwump strain of game fowls is one that has frequently come to me within the last five years, but leisure and inclination would never come simultaneously and so I have never complied until now.

Referring to the origin of the Mugwump strain of game fowls, I will say that back in the distant past there was a turfman and cock fighter of this state by the name of Col. Thos. G. Bacon who bred and pitted the most successful cocks of that age. His original stock came from John Stone, of Massachusetts. About the same time Major Burnett Rhett, of Charleston, S. C., bred and fought a



JIMMY DUNN.

This cock was sent to W. B. Thomas, Corsicana, Texas, more than 20 years ago. Won in two mains as bottom weight; fighting each time at 4.08.

strain B. B. red cocks that had the reputation, deservedly, of being the gamest cocks of their age.

I got a pair of Bacon fowls and a trio of Rhett's and crossed them and by selection produced a strain which I named Mugwump. Mugwump is an Indian name and in the Algonquin language it means Big Chief.

About the year 1890 I crossed into my strain a B. B. red cock with yellow legs that I got from Baltimore. I do not know who bred this cock or what strain he came from. This cock was a spangle in his third year, a white at the fourth moulting and remained white until his death. Before I bred any of his sons to a yard of my Mugwump hens, I satisfied myself that he was a game cock.

The first and only one of his sons that I used as a brood cock was a black with yellow legs and beak, had a few white feathers in his tail and wings. I fought him in a main at Hibernia Park, Charleston, S. C., where a number of fine cocks fought in the two days of the main, and the concensus of opinion was that he outclassed any cock shown on either side. He was a high flying cock and never tried to bill as long as his adversary could stand on his feet. In several of his fights, he killed his opponent without ever touching him with his mouth.

It was invariably my practice to breed from the best fighter of his year and never to breed from any cock until he had fought several battles, in order that I might determine his quality. I bred



BLACK GREY HAMMOND GORDON.

See cut on front cover showing this same cock trimmed out, just after winning a battle.

this black cock to a yard of my choicest pure Mugwump hens and he sired several black stags and occasionally a white stag or pullet. From him I got my white and black Mugwumps. Always the white and black Mugwumps were bred exactly alike.

Note the statement that I am about to make, namely: that no Mugwump of the present day, no matter where he or she may be found, has any



HAMMOND GORDON STAG.

This stag won two fights in Pittsburgh, July 4th, 1927, and is now heading one of Mr. Hammond's brood yards.

blood in its composition save what came from that black cock. He was the only son of the Baltimore cock that I bred from and I never used any of the daughters of the Baltimore cock for breeding purposes. If I used a son of the black cock he was invariably mated to pure Mugwump hens.

I once shipped a coop of five cocks to Sr. Bustamente, three reds, 1 black and 1 white, all brothers, and all acted alike in the pit.

In the foregoing I have given the origin of the



HAMMOND GORDON COCK.

This bird is full brother to "Scaley Legs." Won five fights season of 1926-1927; two in Durango, Mexico; one at Los Angeles; one at Waverly, Ohio; one at Tia Juana, Mexico.

Mugwumps, as many of the cock fighters in the South know it to be.

You are at liberty to give this history to any game fowl paper for publication, if you see fit to do so, on my responsibility.

In conclusion I will say my main reason in giving you the foregoing information is that I have replied to many letters asking to find the purest



HAMMOND GORDON COCK.

Five times winner in the hands of Proessler, of Pittsburgh, during the season 1926-1927. For this cock Mr. Hammond received \$150 and will also get the cock back for brood purposes if he still lives when mating time is here.

Mugwump, to the effect that, in my judgment, your yards will come nearest filling the bill

If you use any part of this communication in a game fowl paper, kindly say that I am out of the game and have no fowls for sale.

Your friend,

(Signed) Alfred Aldrich.

John Stone Fowl

By I. M. MAYER.

In the early 1850's—perhaps near 1854—John Stone and Jack Sanders, pit game partners, took one hundred of their cocks and stags to the South, there to meet any cockers and their fowl who cared to engage in the sport. They took these birds by rail to Detroit, Mich., thence to the Mississippi river down to the cities named in the following order: Natchez, Vicksburg and New Orleans, Jackson, Miss., Mobile, Montgomery, Ala., Columbus, Macon, Augusta, Ga., Hamburg (across the river from Augusta), Charleston and Columbia, S. C.

During this memorable trip they fought all comers, winning every main, and then with only a few cocks left they proceeded on their journey home, landing first at Baltimore, Md., where they fought a main against old man Woelenslager (improperly pronounced Wellslager), losing this fight to him by the odd fight.

Old man Woelenslager fought his famous Brown Reds, known as Wellslagers, and in this connection it may be stated that John Stone's cocks had become rather stale by that time and hardly in shape for the wonderful Wellslagers and their condition. During this cock-fighting campaign Stone sold quite a number of his

cocks and stags to such men as Col. Tom Bacon, Messrs. Dunbar, Rhett and Morgan.

A Columbus, Ga., youngster followed John Stone and party to a few of the places where they did their fighting until they reached Columbia, S. C. This admirer of the John Stone cocks begged for a battered cock, when finally John Stone told this persistent fellow to visit him at Marblehead, Mass., and to select some fowl.

John Stone took a fancy to this newly-made acquaintance, hence the extraordinary invitation.

This brings us to the most important figure in our John Stone history, for he is primarily the orb around which our information revolves. Many of the old time pit game, race horse, and other sports will remember the well known and popular Penn Badell (spelled Bedell by some) who lived here in Atlanta, Ga., for some years. Among them may be named the well known John Stone fowl breeder and authority, Mr. S. D. Harris, who fell heir to some of his (Badell's) John Stone fowl. Dr. Goss, of Decatur, Ga., also knew him, as did others whose names are withheld for personal reasons. The late James (Jim) Lloyd of Atlanta, Ga., was also a good friend of Badell and secured some fowl from him. Jim Lloyd's daughter still lives here in Atlanta and is a personal friend of the writer.

Penn Badell was a game chicken fancier of a pronounced type, was active in the game and imparted much of his first-hand knowledge of the John Stone fowl to the few who had a

historic interest in these birds, for many remembered their performances in the pit, that played such havoc with our then Southern cocks. These birds had attracted much attention among the more intelligent fanciers, cockers and breeders.

Eventually, at the close of the Civil war, Badell decided to accept the invitation and did so by taking the first boat for the East for a visit to John Stone at the latter's farm near Marblehead, Mass.

He remained a week, studied the characteristics of the several yards of fowl, learned their history from John Stone personally and brought back to Georgia two yards of his fowl.

He also went over the history of other yards he (Stone) bred, and also some fowl bred in Ireland by others.

They also discussed the game fowl of the South, including Tom Bacon's "Burnt Eye" fowl, the Wellslagers, Claibornes and others. Penn Badell told and retold the history of the John Stone fowl to many of the fanciers down here and among them Mr. S. D. Harris and Jim Floyd in the presence of many others.

Other sources of information (by word of mouth and signatures on letters) which confirmed this version came from George A. Fletcher, O'Connor, Y. D. Plumley (a close friend of John Stone), Alf. M. Trask, all of Massachusetts, and McClellan and W. W. Wilson, of New Haven, Conn., and many others.

This is the almost verbatim report as told by John Stone.

On a rainy day in the late 1840's. Patrick Doolan, Jr., working for him on the farm, was in the barn cleaning and repairing harness, while they (John Stone and Jack Sanders) were sparring some cocks and stags they were conditioning to fight in a main over at Salem, Mass. Stone asked Doolan what he thought of them, to which Doolan replied: "Foine! But me father has them in Oireland that can ate them!" After supper Mr. Stone took up the matter with Doolan and was told that they were dark mahogany, brown breasted and black breasted cocks, and black hens—nearly all of them, but a few that were dark brown, having dark eyes and legs and nearly all the hens with low-set spurs like the cocks. Cocks deadly cutters and bloody of heel.

Stone was much interested and wanted to obtain some. Doolan told him the fowl were known as "Lord Dundon's Brown Reds" and not a fowl could be had for love or money, nor an egg at any price. However, he said he had a brother, Jerry, who wanted to come to America, but could not raise the money for passage. He also stated that his father, Patrick Doolan, Sr., was gamekeeper for the Dundon estate, and he was quite sure that Jerry could manage to procure and bring over some of Dundon's fowl if he (Mr. Stone) would advance the price of passage. This was arranged as quickly as correspondence would allow, and in

1850 Jerry Doolan arrived with several male birds, four hens and some pullets. Mr. Stone was so pleased that he gave Jerry wages besides his passage and also gave him a job on the farm.

John Stone asked Jerry if there were any fowl in Ireland that could beat the Dundon fowl. He replied that there were no fowl in Ireland that could beat them, yet there were the "Dr. Sands' Brown Reds" that the Dundon fowl could not lick, and that it had often been tried but the general result practically stood a draw. John stone was eager to obtain some of these.

Dr. Sands held a British captain's commission at one time and also lived near Cork, as did Lord Dundon. Doolan told Stone none of Dr. Sands' fowl could be bought, though it might be possible for Stone to get some, as they would be coming to America and would not meet their own kind in Ireland. John Stone wrote to Dr. Sands and finally secured a fine cock and four hens and some pullets at a high price, £100 (over \$400). The cock got into a hogpen and was killed before he was bred, so Stone crossed a Dundon cock over the hens, then the following season a stag of that cross to the Sands pullets (then hens) and continued using a stag of each progeny on the original Sands hens until he had practically pure full Sands blood.

These came, as cocks, ginger and brown-reds with dark eyes and legs, while the hens came gingers, brown and black, with dark brown streaked necks. Sometimes a hen would have

a thin peacomb with a short head. The heads were in no sense roundheads, but short heads. Both the Dundon and Sands fowl had mulberry faces. John Stone liked the even (50-50) cross of Dundon and Sands better than the pure Dundon for the reason that the Dundon cocks were vicious and hard to handle in battle and too many were man fighters. The cross or full Sands were easier to handle in the pit. The Dundon hens were also vicious and were constantly fighting other hens and their chicks.

Penn Badell said when John Stone showed him his "barnyard" brood fowl from which Badell picked four young black hens, he (Stone) said: "This is my dark wing Brown Red yard from which some come black breasted with black under feathers and these are what Jerry Doolan brought me from the Dundon place in Ireland. I will show you another yard of almost pure Dr. Sands' stock." Badell said he saw several yards of the pure Dundon and Sands on other farms and also some crosses of these two Irish strains.

He secured a young mahogany red Dundon cock off a walk, which cock was advised by John Stone as the brood cock over the four black hens. John Stone reiterated his preference for the even cross of Dundon-Sands. Badell also brought four hens and a young cock of his yellow-legged fowl. This was the stock Mr. Quirk brought or had sent him from Ireland, and which Stone bred to his yellow-legged stock and was called by some "Gilders." This

must have been quite a favorite and desirable cross, else he (Stone) would hardly have bred them for any length of time.

It must be kept in mind that while he bred other fowl, he (Stone) never referred to "his" fowl except when he meant the Dundon pure, Sands pure, or the Dundon-Sands cross. He mentions breeding fowl, he claims, were called Gilders by some people. He evidently acquiesced in this naming, as it offered distinction between them and his pure Irish importations. He also mentioned his yellow-legged fowl, but not in the sense of being an importation—his importation. (Please keep this in mind.—The Author.) Any of his fowl having any blood in them other than Dundon or Sands were not "his," even though he bred and fought them. Penn Badell let a few of his friends have some of his fowl after he brought them South and bred them. Jim Lloyd was fortunate to receive some and while Badell gave Lloyd and others, a full and complete history of them as he had received their history and the fowl from John Stone direct, and also related from time to time his visit to John Stone, he (Lloyd) decided to write to John Stone with a view of having Badell's statements verified.

Herein we insert a correct copy of an original letter (the writer has seen and read the original) written by John Stone to James (Jim) Lloyd. The original letter, though very old it is, or was, in the original stamped envelope. The spelling, repetitions, punctuation, etc., are re-

tained just as they were written by John Stone, who was regarded as an educated man by many who knew little, if anything, about him:

"Marblehead, Mass.
"Feby the 9-1869

"My Dear Sir

"Your letter to me was lost and that left to me now is only the outside envelop. It was true Mister Badell was to see me, for it was I invited him to come to me, and he he was a fine lad and he did bring four hens and and a fine young cock of my brown reds as pure as I had them out from Ireland 1850 and he bring to four more hens and young cock of my yellow leg fowl—this was the stock Mr. Quirk brot out and I bred in to my yellow leg stock and is called by some Gilders.

"My fowls was Irish brown reds and Doctor Sands Irish brown reds, but no Gilders and come brown reds and black reds but no yellow legs but blue and black.

"The Quirk fowls come first to him and was brown reds and had dark legs so afterwards they come Ginger reds and light black reds with yellow and white shanks and some mottled shanks and sometime a cock or a hen come a spangle. Saunders and I would breed the brown reds and the Claiborne stock together and mate them back to same color until all come near like and they come all good cocks and and bloody heelers and we bred the brown reds pure—you can do the same if you have them of Mister Badell like you wrote in you wrote in the letter,

and you can have fine large cocks in the South and fear no man, for no fowl there can beat them.

“I bid you good success in them, I will not breed any more game cocks and hope you and Mister Badell and Colonel Bacon will keep them pure.

“With respect sirr I am yours to command
“JOHN STONE.”

“To Mister James W. Lloyd,
Atlanta, Ga.”

John Stone, as will be seen, had only two importations, and he bred these pure and also in the even cross. He also bred these families to other blood and produced great cocks. He had some Claiborne stock and bred these with several of his own imported fowl as well as to fowl produced from other breeders.

Jerry Quirk came from Ireland and procured from there some dark-legged Brown Reds that later showed an occasional bright red with yellow or white legs and now and then a mottled leg or a spangle cock or hen, and Stone and Saunders crossed them on Claibornes and were called Gilders. This cross had its relation with a strain which Tom Bacon bred some time later.

William Kirk of Lowell, Mass., secured some roundheaded Brown Reds that were yellow-legged and called “Hellers.” These came from Ireland. One of these cocks killed two of John Stone’s and Saunders’ cocks, and Saunders sent a youngster by the name of Alf. Trask (who bred fowl for Stone and Saunders) to William

Kirk to buy one of these Hellers, for which he had to pay \$10, then regarded as a fabulous price. Saunders bred this cock on John Stone fowl.

Old man Marher (called Marr) of Lynn, Mass., defeated William Kirk a main, winning every battle. This disgusted Mr. Kirk, who had fine fowl but was not an experienced cocker, and he sold all his fowl to old man Marher, and later Stone and Marher bred them and the Claibornes together and then fought them successfully.

This cross was later called "John Stone Roundhead Claibornes," and also "Roundhead Claibornes." In their first days they were known as "Boston Roundheads," then later as "McCoy Roundheads," and now as "Dr. Saunders Roundheads," and were the same fowl that (as a fine cock) was given to William Allen, who let R. E. Walt take him and breed him over six old Grist Grady hens. Walt gave William Allen one-half of the stags, which were used by Allen, Shelton and Hemingway when they defeated Boyd and Buster at Allison Wells, Miss., in a main of one-half cocks and one-half stags. This was the beginning of the name and fame of the so-called Allen Roundheads. The credit for these fowl really should have been given to R. E. Walt, who originated them.

The preceding is a history of the John Stone fowl brought directly from John Stone and through Penn Badell, who visited John Stone for a week, where and when he saw the several

strains, learned their history and procured two yards which he brought to Georgia. From him we also learned that John Stone did not sell, give, nor ship an egg or female of his Irish importations to any man in the South until after the close of the Civil war. John Stone brought cocks and stags of his several strains when he fought all comers, and sold some of these birds to Bacon, Dunbar, Rhett and Morgan, and perhaps to some others. Dunbar may have received some hens from John Stone in 1858, but if so they were not the Irish Dundon or Sands fowl. Dunbar and Bacon did receive six hens each of the Irish hens immediately after the close of the Civil war. Alf. Trask boxed and shipped them for Stone and so told Mr. Harris. If Dunbar and others received any hens from Stone before the Civil war (Jim Clark mentioned over his signature of having unboxed them at Augusta, Ga., etc.) they were the fowl containing the Quirk Brown Red blood that had been bred to the Dundon-Claiborne cross and referred to as "Irish Gilders." Bacon had one or more of these male birds that he had bought from John Stone and it is the writer's opinion that Bacon also secured some of the hens of the same blood at some time for the reason that Walter Hopkinson, in a letter written in 1874 to his friend, Col. Vincent of Kentucky, to whom he presented a trio and advised the shipment thereof, of great birds he (Hopkinson) received from Col. Bacon's plantation and that he (Bacon) secured

them from John Stone (a blue-bellied Yankee, Hopkinson called him) and were called "Irish Gilders."

Bacon received six pure Dundon dark Irish fowl from John Stone immediately after the close of the Civil war and bred them to a John Stone cock and kept them pure. We have no knowledge of any historian giving an account of the perpetuation of these pure Dundons in Bacon's hands, and we make bold to ask what became of these fowl?

The writer is not unmindful of the claims of some who pronounce the pure Dundon dark Irish fowl as the Warhorse. Bacon in a letter he wrote to Mr. Huddleston of Tennessee, the originator of the "Seven Times Inside Reds," mentions his (Bacon's) Warhorses and also his John Stone fowl, and if such reference reveals or means anything it establishes in itself the fact that the Warhorses and the John Stone fowl pure, are two different strains.

Bacon had a strain of fowl called "Burnt Eyes" with which he was successful until they fought the John Stone birds. Bacon secured some of these John Stones at that time and bred one of them to a hen he secured from Wilson, of Beach Island, S. C. Bacon discarded his "Burnt Eyes" after the Bacon-Wilson progeny proved winners, and from that time on Bacon's breeding activities resulted in successful propagation of pure fowl of the John Stone blood. Mr. Wingate was in error when he claimed John Stone gave up his fowl at the

time or before his marriage. Penn Badell's visit after the war (1865) establishes this error and also makes certain of the Bacon fowl being John Stones. This brings us to the consideration of the Bacon fowl, which will be taken up in another article on Warhorses.

Cocks and Cockers In South America

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH

A most striking and gratifying achievement of the cocking sport is its universality. Adepts of the sport may be found wherever the sun shines regularly and fondness for it has created a natural fraternity all through the world that stands stronger and better lasting than most artificial unions of co-operative nature. This fraternity, being absolutely free of any compressing rules or laws, lacks the consequent friction between their members, so, there are no bitter discussions, nor personal hostility, no local patriotism nor boundaries to respect.

Heaven is the common roof, the world is the seat, and the sport the unic aim the fraternity strives at. One only will for all, one road to go for all and one object absolutely for all, the social relations of every member of this natural fraternity, in this sense, are delightfully pleasant.

When two cockers meet and know each other as such,—have you ever noticed the smile of understanding they exchange? I shall never forget when a high standing English gentleman inspected a farm in Central Chile with benevolent interest. On horseback, he and company, took

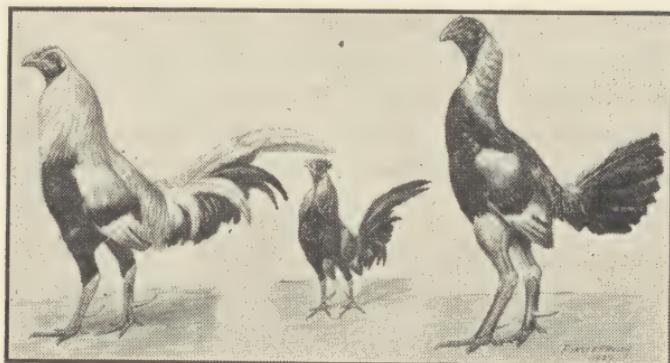
note of everything. Saw a house of a farm worker and suddenly stared at a few coops in the yard, where some of the native warriors were cowinw defiantly. Down was he from the horse, inquired, and in a few minutes the proud gentleman was shaking hands with the poor Chilian worker. This was the only occasion that the gentleman descended from the horse the whole day, to see something that attracted his greatest interest.

That is so when two cockers meet! Gentleman and peasant on the level.

Now observe how this stuff of internationality works out in Socialism, in politics and diplomatic relations. It causes me to laugh, how grown-up people of highest education fumble clumsily to get at a certain butt—be it political, religious or social. And when they reach the goal, how easily it is destroyed by the slightest commotion. Verily, the greatest things are the easiest to accomplish.—yet the crooked way has a strong lure for the human kind.

But cocks and cocking have gone the straight way, and you will find both all over the world where the sun shines.

South American cocking is not older than 400 years. Less so, as it can not have been practiced before the advent of the white man, who brought his cock under his arm way back in the early time of colonization. The Spaniards implanted the sport in South America together with the bulls. There is no doubt that they were cockers, as early



CHILIAN COCKS—A Spanish-Irish Giro (Duckwing) cock on the left. The oldest type found in Chile. Middle: A Bantam "Gallo de la Pasion." Right: The newer, Oriental type, trimmed and heeled for the pit.

mention of "cocks" (not hens), are rather frequent in antique papers.

It appears that blue Andalusians, Jerezanos, Valencianos, Baleares and Canarios, were universally known in Mexico, Cuba, Peru, Argentina, Uruguay and Chile at the dawn of Independence. There is not much written word about it, but talking chickens with old-timers, I have been able also to find out that several strains of famous cocks descended from stock imported from Ireland more than a hundred years ago. They were crossed on native stock, which apparently was small. There is still a breed of near Bantam cocks in this country called "Gallo de la Pasion," the legend being that they are of the same breed as the cock of Biblical tradition,—witness of Petrus denial of his association with our Saviour.

This little breed is plain and straight Bankiva or Ferrugieus. No mistake about this. They are

also identical with the French Cocq de Barbarie, and a small Canary breed. Reported as absolutely game then, but now evidently less so. They are kept merely for decorative purposes now, though fought now and then, as a sort of joke.

The present day Chilean game cocks are a somewhat mixed lot in type, thus Southern birds differ considerably from those of the Central and Northern region. One would believe that the Spanish type dominates, but this is evidently not universally so. The reason is this: Centuries ago, the only type of fowl known was the Spanish, both game and dunghill. Small birds, seldom exceeding four pounds. From these the "Pasion" strain emerged, as there is almost certainty that this breed has not been imported, at least not in the numbers as it was found two centuries ago. It may be pointed out right here that I have observed that wherever Bankivoid game fowl has been kept in freedom, as in Spain, Baleares, Canary Islands, Southern France, etc., with time running, a Bantam variety shows up, closely akin to the original wild *Gallus Bankiva (Ferrigineus)*. Ireland and England have their own Bantam variety, while those Bantams of Belgian origin are too well known to need a special description. Furthermore, in Egypt, where poultry breeding was carried on in a scale scarcely reached now in the States, a decidedly Bankivoid bird was kept and also a Bantam variety known. This may be ascertained, watching old pictures of that time.

The Chilian Pasion breed has a counterpart in such South American countries where Spanish

games predominate, as Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru, etc. Nobody cares much for this, as their occurrence, as said, is common.

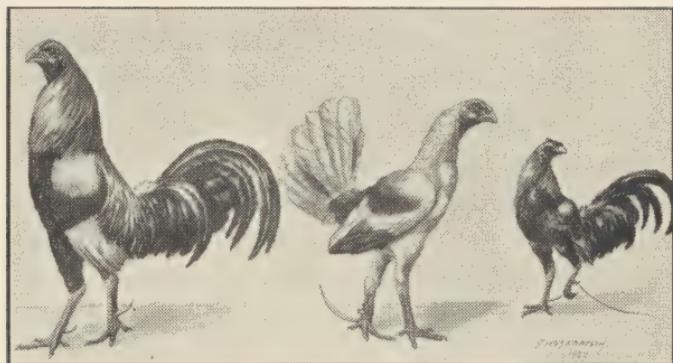
During Colonial times, Dutch freebooters settled in the bay of Arauco, where the savage Araucano Indians resisted three centuries to any attempt of the Spaniards to subdue them. Relations between Indians and the fair haired netherlanders, however, must have become very friendly, as a tribe of fair, blue eyed Indians, noted for their size and beauty are still in evidence. Furthermore, the Indians got some of their poultry, game or otherwise. From Arauco came cocks, resembling the Flemish and Liege game, and subsequently many freaks were produced, due doubtless to crossing on one hand, and the peculiarity of the soil on the other. Fivetoed fowl appeared and were identified by an Indian name "Marinamo." Others came bearded, tufted and tasseled. Others finally with feathers on earlobe, like earrings. The most salient freak however, is the hen laying blue shelled eggs and the native rumpless. This gave rise to the belief that those rumpless, ear-ringed and blue eggs laying hens, were derived from a native wild trunk, and caused good old Prof. Castello, of Barcelona, to read a paper about this fact at the Hague Congress, that created quite a little sensation. Time corrected this statement however, the more so as I have been able to prove that this blue shell egg is a freak, now and then produced also in standard-bred breeds, but ALL originally with dark shells. All Indian cocks are decidedly dunghills now, and this

being so is responsible for the fact that this region is the only one in Chile where cocks are fought otherwise than naked heel. Fights must last short time only, and consequently curved blade slashers, named "corvos" after the fighting knife of the miners of that district, are used.

Oriental blood has been infused into Chilian games of the Central provinces—a region that has large sea connections, Talcahuano, San Antonio and Valparaiso—and also the only transandine connection by railway to the Atlantic.

Pure Bankivas are abundant near Chile only, and though carried north and south for fighting or breeding, the pit game fowl of the Central region is strongly Oriental in features. It is well to state also, that though runaways and wheelers occur, well bred birds are deadly game and perfectly savage. The more so, since Oriental blood has been deliberately used, and such cocks that disappoint their owners are early destined to the pot.

There are five fairly good, open pits near Santiago, where fights are always carried out Sundays and Mondays, despite the law against the sport. The best fights however, are to be seen at the club, Saturday afternoon. The order, quietness, absence of drunks and general fair play in the pit contrasts favourably with the crowds at open amusements and sporting events, where the temper, fighting instinct and notable humoristic sense of this manly race of people seems to find a valve to release their joy, in a roaring form of enthusiasm.



Left: An Argentino, shake-bag of older times. Now being replaced by Orientals. Middle: Peruvian Slasher fighter Pile cock, ready for action. Right: A small Paraguayo cock.

Senators, deputies, physicians, officers, down to the labourer may be met at the pit. Very seldom have I had opportunity to see something crooked, and never have I met a drunk man. This is some performance with people that are blessed with an oversize thirst and where the most generous wine and "chicha" seem to invite to take a deep suction from the large glasses in which the drinks are served.

True, some drinking and eating goes on after the fights, and many a winner (man, not cock), have I seen falling K. O. by the "spiritual" punch of a cool "chacoli" (young wine). But in the small pubs, usually called "casinos" or "restaurants" you may come across some distinguished gentlemen swapping "saludes" with friends and their feeders, and arranging some revanche fights for next time. Police officers are seldom seen thereabouts and when so, not in uniform. It is

peculiar that despite the law, these places are never raided, nor has any attempt to enforce the law borne any fruit. The large birds near the government know too well how silly such laws are, and wisely tend a helping hand to the fraternity. Happy, beautiful country, full of sun and noble cocks and cockers!

It may interest you to know that very seldom mains are fought. Generally matches are arranged for single cocks, one, two up to five birds a side. When a man knows that another fellow has a good cock, winner of several battles, he tries to arrange a match between both cocks and stake quite a lot of money. They may agree to fight another pair or so, but seldom a main is arranged and fought. Fights, specially when Banki-voids are used, last a long time. Sometimes, however, a fight is decided at first flight.

Hacks or by-fights are numerous, surprises frequent. Results are identical to those of other countries, but the single or individual cock is more important than the strain or race. Such are sometimes identified, but as a rule neither breed, colour nor type is cared for a bit. The individual cock, that is what counts. According to the performance of national fighters abroad, as Vicentini, Romero Rojas or Loayza, their names appear on the pit for the cocks.

Feeders or trainers are a joyous lot of professionals. Apparently they know everything, are keen detectives, know the girls, dice, cards and the best wines. Seldom do they own a stud for themselves, having learned by experience that it is bet-

ter to have the "patron" (employer) to run the risk of expenses and loss, while the joy of the sport is all their own.

Old "galleros" though, keep their own fowls. Experience and knowledge puts them in a class by themselves. If educated sufficiently, they show the best judgment and do not make half the fuss, that is usual with younger men. Sometimes they show real deep knowledge, and their advice is valuable. I have seen cocks in the hands of old Juan de la Cruz that were masterly trained, and a special cock I remember that was never defeated during 5 years, and who was Pasha now over a dozen hens. Old Juan stuck to the mother hens he knew, and after hearing quite a long conference I gave him on the female line, consented to say: "Look here sir, I am not so well versed with the art of speech, but straight on I will tell you, that what you tell me now, I have followed since over 50 years."

He had no name for his system of breeding, my words were a revelation to him, yet his knowledge was sound from the beginning, and never did he cross out. He got his birds from his father, inbred of course, and he continued the system, breeding in and in, keeping it as secret, straight on the female line and—NO DETERIORATION. The old man never had anything but game chickens and always the same strain—blackreds, Irish-Spanish. They came dark, rather heavily feathered, with an occasional white feather. Leggy birds they were and dead game. Juan knew nothing about other breeds of fowl, and once he was pre-

sented with a Leghorn cockerel he proceeded quietly to trim and prepare him for a fight. The poor Leghorn came to his first sparring only and thence to a savoury "cazuela" funeral.

Lots of anecdotes I remember of the old man, who used to call at my place frequently and every time he had a few more stories ready to tell. He disliked my Orientals and stated that they were poor birds for poor people, having almost no dress to wear. He learned their wealth of fighting resources later, by own experience and lost heavily betting against me. Still mostly, he was sitting on the winning bench, and from the cocks winning he secured a site and house with orchard and garden where to walk cocks after his own fashion. When he died, a few years ago, his stock had run down to about a dozen cocks, while at his age, near 95, he did not intend to quit yet. Being as prolific as his "gallos finos" from 12 sons and daughters he had 104 grandchildren and 34 great-grandchildren. So the people remarked in joke, that every one got a stone from the old man's site, while the cocks and hens were sacrificed at the funeral feast. He was buried in the presence of a large crowd, and many one was there surprised that old Juan de la Cruz had really died. He did not look so.

Any sort of weapons, gaffs or slashers, are barred from the central provinces. An attempt to introduce them few years ago met with general dislike. Cocks are sparred with muffs and fought naked-heeled. Few days before the fight, the spurs are sharpened and polished. Early during

the training period the cock has been trimmed as shown in the picture herewith. Leather boots are sewn to the shanks, with the expectation that these leggings will protect the shanks from spurs and blows of the antagonist which otherwise would break the bones. In fact I have not seen a single accident of this nature, though I have seen wings and necks broken continually. But no broken shanks.

No nursing allowed. Once set down, the cocks have it all their own way unto the bitter end or complete exhaustion. Then the referee orders the first confrontation, the "careo" (facing). If a cock fails to peck, two times, sometimes three, four and five, he loses. The umpire looks for the slightest foul. The cock is raised softly and placed simultaneously on the line. If both fail to peck, it is a draw, even with one cock dying. A dead cock loses. Anyhow, once let go there is no chance to help your cock, he must fight it out without any seconding—and how they fight!

Argentine.

It has been stated that the sport there is on the decline. This is evidently so in and around Buenos Aires, where the police are unusually sharp behind the cocker but cannot help that hundreds of murders occur monthly and that lots of bandits gather constantly in obscure pubs of the worst sort. But there is plenty of cocking in the provinces of the north—Tucuman, Corriente, Salta, Jujuy up to Paraguay. Naked heel is the rule, but my dear old friend Don Atilio Rossi informs me that steel and gold spurs are also used with

light birds. I shall refer to this later again.

Natural spurs are used either sharpened or blunt. Great number of fowls, even the winners, die due to infection by this method, a case not so frequent in Chile, where cocks are carefully nursed and with evident success after a battle. Senor Rossi states that the short gold spurs, called "puas romas" (blunt gaffs) are also used in Tucuman, Buenos Aires and Corrientes, for heavy cocks, the fights lasting for over an hour. For the lighter cocks steel gaffs "puas bravas" (sharp points) are used with the effect that fights are settled quickly and often at the first pitting. Slashers were in use forty years ago but now abandoned. As a curiosity it may be mentioned that this was the Spaniard's (Andalusians) sport.

There is no definite breed of fowls in Argentine, beyond some exceptional studs. The types found are awkward crossbreeds. Nobody cares for a determined breed, type or color. Fighting spirit and gameness is all that is looked for. Exhibitions provide for pit fowl classes under the heading of "Mestizaciones de combate" or fighting crosses. No cock is used for breeding that has not won a fight, or at least a full brother to the fighter is used.

There is but little doubt that Spanish, Old English, Canary, Brazilian and later on Indian Game and Shamo blood, have contributed their share to this breeding salad. It may be mentioned that Old English game blood has been a failure in Chile absolutely, being unable to fight against the native, Irish and Spanish stock in naked heels.

Sometimes superbly game, they seem to lack the punch that is paramount condition in naked heels. I do realize that the stock imported may not be of the best, generally, but in some instances I am absolutely sure that high class birds have been procured, and still, no account.

My dear friend, Don Atilio Rossi, who started to breed game fowls way back in the nineties, keeps a stud of Orientals, Japs, Aseel and Calcuttas. There is no show without him acting as judge in the game classes, and no better judge than him for the purpose. Americans calling at Buenos Aires should pay him a visit in Street Arcos No. 2849, where his stud "Alida" is the obligate pilgrimage of adepts to the sod. Methods of training and feeding do not differ from those universally practiced.

Argentine is one of those countries where roads meet from everywhere, this evidently being the reason why they have not a national breed of game fowl. I have had the opportunity to see a statistical list of importations and was surprised to learn that thousands of fowls come in every year. About the same thing applies to Uruguay, and consequently the game fowl of that country is similar to that of Argentine, though evidently influenced by their proximity to Brazil, which is a grand land for the sport. Still a bird of near English stamp and type prevails, but the smaller Spanish may still be found rather pure, but heavily feathered and almost every imaginable color combination.

Paraguay, the small inland republic, is rather



Paraguayan cocks. The birds are permanently kept in this fashion. They are never cooped. Straining at the lash, jumping and running round, they get the exercise (vareo) necessary to keep in form.

isolated and, in accordance with this fact, the game breeds there have acquired a national character, though mainly of Spanish descent. The cocks are small, about four pounds being the maximum, while on the other side they run down in weight to just an over-bantam size. Neat birds, perfectly savage and dead game. Near Asuncion, the capital, a foreigner may be surprised to learn that workmen come regularly to their jobs with a little cock under the arm. It is a fact. If you see some man without the obligate "gallito," you may safely assume that he is a foreigner. These little cocks are never cooped. Their walking and training is according to this system: The cock is fed from the hand and watered, then he is muzzled to avoid him picking anything from the ground. A string about three yards in length is attached to one leg and the end fastened to a stick driven in the ground. A few yards further on the next

worker fastens his cock; and so on, until the place is covered with as many cocks as there are workmen. Nobody objects to this system of "vareo" (training). When the owner takes his meal, he first goes to his cock, lifts him up, strokes him with the refined perfection attained by long practice, and has a chat with him. Owner and cock sleep together. The first thought on arising is the cock, which is attended to carefully.

On Sundays the cocks are fought and part of the week's salary staked. Some win, while others lose. They never become excited and the money always runs between their hands. Some of these cocks are extremely good. I knew one bought by a young Englishman that knew no defeat, a small silver duckwing with partially white tail. As far as my friend told me he fought and won 34 battles before he was blinkered. This little cock was known almost everywhere as "El Pagono," as his owner would take him every Sunday out to fight any cock he met, for \$5.00 down to 50 cents, or just for fun. Of course this cock had a trait, being able to roll his antagonist and then kick him dead. It has been stated that as a blinker he changed tactics, but to the same effect. His owner took him aboard ship on his return voyage, but here he met a miserable fate, being killed by rats.

Breeding in Paraguay is a simple matter. Some cobbler, farmer, hairdresser, and very seldom some real cocker, has a few hens under a

noted winning cock. Eggs are hatched in any corner, and the chicks are allowed to run free. They grow up without any care, look out for themselves, and survive according to circumstances or fitness. Real little pariahs they are until some day Fate comes through the door in the form of some "paisano" to buy and own him. The paisanos (men of the land) display considerable judgment and care in their selection, and seldom do they choose wrong. Direction and size of spur, leg muscle, wings and eyes are carefully inspected. The price is agreed and paid. Paisanos do not pay much more than 60 cents to one dollar, U. S. gold equivalent, but foreigners pay double. From now on the little cock travels under arm, up and down the country, and gets his "vareo" and food in the usual way. If he is good he survives, if not he is killed and afterwards eaten by his owner. Sometimes they fight "gallo perdido," that is to say the winner gets the killed antagonist cock, which of course is devoured with every sign of utmost satisfaction.

This is about the simplest method of selection imaginable and fairly good enough for good Paraguay, the land where the little cocks run around in a circle, always pulling at a leash to get at a neighbor cock, and identified by a French traveller as "the land of the jumping cocks" (*Tierra de los gallos saltones*).

Peru is a grand cocking land. No prohibition here. Cocking is a well recognized sport, controlled by the laws, with municipal officials

attending. Open public cockpits, elegantly equipped and termed "Coliseos de gallos." Members of society, press and academic profession meet here and gamble to their heart's delight. But generally speaking, there is good order in the Coliseo, no drunks nor crooks. Moderation in every sense makes the attendance pleasant, while the polite Peruvians are a nice lot of people with whom to deal; barring Chileans, of course, who had the misfortune to go out on the warpath twice against Peru. So the Chilean is soundly hated and the constant work of military spying has created a spirit that made it difficult for the States to find a formula of international agreement. Yet cockers of both lands meet on the square and respect each other.

Peru has written laws and regulations for the pit, and I had the pleasure, some years ago, of sending a booklet to that American authority on game matters, Dr. Harry P. Clarke, of Indianapolis.

Fights in Lima and other towns are in slashers, identical to those used in Mexico, both in shape and length.

The cocks used, though not being a homogeneous lot, are either Spanish or some near American type. National strains are also frequent. As in other countries, where fights are in slashers, no better cock can be employed than the ultra-rapid pheasant type, or old Sumatra. Yet these are scarce, but a fighting Sumatra strain that was sent to Peru won in such flashing style that I have been constantly re-

quired to sell more. Spanish Jerezano and Valnectiano cocks are bred and occasionally imported.

Yet the bulk of cocks, sometimes miscalled "Chileanos" is a nondescript lot of problematic breeding. I know of second rate cocks sent from here to Lima by traders, and to my surprise learned later that they made an exceedingly good performance. Chilean cocks are constantly sent over to Peru, and it appears that for climatic and other conditions there, it is not possible to breed them to standard quality. I presume that grading, cross-breeding, lack of reliable female lines, together with poor management is mostly responsible for the failure. Peru must be a grand land for selling American bred cocks of highest speed.

Bolivia, the neighbor of Peru, the land that was pushed away from the sea by the Pacific war of 1879, allied to Peru, has no originality in the cocking line. Everything seems to be a plague of what happens in Peru, only weakened considerably. Yet there is money in that country and it should be a good market for American breeders.

All these countries, once Spanish colonies, show more or less Spanish blood in their game fowls, and whatever Oriental birds they have were introduced within the last two or three decades.

But Brazil is different entirely. It was formerly a Portuguese colony, and negro elements are superabundant. Brazil has a decidedly

African touch, especially so along the coast. This country is enormously interesting from every point of view. Flora and fauna are different to most other countries of South America, and it would fill books to describe what may and may not be found in this wonderful land. However, one thing that comes within the scope of these lines is surely striking. Brazil has since long ago had a native breed of true Oriental game fowl. Attempts to investigate their origin have met failure, old-timers stating that the breed is aboriginal. However, we are able to state that this is not so. This Brazilian Malayoid may be found all along the coastal district, north and south, and in several places along the Amazon and its tributaries, but *not* in isolated places. That is to say the breed is found where shipping existed. In regions where cargo is carried on horse- or Indian-back, that is, where transportation becomes difficult, the cock is not found. If it was indigenous to the country there would be no reason (imperative) for its extinction, as the largest part of the land affords the most perfect protection to the wild life it bears, and the Indians inhabiting savage Brazil are not armed so as to account for the fact. Furthermore, the type and adaptibility of the birds has no relation to the flora. If a hen-like bird was native of Brazil it could only be a forest or tree-dweller and really we find Guans, Hokkos, Curassows and pheasants there, which are related to the Galli, but not such as we know them.

We find some explanation where they came



BRAZILIAN COCKS—Left: A white Oriental naked heeler. These cocks are bred in Brazil since old times, apparently imported by the first Portuguese settlers. Middle: A fighting Silkie cock. Notably close heeled birds, they were crossed with other varieties way back some 50 years ago. Right: A Brazilian "Africano" or Tamatava cock. Doubtless identical with "*Gallus Madagascariensis*." All three varieties have been inter-crossed, yet the dominant bird in the pit is the white.

from if we ascertain that besides the full-feathered Malay, we also find the Madagascar or Tamatava naked fowl, locally termed "Africanos," besides a fighting black Silkie. Nobody knows how far these breeds have been inter-crossed, but crossed they are. Furthermore, the Canary breed is also found here extensively, both pure and crossed with Malay. This type of fowl predominated some 20 or 30 years ago, i. e., a cross Malay, Tamatava, Silkie and Canary. Yet the Oriental type emerges again and again.

We find the best explanation for the existence of the Oriental Malay in Brazil in the fact that the Portuguese were diligent and clever sailors

ages ago. That they had a big trade in the Orient and that their ships called very often at Brazilian ports during Colonial times. In fact, Brazil was an obligate calling point for ships that came round Cape of Good Hope, via Atlantic to Lisbon. Madagascar was another intermediate port of call, where food supplies could be taken on board ships. It is a well known fact that in the Southern hemisphere, especially the track between Good Hope and South America, is favored with constant antarctic air currents. There was no reason for the Portuguese to call at the Spanish Buenos Aires, but necessary to drop anchor at Rio de Janiero for water and supplies. Most ships carried small animals, as pigs, sheep and hens, especially of omnivorous habits.

Now, the sailing conditions made it difficult or inconvenient for ships to call at Brazil on the voyage from home. Ships appear to have called at African ports on the voyage from home, and called at Brazil on the return voyage. This would explain the existence of Malay fowl all along the coastal district of Brazil, but none on the places of difficult access in the hinterland. On the other hand, Spaniards had no trade to the Orient with ships calling at South America on their way back, and that is why in Spanish America no Orientals are found as in Brazil.

Cock-fights are abundant in Brazil up to this day and practiced generally in blunt natural spurs. Though not so refined as anything in Peru, as to the cocking contests, yet the Brazil-

ian Oriental Game are true-blooded game, or as it is valued there "of first order or gold of 18 k." In type the pure stock is almost identical to a Jap-Shamo, white fowl evidently being preferred. As such they are Malay and Indian Game with a dash of Bankiva blood or Sumatra.

The Canary breed is identical to the Spanish Game, described elsewhere, but the fighting Silkie, or Silky, may be a revelation to some. Ordinary looking, black or brown fowl, crested, bearded and tufted. Aggressive cocks from three to five pounds, but lacking bottom. It has always been a matter of speculation how far these birds are related to the Malay ancestor or to the Sumatra, or if they are entirely sports. I would not dare, after having seen what I saw, to close the chapter about them. The white Silkie known in Europe and America,—from the cocking side—is nothing but a dunghill degeneration from the black or brown fighting birds of same origin. Yet—who knows exactly?

* * * * *

Four hundred years ago! The Spanish soldiers conquered the new world and settled down from Mexico to Fireland. All the countries they subdued have about the same cocks derived from whatever they brought over. The Portuguese settled down in Brazil and brought cocks from their Oriental Colonies, while the English did

the same in North America, scattering their own national game fowl. The history of America is so young that all this may be traced without great effort.

I have stated years ago that the distribution of the game cocks in the whole world, is the origin of civilization and history! Both go hand in hand. As for example, see America!

Secret Ways of Nature

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH

From the shell to the pit, a cock's life takes but 12 to 18 months to elapse. In this short period a wonder of Nature has been completed under our eyes which the average cocker lazily denominates development. This process begins as soon as the shell bursts to release a small, wet, extremely weak and delicate creature, apparently unable to live,—the chick.

But under his mother's warmth the little wretch dries, gets up, and very soon we see a funny downy ball take his first glance, through vivid inquiring eyes, into the world that bears his future. Outside the mother's wings awaits destiny! What will it be?

Nature has disposed for him already according to a wise plan: (1) distribution of the maternal yolk, (2) feeding, (3) growing, and (4) maturing. Each section of this plan is a biological process that looks enormously complicated, and the whole of which, as remarked above, is called: *Development!* This development then is practically normal growth, and the base of this is cell division.

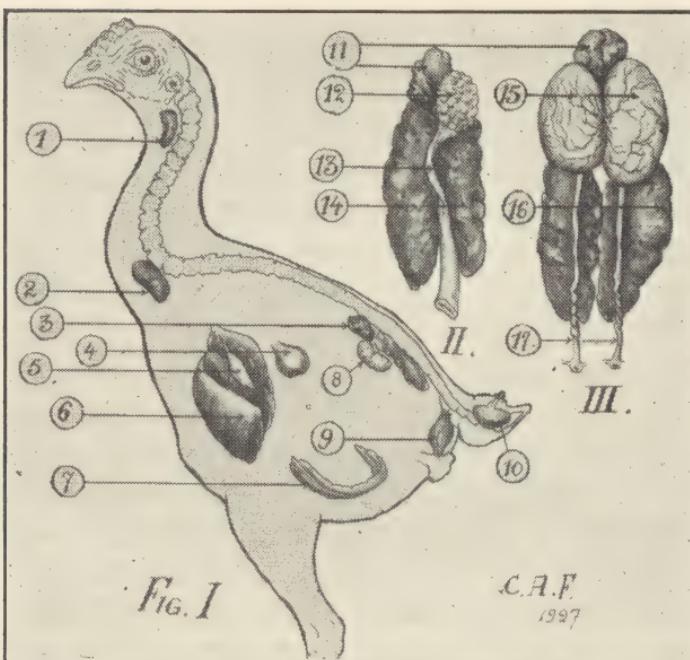
The whole organism is composed of tissues, which in their turn are built up from countless cells. To accomplish growth, cells do not grow larger in size but larger in numbers. That is to

say, they multiply. The cells of a chick are the same size as those of a mature cock, only the latter has a larger number of them.

We know that cells multiply and we know how they do it. The secret is, we do not know exactly why, and when the savants explain, or try to, a thing that they do not exactly know, they set forth a theory.

Cell division, to accomplish growth, is governed by a mechanism called Mitosis. It may be simply explained here as the fundamental process of life.

The cell is a body like a ball or egg. It contains the plasma. About the center of this there is a compact mass floating, the nucleus. This nucleus is rather complicated and may be compared with a yolk surrounded by a net of diminutive bodies (reticula) called chromosomes. In the upper region there is a small point, the centrosome. It divides into two and both separate. At the same time the chromosomes form a line, split and locate themselves in the middle between both centrosomes in perfect formation. Then they divide themselves into halves, each attracted by the nearest centrosome, round which they form another ball or nucleus, round which again closes the new cell. Both new cells as soon as they are completed, start a new division, and so on. It stands to reason that if one cell multiplies in two, and these into four, they have to take material somewhere to attain full size. This material is conducted to the cells by the blood circulation, and the blood is



PRINCIPAL GLANDS—1 Thyroid, 2 Thymus, 3 Adrenal, 4 Spleen, 5 Gall, 6 Liver, 7 Pancreas, 8 Testicle, 9 Fabricius and 10 Oil Gland. Figure 2: Female sexual glands, 11 Adrenal, 12 Ovary (left, as the right one disappears in embryonic state), 13 Part of oviduct, 14 Kidneys. Figure 3: Male sexual glands. 11 Adrenal, 15 Testicles, 16 Kidneys and 17 Vas Deferens or Ejectors.

built up from the food the individual ingests.

The deduction naturally is that cell division (growth) is dependent on the food ingested. Badly fed chickens, quantitative and qualitative, become stunted. As stated, nobody happens to know exactly why cells divide. It depends on food, but is not governed by it initially, nor has blood pressure any commanding influence. The truth is that growth goes on normally according to the function of certain internal glands which

exude diminishing small quantities of secretive liquid which positively influence the mechanism of cell division. Food affects these glands primarily, and when they function correctly then growth sets in ordinarily. As evidence, if such glands are totally or partially destroyed, no matter how you feed your chicks, they simply won't grow. If you restore the glands by grafting, then growing sets in again.

Growth stops with maturity, both in wild and domestic conditions. Comparing the development of wild and domestic fowls we can also deduct how available food influences it. A wild jungle cock ingests whatever food the season affords; young sprouts in spring, insects and larvae during summer, fruit and seeds in autumn, and generally fast in winter, having to search diligently for the morsels they want. The domestic bird, having a continuous supply of food, does not stop growing, and while the wild bird, for economic purposes, must remain small, the domestic may grow to twice and three times its original size, to wit: the Bankiva and his offshoot, the giant Flemish Game.

There is further evidence that gland segregation commands growth. The sexual glands and organs are present even in the embryonic stage and influence growth positively, as can be evidenced from sexual differentiation of chickens and their size. Yet sexual function is absent until testicles or ovaries are awakened after attaining certain size and quality. The completion and subsequent segregation of the sexual glands

arrests body growth. Sexually precocious birds remain small, but late sexuality, as in Orientals, has a tendency to make them grow larger.

Difference in size with pure-blooded fowls of local breeds, Spanish, Irish, French, etc., is entirely due to climatic conditions and food available. Crossbreds are uncertain in their development, but become settled when inbred. In fact, so have many standard bred fowls been handled, establishing varieties of industrial importance.

We have seen that food supply has a marked influence upon growth, but it is well to warn the breeder that quantity has not so large importance as quality. Gland function is positively affected by the presence or absence of vitamines in the food. The discussion of this point, however, we shall leave for another occasion.

The Secret of Breeding.

Asked by the professor about reproduction, a candidate stated seriously: "Well, that is easy enough!" And so it looks. Yet, from the preliminary stage up to the point of fecundation, from this up to the completion of the egg, and onwards to the eclosion of the chick, are series of phenomena full of mysterious processes which are important to the breeder, and the ignorance of which is the cause of long polemics in the specific literature. To settle such disputes, as the value of the female line, the value of inbreeding, the value of sexual gland segregation, instinct, etc., I believe it is necessary to enter the ranks of investigation. We finally

come to the conclusion that it is a matter of mathematics, in which the number of probabilities attain such enormities that they appear to overwhelm the casual observer.

Yet at the bottom, it may be "easy enough."

The Germ Cell.

So called to differentiate it from the common growth cell. In the lower stages of animal life, worms, etc., the ordinary cell acts as germinal cell also. Thus a piece of a worm may develop into a perfect specimen. In other species a part of the body separates from the whole, performs sexual functions, and afterward joins the mother-body again, as with the Palolo-worm. I can just point to this possibility, as we are here going to deal with fowls alone. We must advance that every step in the production of the germinal cell is planned to perform some function, even if it appears that by-products are cast aside or lavished. In the male and female the process is almost identical, so that we can speak of the germinal cell in a general way. In the sexual organ (ovary or testicle) the cell approaches maturity. We see the centrosomes falling apart and the chromosomes dividing into two equal numbers of granules. Every half forms a new cell of like value, each having the same number of chromosomes of the original, but only half the amount of substance or quality. This is what we call the preliminary or qualitative division. If in this stage fecundation took place an equal number of male chromosomes would enter the cell and thus form an

ovum with double the quantity of chromosomes full cell instead of emerging four fecundable cells, than usual in the original cell. And as each cell is like the mother cell in subsequent divisions, the offspring would have double the amount of chromosomes as the parent, and so subsequently.

Therefore, the germinal cell, after the preliminary division, performs another in which the chromosomes do not split in halves again, but the whole number divides into halves, so that the new emerging cells have only half the amount of chromosomes. This is called the final or quantitative division, the product being half the quality and half the quantity of the original mature cell. With fecundation through a male cell the quantity and quality are restored and the resulting new cell is the fecundated ovum or egg.

Thus the completed cell of the female in the first division got one-half the chromatin matter (mass of chromosomes) and in the second one-half the number of chromosomes. Therefore in total, just before fecundation, it has one-quarter of the original chromatin and one-half the number of chromosomes. It is most important, to understand the part of the female, that while division goes on from the original cell instead of emerging four fecundable cells, only one is so, the other three remaining stunted, being called polar bodies. In so far the original cell is equal to the fecundable cell, but reduced to half its value, in quantity and quality.

In the male, after division, all four cells grow tails and automotion and have the same fecunding power.

It is generally accepted that the chromosomes are the bearers of inheritance, and this being so, after above statements, it stands to reason that the hen is much more even in reproducing her qualities than is the cock. The cock, employing either of his divided cells in fecunding the ovum, is to a large degree uncertain in transmitting his qualities, while there is reason to believe that the hen does it evenly. The selected mother hen is therefore worth four times the male.

I have tried to explain the value of inbreeding elsewhere. I have also stated that bad qualities, if dormant in either parent, are more liable to reappear in the male line, and that this inconvenience is far more probable in cross-breeding. After the aforesaid phenomenon of germ cell division the reader will be able to understand that while he is inbreeding he can eliminate the undesirable males at time, considering growth and precocity. The female line is, by nature, fixed enough, and if the breed is cross-bred and hybridized to an inconvenient degree, this will soon show up in regressive tokens. But if good qualities are inbred and the undesirable males eliminated at time, your breed must improve if you are wise enough to select your mother hens according to your standard of quality.

If we take the process of cell division as base, we will also be able to understand why we must

mate either mother to son, grandmother to grandson, or daughter to sire, to select for improvement, i. e. inbreeding in vertical sense. From any of the above matings if variation in detrimental direction appears, it will be 75% on the males and only 25% on the females. You will only use selected males, and if the whole batch is not good enough, blame the sire first (75% safety) and breed your pullets to the grandsire. If you breed sister to brother, the chromosomal difference will be equalized, resulting in partial or total hermaphroditism. This is the result of horizontal line breeding. That is an explanation why some inbred stock deteriorates.

For inbreeding (take my word for it) do it in a vertical sense—paternal on filial stock. Select the offspring, observing closely the chicks you want to spare as breeders and you cannot go far wrong.

For outbreeding, use indifferently sister to brother, the melange will show sooner and you will be able to dispose of your fowls before too much time is wasted.

The purer your stock in blood the more you can inbreed them. Pure blood can even stand close horizontal inbreeding for many generations, but do not try the scheme with cross-breds. The enormous variety of freak breeds and varieties is due to cross-breeding or hybridization and subsequent (even involuntary) inbreeding. Pure blooded inbred stock stands the test of time—crosses or grades, never.

Glands.

Correct glandular function is responsible for physical perfectioin. Degeneration, therefore, is due to glandular disease. Glands work inti-mately in accordance with the nerves, and these are governed by cerebral centres. Without further explanation a breeder of a game fowl will at once notice how injury to a nerve centre may affect the proper working of the glands, which may be transmitted to the offspring right away or in a latent form, which will show up only in some of the brood. The explanation why some of the offspring appear unaffected may be found in the haphazard employment of a male's germ cells during fecundation, as we know that the hereditary important mass of chromatin has been divided in four parts, and that one-fourth only goes into every sperm or germ cell. The heir of disease may have missed the chance to fecundate the female cell.

Glandular function is by no means fully understood, and as it is not the object of these lines to give a full account of their function, we can merely enumerate them superficially.

Bursa of Fabricius: A sac-like organ present in embryos and young chicks just above the cloaca. The inner surface is lined with glandular tissue. I have experimentally removed this gland in chicks. They became stunted and weak and finally died. My theory is that it has a marked influence on regular growth, but can give no positive news until experiments give further evidence.

Intestinal Glands: Very numerous and mostly all connected with digestive functions. Disorder causes immediate bowel trouble.

Liver: Is the largest gland. In the right lap we find the gall bladder and the gall-ducts empty into the duodenal loop.

Pancreas: Intestinal salivary gland, emptying into the duodenal loop. The secret of this gland is all-important in digestion.

Spleen: A large gland, which apparently regenerates the white blood bodies but otherwise are of unknown function. I believe that this gland functions to general benefit when the body is obliged to cease the usual exercise. Stale cocks (in coop) show a diseased spleen.

Thymus Gland: Present in young birds This is in the growing stage the most important gland, being intimately connected with the sexual glands. The thymus gland influences growth to sexual maturity, and disappears or shrivels when sexual glands are in function. Its absence causes diminution of nerve and muscle function and retards the sexual development. Otherwise, when the sexual glands are removed the thymus glands enlarge considerably.

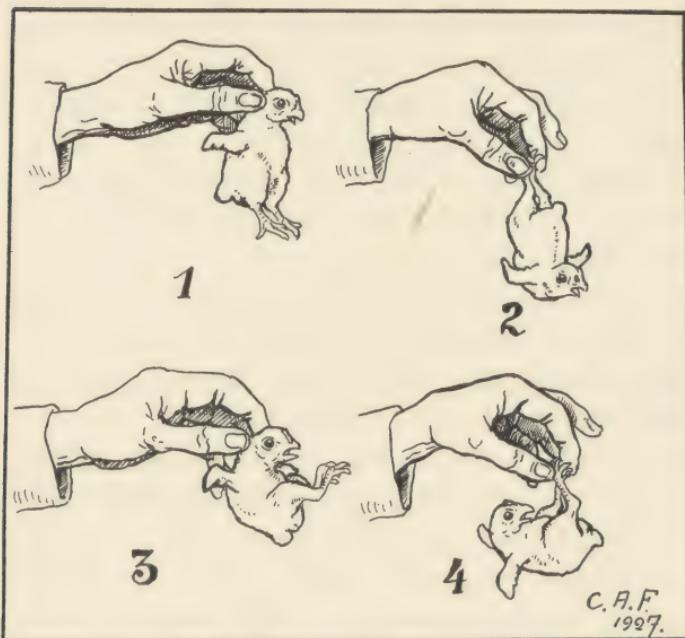
Carotid Glands: Abundantly supplied by blood vessels and placed at base of carotid arteries.

Adrenal Glands or Suprarenals: Located just before the kidneys. Their function is unknown they produce two opposing secretions (hormones), adrenalin and cholin. When the adrenal glands are removed the absence of adre-

nalin causes nerve and bowel trouble, accompanied by physical and mental decay. Convulsions follow and death. The adrenal glands, together with the sexual glands influences feather growth. When these glands are diseased in a pullet, not only do the ovaries degenerate, but she assumes male characteristics.

Sexual Glands: Ovaries in the female and testicles in the male. Their presence is all-important in breeding; not only are they responsible for the production of germ cells (ovum and sperm), but they influence, through internal segregation (hormones) the character, physical and mental development. The slightest injury to these glands is easily fatal to the offspring. When sexual glands are grafted in a decrepit individual the hormone production causes a regeneration or rejuvenation. This internal segregation or its absence is responsible for youth and decrepitude.

Abnormalities in gland segregation during the growing stage affect the sexual glands, causing partial or complete hermaphroditism. While complete hermaphrodites are really scarce (I have seen only one case) the partial phase is rather frequent in degenerated strains of fowl. This degeneration may be due to horizontal or fraternal inbreeding, but much more so to glandular injury in the sire. Evidence to this end is that such degenerations are rather frequent in steel fighting strains but almost unknown in naked heelers. Steel punctures in the body may, therefore, be judged with the



SEX SELECTION—1 and 2, Chicks held at neck or feet, if they hang straight down are males, but if they crumple up as at 3 and 4, are females. This is the old Chinese method.

greatest distrust, even if the hurt cock apparently completely recovers. Equally, cuts that cause even only the slightest lameness are prone to prove fatal in the breeder. If you are sure of the blood in your yards better not fight with steel a stag or cock you want to put over your hens. But you can spar him with muffs to your heart's delight.

Instinct.

When the chick is ripe to burst the shell, it has developed a little hard horn on the beak that is a tool expressly made to crack the shell.

Many authors state that the chick pecks at the shell. I am in position to deny this pecking emphatically. The chick turns round slowly and stretches himself so as to burst the enclosure. The little horn is slightly pressed against the shell and, this being very tender, cracks. Going round thus the shell is cut and finally burst open. To see just how little exertion is necessary to do this, try to crack a shell from the outside first, and then from the inside.

The hen does not assist the chick, though she feels what is going on, and to the chirps or cries of the chick liberating himself she answers with a comforting deep grunt. But just how a chick knows what he has to do at the right moment, nobody knows, and failing a better explanation this is simply called instinct. What instinct really is and how it is set in motion is still such a mystery as the origin of life. With time going on we shall learn that the original motion is nothing but a chemical reaction, but just *why* this reaction sets in at a given second, not before and not afterwards, is a thing for which to explain or understand we lack the necessary idea. The human kind does many things, unaware, by instinct also. This is especially noticeable in babies, but not altogether absent in full grown men and women.

If two cocks are reared separately and never saw any of their species before, the minute they meet they will fight. No human law will keep them from doing so, but if both are immature they probably will go together as two brothers

in best harmony. You will notice also that they behave alike, and no other explanation can be given for their doing so but what we call instinct. This then is an inherited ability which they have been born knowing, and as we know that heredity is passed on from parent stock to offspring through the chromosomes we can deduct that the experience of life is of some influence upon the chromatin. As the greatest part of the chick, almost *all*, is built up from maternal substance, we may feel inclined to suppose that the greater or lesser instinct derives from the mother hen. Observe your flock; note that the silly, careless and frequently lazy hen gets a similar brood, but the intelligent cock that sired her does not improve the offspring, in the least. It is the mother hen that influences the wide-awake instinct in the chick, and intelligent fowl are a joy to observe in the ring. Instinctive motions, especially in fighters (men, dogs or cocks), are immensely more valuable than anything learnt. In the seconds of grogginess, instinct gets you out of the mess, in defense or offense. Again inbred stock have the great advantage of settled instinctive traits. And that counts! Thousands of examples could be given about instinct and its wonderful ways, but we must go on. Suffice it to say that retaliating immediately in a fight is greatly due to instinctive motion. That the abnormal mortal punch that comes unaware, nobody knows where, is instinctive. Instinct is strong in purebred,

vertically inbred stock, but uncertain and erratic in crossbreds or hybrids.

Sex Determination.

When the ovum has been fertilized or fecundated, it means regularly that the germ cell has the regular amount of chromatin. The nucleus is restored and the capsule over the cell is closed and sealed definitely. Barring accidents, nothing can change the biological completion of the first cell of a new being. The hen proceeds to expel the complete yolk, provide the albumen, membrane and shell, and the egg lies in the nest, perfected. When the breeder takes it into his hands he usually speculates whether it shall become a cock or a pullet. No contrivance of any sort or shape can tell you what it contains; yet long before you mark your hieroglyphics on the shell, sex has been determined. Just how this goes on, nobody happens to know, and consequently theories are set forth which all have proven erratic. As there is always only two probabilities about the future sex any theory will prove right in about fifty per cent, and the greater percentage pro and contra being only due to a lucky guess. I do not want to deny that exterior and interior causes have some marked influence upon the greater or lesser percentage of one sex or the other, but when you hold the nicely rounded egg in the hollow of your hand all you can do is to guess, luckily or otherwise. How sex is determined is completely ignored. The female cell does not move a single bit to become fecundated—she simply

waits. But the male cell is automotive, just after completion receiving a caudal appendix with no other object but to race straightly to the interesting spot where an ovum might be waiting or not. Acid secretions (disease) in the vagina or oviduct cause the death of a great number, while many may be weakened and die before fecunding the ovum. Other sperm cells may have struck it lucky and reach the terminal without mishap. Three or four sometimes a thousand sperm cells race to the germinal spot, but only one wins the contest, no draw being possible. This contest is a fight from the beginning—struggle for life. The sperm cells may be of marked longevity and may fecund another ovum after days, before fresh sperm has reached the terminal of oviduct. Just how long the sperm may have influence upon the fertility of a hen's eggs has been a matter of speculation. It depends upon the vigor of the cock and the health of the hen. An experiment I have made, from a hen that was served only once by the cock, laid 18 eggs after this day in a period of 27 days. The first six eggs were placed under another hen and hatched out perfectly five stags and one pullet. The other eggs were left with their own mother, hatching out ten pullets, one pullet dead in shell, one egg clear. Subsequent experiments showed that there was no rule fixed—as I expected—but it seems that the older the sperm used for fecundation the greater the percentage of pullets in the offspring. This favors my theory

that sex is determined in the ovum after a struggle between the chromosomes. Fight everywhere! The weaker loses to the stronger. Adult birds fight or struggle for the first position and right to breed. Stags and immature stock fights, chicken fight to death. The yolkling fights and struggles to get out, into the sun, into life. The sperm cell fights (the male is always the fighter) to get unto the desirable spot. When defeated the first time, tries again and again until failing vitality knocks him down and out. The division of cells and splitting and parting of the chromatin is nothing but a fight against chance. Why then should the male and female chromosomes meet inside the ovum peaceably and settle the question of sex without a real fight for supremacy? Here a draw is possible, when both parties are equally strong and decided, as in the case in fraternal relation, giving rise to hermaphrodies. I believe, therefore, that sex is determined by a struggle or fight for supremacy, the stronger party imposing sex and arranging the order of chromosomes accordingly.

I never heard that any biologist stated this before, but discussing this possibility, soon found out that men dedicated to science had very few or no notions at all of the great meaning of fight in life and nature.

I cannot grasp how, after the seed capsule has been definitely closed, and henceforth the egg is submitted to even temperature and beneficial handling, outside influence may create such

an internal commotion as to change or influence sex.

We know how the different organs of the embryo develop. A small elevation slightly forms a bone, a thigh and a foot, then form the claws, and later lime hardens the skeletal parts. In the same fashion a liver, a heart, glands, etc., form. Sex is not always readily distinguishable in the first days, but progressing, the distribution of the different components show what is to be male and what a female. When the chick is just out and dry it is also very difficult to tell one from another, and in the sketch herewith is shown the Chinese method of baby chick selection. Try it out.

Exterior Influences.

Nature has created all the varieties of birds and animals according to a food distribution plan. In the high puna of Peru there is a giant humming-bird that feeds on the poisonous nectar of a flower that would kill a man. In the Maranon region most all animals are scared by poisonous ants, and very right they are; yet the ant-bear relishes that dish and picks up the dreaded vermin with the tongue. The puma and jaguar eat the ant-bear as a sort of delicacy. Travelers that tried to do likewise fell badly sick with all symptoms of poisoning. A pigeon eats a lot of salt when he can get it. One-fourth that amount kills a hen. And so forth. Each variety has a staple food, a poison and a medicine. When the food lacks a gradual weakness sets in. A vigorous cock over weak hens may

produce a determined sex, but reverting the positions the contrary may happen. There is strong reason to suppose that nature has not overlooked this state of affairs and the theory seems quite reasonable that there is a tendency to reproduce that sex that is in peril of becoming extinct. Observation of wild, fighting Indian tribes seems to enforce this assumption, and where men become scarce and women plenty a great percentage of the offspring are males.

However, we must make an exception between what goes on under nature's great roof and what happens under the tiles or galvanized roofing of the so-called civilized world. Environments, climate and food will play a considerable part, affecting natural laws seriously.

And that is why I advocate natural methods in keeping and feeding fighting stock. If no other advantage is gained, the health observed in my stock since years is remuneration enough.

Steel Fighters

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH

There is an old axiom between sportsmen saying that the cock that stands the gaff test gamely, will stand any test. That is to say: naked heel up to the sword-like slasher.

True, a dead game cock will stand any punishment under any circumstances. He will show fight after cooling down, and will fight day after day, until sexual organs are injured,—the health or integrity of which are greatly responsible for his gameness. Because we must understand that gameness is the will to eliminate the adversary who is a natural sexual competitor, and that gameness is a mental quality, by means of which the will to fight is greater than the pain of wounds, the fever of disease, or the depression of a battered condition. If a cock shows fight the second or third day, despite being cut down badly, it is pretty sure to assume that besides a general battered condition, his sexual apparatus is in perfect order. Not only his testicles, but all their secondary attributes, as kidneys, nerves and cerebral centre. General fever will affect his mental and physical condition, but if not impairing the urine-sexual glands, you may expect gameness. But a game cock, whose testicles are injured, either by a cut or feverish disease, is not willing to fight and is apt to run.

A capon will never show fight!

Integral masculinity, or better said, sexual capacity is a paramount condition for the cock, the man or any live being, to show fight. The gradual amount of gameness, courage and insensibility to injuries depends on how the sexual segregation influences the physique generally, and the nerves particularly. Remove the sexual organs of any being and you will notice, at once, that the fighting spirit left amounts to nil. But a true game cock in full possession of his sexual ability may be cut to ribbons and still have the desperate will to fight to the last. The game cock while fighting does not feel pain, therefore the alleged cruelty of cock fighting does not exist.

Those people that decry fighting as a cruel entertainment, and who really do not engage in any violent sport, are generally mentally effeminate, and do not know what a fight is for. They will leave business of masculine character to be taken over by women, whereas it has been prescribed by nature that the male has to lead the family. Effeminate men are unable to fight and lacking gameness it would be cruel to make them do so. But generally they are the loudest preachers.

It requires game cocks to fight, and dead game ones to stand the gaff. A game cock will stand any amount of steel, either if bred for natural spur or slasher. There should be no doubt about this. But that a cock will have better chances, if allowed to hurt with a more deadly weapon than that provided by nature, is a different chapter altogether.

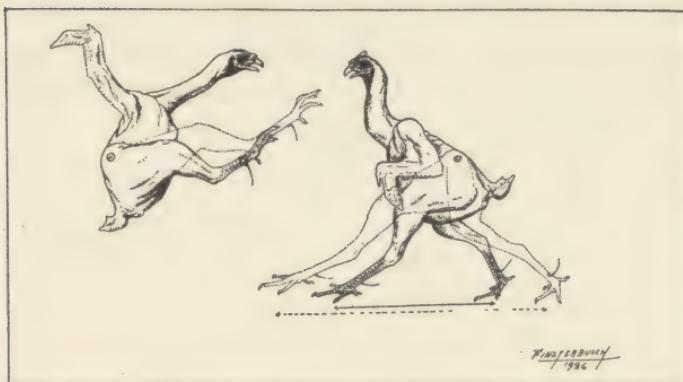


Figure 1—Length of limb, if accompanied by speed is desirable. The advantage in striking, gaining or giving ground are marked with dotted lines.

Man has stepped in and has improved the sport from a spectacular point of view. The old-time naked heeler was not sufficiently efficient for modern views. On the other side, the sword-like slashers used in the Orient, was too much of a gambling proposition to satisfy the western cocker who looked for both winners and constant winners.

The modern steel gaff is an evolution from the old slasher. Intelligent observation, skilled workmanship, have produced it as generally known, through such states as the haip, the silver spur, old-time steel, etc. The constant ambition to produce some wonderful fatal twists, have produced freaks and fakes, highly interesting, no doubt, but too extravagant to pursue.

The law of decent cock fighting is to give both adversaries equal chances and that is why, on the square, a determined length and shape of steel

brings out the best sport and gives the better cock chances to win. The long spurs, as well as slashers, are liable to be dangerous weapons when handled by a cowardly, frightened cock.

Naked heel fights, on the other side, may place a cock to disadvantage regarding length of spur and direction of same. It is in the moderate length spur where chances are evened and where it requires a really better cock to win.

Fighting with artificial spurs should have a majority of fatal decisions and it is therefore that the cocks used must be of a superior strain.

The Breeds.

We have enumerated elsewhere the principal breeds best adapted for carrying steel. Old English, Irish, French, Spanish and most of American cocks are by nature steel fighters.

The reader will have noticed that English breeders of game fowl lay a good deal of attention to colors, sometimes going to extremes that cockers this side of the ocean fail to understand. The object is to get at color schemes that should represent famous old-timers, all of which had a reputation for excellence. Contrary to American custom, the English exhibit game fowls at shows, and there is but little doubt that nothing has had such a deteriorating influence on the quality of O. E. G., than the show coop. Many birds that go today under the name of Old English Game are neither game nor O. E., fanciers going as far as crossing the old-time pit bird with Leghorns and other breeds to produce color specimens

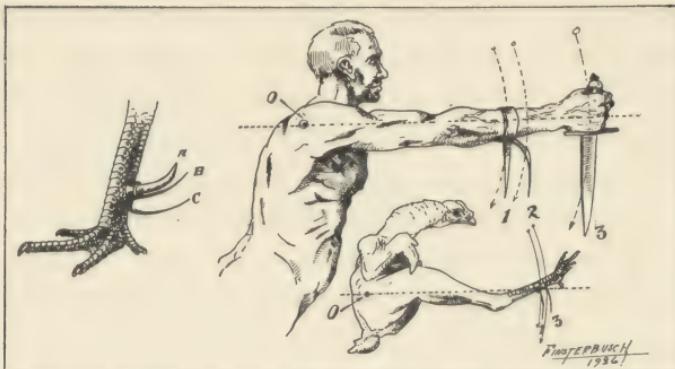


Figure 2—Shank showing natural spur, regulation gaff and full drop. The advantage of full drop in reaching and cutting are best illustrated in the man. The distances between "O"—1, 2, and 3 corresponds to the gaff. The half and full drop. Likewise, in the cock, the greatest power in the cut will be at 3.

that may deceive a judge, who does not look for anything else.

Fortunately there is a club that cares for the preservation of the real pit fowl with greatest zeal, and the show it patronizes yearly at Oxford is different to most others.

British breeders of game, when talking or writing about cocking, have a queer habit of relating to same as a thing of the past, making the novice believe that the sport is not any more practiced in England. It may be said right here that happily this is not the case, cocking being carried out secretly, but with the skill and enthusiasm of yore.

Prominent English sportsmen have only recently undertaken an expedition to France to match British against French cocks, doubtless goaded by former failure to whip the "cock gaulois" on his ground.

As stated elsewhere, what the cocker considers a steel fighter is a quick acting, good flying, alert bird. Wing power is necessary as a steel fighter depends on his speed, and speed requires wing action to a degree. As artificial spurs are nowadays thin and extremely sharp, thigh power is not essential, as the weapons penetrate with the slightest effort. Moreover leg speed is highly desirable, obviously.

These circumstances point to a light built, flying bird, i. e., a Bankiva, and actually this type of bird has been basically responsible for the best steel fighters in Europe and America.

The pure Bankiva bird however, though game and courageous, has a drawback, common to most gallus-like flyers. They are easy to kill, a fact well known to hunters. This, and the lacking thigh power, induced, no doubt, early English cockers to cross the old-time bird with Oriental breeds. Malays, Chittagongs, Calcuttas and occasionally Asils. Orientals of Malay origin are notoriously tough and hard to kill. They stand hard punishment, and even deadly wounds, better than other birds, and kick with extreme force, even when exhausted or nearly dead.

In districts where cocks were fought naked heeled, such crosses evidently improved the native stock and, in fact, subsequently gave origin to such breeds as the Cornish. The showman laid his hand on the new breed, and at once the breed lost usefulness as it became conspicuous in the show ring.

It is difficult to obtain at present pure Bankiva



Figure 3—Without excellent wings these positions would be impossible. Sketches drawn from actual photos of Jerezano cocks.

type Old English game, in fact, the average English cocker widely prefers the stouter bird evolved from Oriental blood infusion. It has been stated that these birds are the better for the cross, and the writer has not the slightest evidence against this statement.

So it is that many American breeders who started on imported English stock, and who subsequently bred them pure, do not know where the Oriental streak comes from. About the same thing happened in Belgium, where the Bruges cock was produced and which, formerly, was intended to fight in natural spurs.

Colors.

The reader will have noticed that Oriental birds are rather uniform in their color scheme, the great majority being dark black-reds with pearl eyes. Strains of other colors are identified by their hue, but odd colors meet with disapproval and suspicion. The highest reputed of Indian

game, the Asil, is divided in a few strains only, all dark and identified merely by their color. Indian cockers do not allow chance to creep in. They have experience extending some 20 to 30 centuries and kill off every off-colored bird. The writer has observed that highly successful breeders stuck firmly to a given color scheme, dark ones being, at that time, in preference. My own experience being further, that failures occur more frequently with lighter colors. Evidence therefrom may be gathered that color stands for efficiency or absence of same, in purebreds!

White hair on most live beings stands for vanishing youth, and white color in game birds is an indication that the physiologic function of feather coloring, intimately related with sexual functions and expression, is absent. We are sure that gameness and staying power depends on sexual integrity, and therefore, white birds lack a condition without which, breeding for the pit, is greatly problematic. The danger of white color has been realized among Asil breeders, and specimens appearing now and then are killed off right away.

For steel fighting, where staying power and wind are not essential, especially if long weapons are used, the danger of white color is not always apparent, and, in fact, white birds have been reputed to possess deadly heels and high speed, but, at the expense of endurance and gameness, I have made a big jump from extreme to extreme. Between very dark and white, there is a scale of colors, most of which have been identified by a standard denomination, such as Reds, Greys, Pyles,

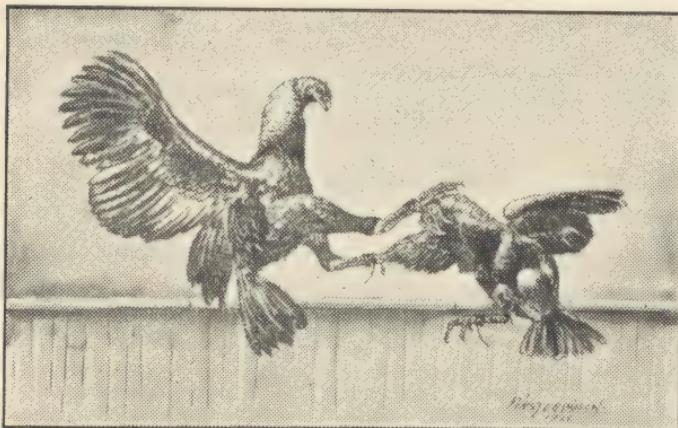


Figure 4--The K. O. up in the air.

Duns, Blacks, etc., but this does not mean that colors are absent. In fact, there are much more colors lacking standard denomination than those generally used and recognized by the standard.

Do not run away with the idea that a dark colored bird is guaranteed game, but uniform color, inside standard game qualities, at once impress you of having a homogeneous foundation upon which you reckon your chances. If you allow your flock to come all colors, you will soon realize that difference in type, combs, etc., will soon creep in, and you will probably have a lot of mongrels in no time, evidencing that your birds are not pure but crossbreds, and as such unreliable to a degree. Color in game birds is a measure of breeding science.

Fighting Style.

A Spanish cocking veteran, whom I asked, why they fought naked heel instead of steel, being as it is that the peninsular game birds are typical

steel fighters, expressed his views that any length of steel assists the cock to kill his adversary easily, while fighting in natural spurs, the same cock has to put a considerable larger amount of strength, skill and gameness to obtain the same result. Further, that all that is necessary for steel fighting is a cock able to cross his legs well. Power being quite unnecessary, and even in the way, when it was there at the expense of speed, as is the case in most Orientals.

This should give food for thought and a fair idea what steel fighting style should be. But, even experienced cockers differ considerably in their opinion about the advantage of speed and wing work, the crab about steel being that the shorter the heel the nearer you come to naked spurs, and the longer it is the nearer you come to the slasher. How a slasher cock lacking wing, as they say in Peru, is a dead cock.

It is queer that in lands where cocks are fought in steel, you may find any length of gaffs from short regulation up to true pitchforks. The difference in length used not being other commodity but the adaptation of the weapon to the bird's capability. No doubt that the longer the heel the greater the opportunity for a chance winner.

I take the words of a wise and experienced sportsman to close: "Full drop gaffs, one and a half inches, brings out the best sport."

The English Game Fowl

BY C. A. FINSTERBUSCH.

There is fair certainty that nearly 90 per cent of the American game fowl blood hails from the British Isles; and that is also the case, or very nearly so, with Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada. The early English, Irish and Scottish settlers scattered the breed wherever they happened to jump on land in the Colonies. Culture and progress in the new-born countries went hand in hand with the dissemination of the national game fowl, and the importation of choice specimens since then has been practically undisturbed. It stands to reason that early settlers brought only a few and the best birds available; while later on importers surely secured outstanding individuals, with the highest reputation, for breeding purposes. This would be an explanation of the superior quality of early American game cocks, necessarily inbred to keep the record straight and selected according to the logical results observed at the pit. Most all histories of modern American strains trace their origin to a first importation, if the pedigree has any pretensions toward purity or high quality.

Today the average American cock stands so high in quality that improvement is seldom attained by the infusion of any fresh English

blood, though the latter has attained a grade of type and color perfection that spells high recommendation to the British breeder for the show-coop.

Early History.

There are no authentic records of how the game cock was introduced in Northern Europe, all that may be said in this connection being specifically of a conjectural nature. The only thing that we can undertake to do is to record more or less historical data of men, and deduce the probabilities of their influence upon the scattering of their fowl in the lands they subsequently settled in. As such we know that there was a race of men in Brittania, half wild and savage, but who yielded to trade with the first men that gave any account of their existence, the Phenicians.

There were fowls in Northern Europe before that age, however. Russia, part of Scandinavia, Germany, the Netherlands and North France had a type of fowl which apparently was strongly Mongolic in type, fairly large and heavily feathered. We deduce this fact from the bones and fragments found in the graves of that era, from which it appears that in men's graves only cocks were laid; or else the hens were spurred. These bones show that the birds were heavy, of Mongolic origin, and from the plumosity may be deduced the fact that they lived in a climate that would kill a lighter, say Bankiva type.

We know further that these early men were

able sailors, it being a fact that Viking ships, of later years, were so superbly constructed that no modern naval architect could improve much on the under-water lines of their vessels. It stands to reason that with such ships the men travelled, not for pleasure, but for trade and war, as can be observed by different war and commercial craft evolved in such early days. This fact established, it is likewise reasonable to deduce further, that some sort of colonies or depots were established along the coast of Northern Europe, and following the old, old custom, cocks were introduced and in succession reared. Things of fundamental habits or importance have not changed in thousands of years. Human nature has only changed in details. Wherever a race of men settled, they have ever since introduced their fowl, their dogs and other small animals. And so it was in England or old Britannia. There is not the slightest reason why fowl should not have been introduced in the British Isles in the time we are speaking of, or even earlier. *Introduced* it was, because Europe had no wild fowl of the Gallus family other than she still has, Tetraos, partridges and quails, which migrated after the ice period; but no true Galli.

Pre-Phenician Time.

We cannot expect to disclose what may have happened in Old England if we do not handle the old time in a sort of wholesale way; and as there are contrasts in the type of fowl in Europe we may as well make sure that whatever we

know as European game fowl we have agreed to classify as the Caucasian Group, to which belongs:

- (a) English breeds, including Irish and Scottish;
- (b) Belgian breeds, Flamands and Liegeous;
- (c) French breeds, large and small Du Nord games;
- (d) Spanish breeds with several local variations.

Cocks were and are fought in several other countries, especially Greece and Italy, but these have not been able to save the antique games, and whatever there is left does not count in the game fowl market of today. We are sure that in the pre-Phenician era, Mongolic races moved westward in Northern Europe, as is evidenced by the type of people of the Ural, (cis- and trans-uralic races) the Slavs of Russia, the North Prussian and Wendish folks of Germany, and finally the Cagotes (*Canis-godus*) of North France. All of them are very antique settlers.

We know further that from time immemorial the Mongols had a definite type of domestic fowl which has maintained the ancestral type up to our days and which the fancier knows from such sources as what has been known as Brahma, Cochins and Langshans, and less known as Red Canton fowl, which though extremely old, is identical to what is known as the Rhode Island Reds in America. As we know further how the Rhode Island Reds have been originated in our day, we can safely deduce

that the Red Canton and probably the Red Sussex of England originated much the same way, viz: from Malay-Bankiva crosses. Fowl that is neither strictly Bankiva nor Malay in type is therefore considered among dunghill fanciers as Mongolic, and from the game breeder's point of view, are rank dunghills and mongrels.

However, that type has been fixed since ages, and while reverting to either original source is fairly stable. Both single and knobcombs occur, very rarely peacomb and very often rose-comb.

With the use of Malay games in the makeup, pheasant color (Sumatra) feather and type, sneaked in in much smaller proportion, but occasionally shows up. It stands to reason that cocking was not known or not generally practiced by those Mongolic folks, and consequently we have no traces of cocking, either in Northern Russia, Scandanavia, Prussia, etc., where fowls were kept probably for domestic uses only. What significance had the spurred bones in early graves nobody can tell, but apparently fowl, or pieces of fowl, were given to the dead with the idea of providing some food for the long journey which we all have to undertake some day.

The heavy breeds of non-game fowl of antique England, Sussex, Surrey, etc., are from Mongolic origin and very probably remnants from pre-Phenician time. There is not the slightest evidence that a pure Bankivoid existed in England before the Phenician era, in fact it would be absurd to suppose it. But it is of highest im-

portance to observe that wherever Phenicians travelled along the coast, a typical Bankivoid has since existed and kept fairly pure as a distinct game breed. We may further add that this Phenician was a small breed, and that a larger type evolved later after the Roman occupation.

Phenician Time.

The Phenicians were early internationalists. Apparently from Asia Minor, they had no decided boundaries for a nation. They were more or less errants, clever and astute, but otherwise rats and of parasitic disposition. Jews by birth and inclination, they traded from the Orient to the Levant. As Jews they were inclined to gamble and they took up cock-fighting, not with the view to wager on the level, but apparently with an aim to catch somebody, somewhere unaware. Like rats they carried the products of one country to another—purpur, gold, ivory, tin and *cocks*.

The Phenicians traded in Persia and here they knew the small Bankiva cocks of ancient fame. They traded in Egypt and Greece, where the Persian cock had been introduced from the Orient. They traded all along the Mediterranean, both on the European and African coast, where Bankivoid fowl, game and otherwise, have since been found native. It has been stated that the small Barbary cock, found in France some decades ago, hails from the African coast, though it is also known to appear wherever Caucasian game fowl are reared. But birds

known as Mediterranean, such as Leghorns, Anconas, Minorcas, etc., are of Bankiva type and are the degenerated specimens of the old Persian Bankivoid game scattered by the Phenicians first and the Romans later. It is at least queer that such birds, especially the game varieties, have attained local nationality in such countries where the Phenicians had a marked influence—Spain, France, England and Belgium. Further evidence may be gathered from the fact that the decidedly game varieties were at one time, and practically still are, plentiful on the short districts of the named countries, but scarce in the hinterland. Things changed after the Roman occupation, somewhat, but fundamentally the traces of the Phenician influence still is visible; tradition, no doubt, accounting for this rare evidence.

The travels and trades of the Phenician, there is no doubt, stand under the sign of the Bankiva. Bankivas are of the ornamental figures found from that age. Bankivas were the birds fought in Rome and Athens. Bankiva was the heraldic bird on antique shields through the medieval epoch, and Bankiva the traditional bird of Gallia ever since. Consequently Bankiva is the cock that we agreed to call Caucasian, and Bankiva the prototype, finally, that under such influence crept into science as the domestic cock.

The Roman Time.

We have plenty of records stating that the game fowl introduced in Greece and Rome was from Persian origin, consequently Bankiva.

Supposing we deny or ignore absolutely everything on game cocks before the Roman era and start a study based only on the *evidence*, graphical and artistical, and we shall come to a decision that whatever was fought in Greek or Roman pits was absolutely Bankiva or Caucasian. Our modern museums are full of art gems, mosaics, vases, sculptures and coins from the time of the Roman empire over the rest of the European world. In the Roman era we come to decisive evidence that the pit bird was a small, light, arrogant bird identical with what we know in natural history as *Gallus Ferrugineus* or Bankiva. We do not need to weigh the chances and possibilities of this bird's influence upon the rest of Europe's poultry population; but we can review in summaric form that prior to the Roman era fowls were plentiful in the Continent, but apparently dunghill. Otherwise the Greeks, and later the Romans, would not have wondered upon the fighting traits, courage and gameness of the Persian breed. Nobody would have even thought of taking game birds to the West. The game cocks stood under law protection then, as they are now under the ban. *Tempora mutantur!* How the time changes!

Wherever the Roman army settled for sometime we find today traces of the Bankiva; in some localities, due to scarceness of native fowl or to the overwhelming influence of the Roman birds, the breeds evolved are strongly Caucasian, La Bresse, Fleche, Lakenveld, Andalusian, etc.

But game remained such breeds that prior were game also. Such were the birds of Spain, France and Belgium, and especially those of Britain. Game must be bred to game to remain game, and that is the reason why the Caucasian pit fowl *was saved*. Where the population was too lazy, savage, or did not yield to Phenician or Roman influence, as in Northern Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, etc., the game breeds were effaced, crossed, spoiled and entirely forgotten. But between the lovers of the sod were saved from oblivion.

When Caesar landed on British soil he found cocks there native; not kept for food, but evidently for fighting purposes. As the rest of Eastern and Southern Europe had no other domestic dunghill fowl, before the introduction of the Persian Bankiva, it stands to reason that somebody had introduced specific game birds, all evidence pointing to the Phenicians as the probable importers, as there is no other source known. We have called attention already to the fact that similar birds existed in Spain and along the French coast. At any rate, when the Romans came, there were pit birds in Britain, to all evidences, and there is not the slightest doubt that as the Romans settled in their other European provinces with their game fowl, so they did in Britain also, so that as a record we can with fair certainty set the beginning of the history of the English at more than twenty centuries ago. Two thousand years ago! No other national breed, dogs, horses or cattle,

can show such an old pedigree in England. Not even always the men; and to believe that juggling with laws the game birds are on the point of being declared pariahs in their old home is a thing that makes one feel sick and miserable. The English pit cock has a right to survive, but if the English cannot save him, nobody else will.

Royalty enjoyed the sport in former years and cocking was a widely appreciated sport. Now and then prohibited for a while, it came under ban during the reign of Queen Victoria, whose successor, Edward VIII, could do nothing in reestablishing the sport. It is queer that both Victoria, from the house of Hanover, and Edward, from Saxe-Coburg, both of German ancestry, could not do anything to prevent the vanishing fighting spirit of the land that went the way down in the line of fighting men, fighting dogs and fighting cocks.

It was different in former years, cocking being at its height during the Roman era up to the year 450, when the Celtic Britons were raided by the Danish. These defeated, succeeded in overwhelming the Britons, again raising Knut the Great, a Dane, to the throne as King over all England (1016-35). Under Normand government, William the Conqueror (1066-1154), French habits and language were introduced and most surely, as the whole Normandy was annexed to England in the following year, active relations were entertained with the French mainland. No doubt that, as cocking was at

its height, stock from England and France was exchanged continually; and practically the French Du Nord game and the Old English had many points—and still have—in common.

The death of Richard the Lion Hearted, caused the house of Anjou or Plantagenet to take the destiny of England in their hands (1154-1485), followed by the Tudors (1485-1603) and finally the Stuarts (1603-1714). Then reigned Hanover till 1837 when Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne, breaking away from Hanover, and at last Saxe-Coburg since Victoria's death, 1901, to our days.

Kings and queens, as well as the aristocracy, of England had a great deal of influence upon the English cock.

The trade with India which became possible and very strong with the high development of the British Navy under Queen Anne (1702-14), had some marked influence upon the English cock. There is no doubt that many birds were imported from the Orient, Asils, Malays and crosses, and there are strong probabilities that such birds were liberally used for crossing, sometimes improving and strengthening their offspring, but at other times producing a row of dunghill varieties, such as the Modern Game and the Cornish Indian.

Medieval Time.

One of the striking points in the evolution of the English breed is that, originally a Bankiva, the birds today show some decided Oriental characteristics. Not all, of course, but yet

a sufficient percentage to give a wide margin for speculation. This change in type, however, is recent, and from all evidence through the medieval age, the bird of the cockpit, as well as the common barnyard fowl, remained unchanged.

There is some reason for this assumption observing the development of the ships, which mostly were suited for the coasting and canal trade, but were hardly suited for long voyages in which to import any stock from far-away shores. We have seen that in Europe existed the common fowl of Mongolic origin and the game birds of pure Bankiva blood. We know further, positively, that these game birds were small, light and sprightly, very much like the modern Spanish fowl; that is to say, weighing from three to four pounds. This Bankiva type fowl remained in this state up to our days and we see a further increase in size only where alien blood has been introduced in later years. We have no representative pictures of English birds of those days, as the arts seemed to suffer a state of stagnation and even degeneration, when compared with the high development it had attained in the Greek and Roman epoch. Whatever pictures and sculptures are left from that period show disproportion and a childish conception of the composition. Yet in Southern Europe, apparently, the cocks did not show any change. The game fowl was still the small, elegant Bankiva.

Modern Times.

During the Crusades the blossom of the British Chivalry travelled East in small, primitive craft, scarcely one hundred feet in length over all. A large square sail, round bowed hull, and temporary platforms for the fighting men fore and aft, was the equipment of the vessel that carried on board Richard, the Lion Hearted. For some queer reason the fine craft of the Vikings did not evolve to anything better, but the sea traffic to the Orient influenced ship-building considerably. Large ships using two and three square sails on fore and main-mast, with a lateen carrying mizzen and bonaventure masts; high bulwarks; forecastle and quarter-decks; big holds and general accommodation, created a regular deep-sea traffic, that should have influenced also the development of game fowl.

On long voyages game fowl were carried on board, as well as live-stock. Such big ships rounded the Cape of Good Hope bound for the Indies, and came back loaded with cargo and animals from their shores. Oriental birds arrived in the following decades in Europe. It is certain that Malays were known in Northern Belgium and Holland about 1760 and were admired for their quaint type, size and fighting traits.

In the days of the clipper ships lots of Orientals were imported to England, some of them of the real game sort, others hopeless dunghills. The bulk of these Orientals were Chittagongs

and Calcuttas, some few pure Malays, and very seldom only some Asils and slasher fighters of Sumatra blood. The use of Oriental blood soon showed up. To quote Harrison Weir's notes: "Take Cornwall, in England, as an instance. It is said that the poultry bred and grown there, more particularly game fowl, were all of a white-legged breed, and that until of late years such a thing as a yellow-legged bird was not to be seen. Another curious fact is that the hens were mostly 'spurred' like the cocks, as are many of the five-toed hens of Kent, Sussex and Surrey farm fowls to this day. Those in Cornwall, called 'the Persian bird,' may possibly have been brought by the Phenicians, and perhaps bartered for tin and other metals from the mine. However this may be, there are plenty of the white-legged breed still to be found in Cornwall, though, as John Harris, of Liskeard, informed Mr. Weir, now that the yellow-legged fowls have been *imported*, breeders are not so particular, but at one time *they would not have been tolerated.*"

The cocking literature of that time is full of examples and evidences that Oriental, and especially Indian blood was widely used, though diluted to one-eighth or even less. It was the writer's intention to quote a portion of such publications, but the material is so abundant that the interested readers only need to read the books of Weir, Wright and any older writer to become fully convinced that, at least in the South of England, Oriental blood was used

quite extensively. These cocks were also reputed for their power and good judgment in the pit, quite apart that the dash of Oriental blood changed their type and size.

Tasseled and muffed game fowl was unknown in past centuries but became conspicuous after the introduction of Oriental stock. We have stated elsewhere that these birds were reputed as thoroughly distinct and as excellent fighters. Their size was described as larger than the ordinary native fowl. With the advent of the Oriental a great variety of color ensued: spangles, gypsy faces, blacks, etc. They were formerly moderately leggy, but now became decidedly stilt, and in many instances lost considerable in wing. The abundant feathering gave way to remarkable tightness, while the weight increased generally to as much as six or more pounds.

It took two centuries or thereabouts to change the Old English bird into what it is now, and besides the many perils it had to encounter in the form of laws, fashions, etc., we are prone to believe that finally the show coop sounded the death knell to its general, and pit uses in particular. The wise breeders, of course, have saved their pit strains from the show coops, but a great part of the game fowl of England is decidedly on the decline. Mediocrity and vanishing gameness are the symptoms of the frankest degeneration, so that anybody who wants to get pit-birds from England must be extremely careful to obtain breeding stock at the best

sources which can be asked from, the Oxford Game Fowl Club, 23 Beaumont Street, Oxford, England.

Final Remarks.

Whatever changes the Oriental blood has brought forth in the Caucasian game fowl, nobody can say with any certainty. It has been repeated time and again that they are pure Bankivas. From an historical point of view we feel, however, obligated to state some facts that can be substantiated by evidence. These are:

1. Old time Bankivas were light and small birds, yet powerful and dead game, such as still is the pit fowl of Spain and their offspring, the birds of the Canaries. The Persian birds, Greek and Roman games were similar if not strictly identical.
2. It is strange that in England, France and Belgium this Bankiva bird should have evolved up to giant proportions, in some instances as much as four times the original weight. It is well to observe that while the games of Liege reach 12 pounds they show slight Oriental features, and that the heaviest of all, the "Bleu de Bruges," decidedly is a Malay cross.
3. In France the large "Combattant du Nord" weighs about ten pounds, and is a distinct breed from the small Nord game, which averages five pounds. The large Nord has been crossed with the dull colored Flemish regularly.
4. In England the large French cannot be bred to the quality usual on the Continent, and

in Scotland the Oriental crosses from England cannot thrive.

5. It has been stated emphatically that the large size, dull colors of the Flemish and Liege games is due to climatic and food conditions. Large are also some Belgian non-game barnyard fowls of decidedly Mongolic and Malay type.

6. Several pure Bankiva (so to say) Brakel, Campines, Lakenvelds, etc., have remained small, while the games evolved to large size.

7. The Bankivoids of Europe, Leghorn, Anconas, Minorcas, Andalusian, etc., are small breeds, but grow large with an Oriental blood, or simply game blood infusion.

Deduction.

Where the blood is tolerably pure Bankiva, either game or barnyard, the prevailing size is small. The infusion of Oriental blood produces large fowl. Sum up the facts!

Alabama Roundheads

BY H. H. COWAN AND T. K. BRUNER

While complying with the request of the editor for the history of the Alabama Roundheads I wish to say that writing for publication is not one of my strong points. However, I am willing to do my best and cooperate with the plans of Grit and Steel, which seems to have been inspired with new "pep" in the last few years and is now far ahead in its chosen field.

This story begins 45 years ago when I was born into the chicken game and which I have played in its every phase. I have bought, fed, fought, heeled and handled cocks of many different strains and crosses, and probably have done as much experimenting as any man of my years. It is my opinion that there is no one best strain of fowl and no one best feeder; but there are many of both in class "A" and when you make a main nowadays for real money you are sure to meet them. It seems the days of monopoly in the cocking game have passed, which I attribute to renewed interest in the sport and the increased flow of money and brains into the game.

I do not claim to have originated the best strain of pit games in the world in my Alabama Roundheads, but the fact that they have won the majority of their fights and kept pace with

the ever-increasing speed of the game for the past twenty years, under all rules and any length of gaff, is very gratifying.

For the past several years I have done most of my fighting at Memphis, Tenn., where my fowl were known as Alabama Cocks, thus their name Alabama Roundheads. My fowl have passed the experimental stage, having their characteristics inbred into them, and I feel with my system of breeding I can hold them at their present standard for years to come.

Many years ago when Messrs. Allen and Shelton were defeating all opposition with their great strain of Roundheads, I attended just about all the mains and tournaments in which they were entered, forming an acquaintance and finally a friendship with Mr. Shelton, as he was a man whom to know was to like, being one of those old time Southern gentlemen-sportsmen who at one time so characterized the gentility of the Old South. In his passing the fraternity lost one of its great uplifters and the South one of its best citizens. Through this association I became familiar with the history and breeding of the Allen Roundheads and secured my first of these from Mr. Shelton, personally, when at their best, and of his best. I fought them pure for a number of years. From my knowledge of the Allen Roundheads they were originated from a Saunders Roundhead cock bred over Col. Grist Grady hens and then bred closely to the Saunders side. I was breeding and fighting these Roundheads continuously each season

and it gradually became apparent to me that they were being bred a bit too close to cope with the strong, rough cocks they were having to meet. It is my opinion, from both experience and observation, that the old time Allen Roundheads with their smart side-stepping tactics and phenomenal sparring qualities and rapid straight hip blows while in the air, could best most cocks they met in the early stages of the battle.

I think this excellent quality was their chief asset and enabled them to make one of the best, if not the best, pit records of any Southern strain. But in the latter stages of battle, when it came down to a give-and-take, I have never thought they excelled, and I was convinced that if they were to keep pace with the game and maintain their record they must be bred to fight as efficiently when the battle came down to a "tug-of-war" as in the beginning of a fight. I made several unsuccessful experiments with this end in view, but I kept on trying and about fifteen years ago I became acquainted with the great characteristics of the old time Mahoney Gull fowl, with their desperate gameness, strong constitutions and deadly heel. These being the qualities I wished to add to the already great fighting qualities of the Allen Roundheads, I decided to make an infusion of this blood. I secured a royally bred Gull cock of the old school through friendship from a source whence no one has ever been able to buy a feather, to my knowledge, and bred him over my Roundhead hens.

The Gulls being a yellow- and white-leg strain of black breasted reds with few exceptions, of medium station, the type and color was only slightly changed from this cross; but the plumage was longer and much improved. The plumage of the Gull fowl is of a marked characteristic, consisting of a very broad feather extremely long and with a quill of whale-bone toughness. Such plumage enables a cock to be fought several times during a season in good feather.

The first cross were strong, tough, and desperately game. I bred back to the Roundhead side, fighting and testing them. Each year's breeding showed an improvement over the preceding one, and I kept this up until they again were back to the Roundhead type, showing all the old time fighting qualities of the Allen Roundheads, yet this was backed by strength and endurance, making them more efficient cocks at any stage of battle.

It is my experience that any cocks must have the ability and inclination to go all the way, as well as great scoring or starting, in order to hold their own in cock fighting of the present day. I fought them with fair success a few years and studied them closely, and finally reached the conclusion that their ability to strike rapidly and efficiently from any angle when in close quarters could be improved upon. Knowing this quality to be one of the outstanding characteristics of the Grist Gradies, their foundation stock, I made a fresh infusion of

this old reliable blood. I secured a cock that proved to be of the right sort and his produce were deep game and he imparted the quality I had aimed at to a marked degree, without the loss of any other essential quality. They proved to be real combination fighting cocks, efficient at any stage of battle, which their record shows. By inbreeding and line breeding to the outstanding individuals for the past 12 years these qualities have been stamped into them, until they come uniform in type and action.

The Alabama Roundheads are practically of the same color and type as the Allen Roundheads. Cocks are black breasted reds with white or yellow legs, but a pumpkin or deep cherry red or a spangle occurs occasionally, as well as both straight and pea-combs. The hens come from light buff to deep wheaten, occasionally a green- or dark-legged fowl will appear among the offspring. All these slight variations come honestly from their foundation blood; the green or dark legs from the Redquill in the Gradies, and the straight combs from both the Gulls and Gradies. However, the largest proportion of them come with white and yellow legs, pea-combs and in color black breasted reds.

For the past eight years I have done most of my fighting at Memphis, Tenn., in combination with Cowan, Bruner and Herron, Bruner doing all the honors in cock-house and pit. I consider him a fine judge of a cock and among the best feeders in the South. He knows what to expect of a cock, and if they had not been right in

every respect he would have found it out several years ago and passed them up. He tests nearly every loser and they have had to be right for him or he has no use for them. He has been breeding the Alabama Roundheads ten years and has greatly assisted me in bringing these fowl to their present state of excellence by his help and advice in selecting brood fowl from the performance of the cocks in the pit. Mr. Bruner has conditioned and fought more of these cocks possibly than any other one man, knows them through and through, as he has practically lived in the cock house with them for the past several years; therefore a history of them would not be complete without his knowledge of them being included, so I have asked him to complete the story.

The following are letters from two high class gentlemen to whom I have shipped cocks, and who have very kindly consented to have their letters included in this history as a record of the Alabama Roundheads in other hands and other sections of the country.

(Signed) H. H. COWAN.

Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 24, 1927.

Mr. H. H. Cowan,
Riverton, Ala.

Friend Cowan:—Feeling certain you would like to know how the twelve cocks you sent me at the beginning of last season, fared, it is with great pleasure that I am able to send you about

the best report of any individual shipment that has ever come west.

These cocks were not "coddled" in the least, as is self-evident in the fact that these 12 cocks were fought 31 times in the short space of one fighting season. Upon their arrival they entered 4x12 foot scratch pens, and the only time they came out of them was to enter the cock house. In fact, they spent almost as much time in a 2x3 conditioning coop as they did elsewhere. This sort of treatment is the supreme test of moral courage of a game cock. Lord deliver me from the "temperamental" kind that easily go coop stale! Of all the discordant, unmusical sounds that can greet a cocker's ear is the hoarse hen-like song of a cock that has lost his nerve.

Taking it for granted that I have mistreated this splendid bunch of cocks, that they met nothing but conditioned opponents, that I was unable to pick easy matches for them—yet these twelve cocks participated in 31 battles, winning 24, losing 7. The remaining five cocks are sound of wind and limb and promise to boost this already splendid record the coming season.

Gone are the days when a good conditioner could take a bunch of mediocre cocks and whip combinations whose only redeemable asset was their sporting blood. It now behooves us to turn our attention for superiority to the brood yard. One of the chief features that prompts me to prefer your cocks to go for my money, is their plumage. I am afraid that we American gaff fighters do not take into consideration

the protective, armor-like advantage which a properly feathered bird enjoys. The Mexican slasher fighters have long since learned to appreciate it. Any person having possessed a cock that has been fortunate enough to win several battles will testify that he had wiry, tough plumage. Any brittle feathered cock, loses with his feathers, both offensive and defensive qualities—and, mister, a cock needs both to become a multiple winner. Was out to pens yesterday and the wing feathers, while frayed, were whole; speaks mighty well for your cocks after four and five trips to the pit.

I am indeed glad to hear of T. K. Bruner's return to the game, because when we lose one like him we have lost a scholar and gentleman.

I feel that these 12 cocks were materially aided in making such a splendid record by a couple of pairs of gaffs which J. W. Wisecup made especially for them after seeing the first few "strut their stuff." By the way, these gaffs look like a cross between a Cincinnati and a jagger.

I trust that the order for more cocks which I sent you towards the latter part of last season has been transferred to your shipping list and that I head the list of those you already have booked for 1927 delivery.

Trusting this finds you and yours well, and

that I hear from you relative to some cocks for the coming season, I beg to remain, with sincere esteem,

Very truly yours,

DR. W. P. CARTER.

Mercedes, Tex., Oct. 30, 1927.

Mr. H. H. Cowan,
Riverton, Ala.

Dear Mr. Cowan:—According to my records I got nine cocks of your breeding this season and I give you the record of all of their fights as follows: Nine cocks won 34 and lost 5 fights.

Mr. Bruner, your fighting partner, may be right about the game being harder in Memphis, but I have had to fight top cocks with all your cocks; and all who have come down to this country—and a lot of them have been to mains in Memphis—say they are as hard to whip here as anywhere on earth. They were a real bunch of fighting cocks, and if Mr. Bruner had been fighting them he probably would have won more than I did with them.

I can't ship you back the little pumpkin-colored cock, as I fought him once too often; but it was a fluke that killed him. He fought every battle alike—would stay away and dodge the other cock a couple of times, then grab him and kill him the first pitting. But this time, as the other cock went over him he hit him a brain blow and took the top of his head off. The old Mexican who trains part of my cocks has him buried in my orange grove with a head-

stone with his name on it. A lawyer here who has Sid Taylors from Gay was talking about the little cock yesterday. He is from near Memphis and is a lover of game chickens. He said: "Of all the game cocks I have seen fight, I considered that little cock by far the best." The stag you shipped me last year has developed into one of the finest looking cocks I have ever seen, and I believe he is as good as he looks. From the trio I got from you year before last, have fought twelve fights and lost two. I consider them all extra good and I have about a dozen of them. One of the stags I have fought twice against a cock, the next time against a stag, and he never got a scratch. He fought exactly like the little pumpkin cock.

You have never answered me about the refusal on all the cocks you sell in this country. I don't care to fight against them.

Yours truly,

H. W. ALLEN.

(Note: The pumpkin cock mentioned in Mr. Allen's letter won three times in the hands of Mr. Bruner during 1925, and eight times the following season of 1926-27 for Mr. Allen, making his record eleven wins before he was killed.—H. C. C.)

Well, boys, here is where I get on the caboose. Cowan has told the story and has the nerve to ask me to write the balance of the story; but I am going to fool him and add to his story

where he left off, and thereby stay in the good graces of our editor.

You might say I connected up with the Alabama Roundheads by chance or accident. About ten years ago a former friend presented me with a yard of fowl that had been presented to him by Cowan. Afterwards I fought several cocks bred from them, one of which was one of the most wonderful fighting cocks I have ever seen. He was as smart as a whip, had blinding speed combined with a deadly heel and perfect judgment of distance. I bred this cock on my yard and, in fact, he was bred turn about by Cowan and myself until his death. He produced wonderful fighting cocks in his sons, and his daughters have produced just as good sons as their brothers were. We have bred as closely as possible to retain as much of this cock's blood in our fowl as possible, and even today Cowan's brood yards carry from one-quarter to fifteen-sixteenths of this cock's and his mother's actual blood. All of our brood cocks for the last ten years have been selected not only from their own, but also their brothers', performance in the pit, and the hens on each yard have always been full sisters. In this way we felt we would be able to produce cocks of uniform style, conformation, action and cutting ability. In the past five years I have fought practically every cock both Cowan and myself were able to walk of this family. I mean up to the close of the 1925-26 season. I found them to come uniformly good and that they showed

up much better with gaffs on than with muffs, which of course was due to their superior cutting qualities. From the record of these fowl in the pit, I feel fully repaid for all the time and thought I have devoted to them.

To a real lover of game cocks there is no greater pleasure than to step into the pit with a cock you know to be desperately game, one that will go off fast, one that will cut with deadly effect, one that will when wounded (apologies to "Tan Bark") throw all caution to the winds and close in to kill by striking harder and oftener than the average opponent, so long as he has his feet under him.

During the Memphis Tournament held on the Island in January, 1924, I met the Smith-Dejean entry at the 5.08 weight with one of their wonderful Smith Blues, a winner of several battles. He met one of our Alabama Roundheads that I had selected as a brood cock. Dejean was taking all bets and for a time it seemed he was right, as his cock broke my cock's wing, knocked out one eye and rattled him. Dejean was offering bets of 100 to 10 with no takers as we pitted for the last time. As the cocks came together our cock rose or jumped up, catching and killing this great Smith cock stone dead. Dejean, without stopping to catch his breath, changed his tune from "100 to 10" to "the best cock won," and his pitter (Courtois) chimed in with, "He is dead—dead—dead." This cock proved the old saying that a game cock is never whipped until dead.

I retired from the combination at the close of the 1925-26 season and, desiring to place my brood fowl where they would be appreciated and cared for as well or better than I could, I presented Cowan with all of my best brood fowl except two small yards. One of these I presented to another friend, and the other I retained to play with and keep from getting lonesome.

I have just recently spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Cowan at the home of the Alabama Roundheads and, boys, I wish everyone of you who love Roundheads could have been with me; you would have seen a picture you could never forget. He had at his home over 250 head of as fine game fowl as it has ever been my pleasure to see. Most of these, of course, were youngsters just brought in from his free range brood yards. All of them were bred from cocks that have fought and won in the fastest company of this country. Cowan told me to take my pick of anything I saw and liked, but the trouble with me was I liked all I saw and, being hoggish, wanted them all.

While there we drove between 50 and 100 miles looking at fighting cocks on their walks and his numerous brood yards. Riverton, Ala., is located in the foothills of Northern Alabama, which is an ideal place for the proper raising

of game fowl. Every brood yard and most of his walks are located on a hill with running water, either with a spring on the place or a small stream running through it. Cowan has just completed his new home, which is located in the center of a ten-acre tract. He has a nice, comfortable home and has every facility for properly taking care of his fowl when brought in from free range walks and brood yards in the wilds of Northern Alabama. He has his yard at home divided into two sections. In one section he has cock houses, stag pens and medium size brood pens for single mating. The other section is used as a range for the young fowl that are not properly developed. On bringing in the fowl from free range brood yards, Cowan personally goes over each bird to see that they are perfectly formed and immediately disposes of all that do not come up to his standard. He has been doing this for years now, and it has resulted in his fowl coming as near perfectly shaped as they can come.

In conclusion I want to say that the Alabama Roundheads are game, sure-cutting fowl, free of disease, well shaped, well balanced, and with the strength and stamina to go the limit when necessary. I expect there are many other strains of game fowl as good as the Alabama Roundheads, but I have never seen any better.

I have also found that they will produce a higher percentage of first class cocks from one yard than any other strain I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. To produce such fowl they must be given the care and attention such fowl deserve.

Last, but not least, I want to say in dealing with Hugh Cowan one can absolutely depend upon what he tells you about one of his chickens, as he stands squarely behind them at all times.

(Signed) T. K. BRUNER.

November, 1927.

METHODS OF CONDITIONING COCKS

“PACIFIC COAST.”

We will start with the first details. We will say we are going to fight a twenty-one cock main—4.12 bottom and 6.04 top, top and bottom to be check weights, and fight all that fall in, give and take 2 ounces; all battles to be fought in 1½ inch heels, any pattern, round from socket to point; main to be fought under McCall's improved rules, and to be fought January 26th, 1926, the first pair of cocks to be ready to pit at 8 A.M., of that day.

The conditions being set forth, we begin to plan from this day, say November 10th, 1925, to fight this main of cocks. In this article I will set forth the conditions under which one of the prominent cockers in the United States breeds, walks and rears his fowl, which are a cross he has made and bred in line and come uniform. We will say he is fighting this main under the conditions and facilities he has for coop walking and farm walking his fowl, also for rearing young fowl. The gentleman's name will not be mentioned in this article. Last year he fought 91 conditioned cocks, won 62, lost 29, and won first money in one of the largest tournaments. Now, to fight 91 cocks a man has to mature and walk a large number of cocks, say 125. This man has about 80 or 85 good farm and mountain walks, the balance of his cocks are walked on small city or near city walks and some are coop walked, so here we have cocks walked under all conditions. This man has 57 runs 10x5 and 6 feet high, roofed over and running water in each run. These runs are now cleaned out and have from 16 to 20 inches of straw and litter in them. We will say he has 80 cocks on walks now, which he is continually visiting and culling, taking up and replacing cocks with defects or faults. It is now around the 16th of December and this man is taking up his cocks off walks and putting them in the runs in deep litter. He takes up the capacity of his runs (57) and cuts each cock's heels off and goes over him thoroughly for lice and rids him of every one. This must be done properly and two or three examinations must follow to make sure you have been successful, as lice on a cock will worry him out of condition mentally. When a cock is in good condition mentally his mind must be focused on battle solely and nothing else, above all, lice.

The heels have been cut. Rub them with a cake of soap if they bleed after cutting; don't sear them with a hot iron. They have been housed properly; now they should be examined as regards the state of health they are in, and the

fat ones, or the ones you think are carrying too much flesh, should be grouped at one end of the run and these cocks should be fed according to the condition they are in, and should have to dig and hunt in their litter for every morsel of food they get to eat. Now, we know that oats, both boiled and dry, are the greatest fat cutters and muscle builders we have. The cocks should have lots of grit and green food, fresh, clean water, boiled oats, boiled barley and a little boiled, cracked corn once in a while, not much, and none to the fat cocks. A half ounce of raw lean beef to each cock every three days, a little dry wheat and rice thrown in the litter occasionally will keep them hunting. Now do not overfeed the cocks. Keep them on the hungry side all the time, and they will be continually scratching for food and developing muscle and wind. If you find one that doesn't scratch and hunt for food cut down the amount of any loafer and watch him dig for food.

Now the cocks have been in scratch runs since December 16th, and it is now January 12th and time to transfer these cocks to the cock house for their process of conditioning. We now have 14 days ahead of us and a uniform lot of semi-conditioned or prepared cocks, which by now are in a fairly uniform condition as regards flesh, and this is the one important factor, all other things being normal. The cocks have now been brought to approximately their fighting weight, if anything a little under, and you have something to build upon. Now get this: Anything is naturally stronger that has been added to, or built up, than anything that has had something taken from it. This holds good with game cocks to a certainty. With a lot of cocks prepared this way a conditioner is bound to have an even keep; a few, no doubt, will have to be thrown out for different reasons. Now we are ready to start after the cocks have been in the cock house for 12 hours with no food. Weigh each cock and make an entry of this in a book. This is to be your future guide, for this and his ultimate weight when ready for the pit will tell the tale. Of course these cocks were selected, and defectives have been eliminated. Keep a close watch on poor eyesight in cocks. This is a much-overlooked point, and many cocks have been conditioned and fought and have been killed before they know there was a fight on, due to defective eyesight. Test them with your hand and with other cocks at different distances.

Now physicking is the first ordeal a cock goes through after being prepared as above. To cocks like this that have been dieted and fed properly I do not think a heavy purge should be given. They have been without food now for 12

hours, and have been weighed and checked and are in their allotted stalls according to weight; stalls 3x3x3 with plenty of straw in each.

Morning of the first day of 14-day keep. Now give each cock a cup, or all he will eat, of warm bread and milk. Do not boil the milk. Add from 1-3 to 1-2 teaspoonful of cream of tartar to each cup. Repeat bread and milk at night and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful granulated sugar to each cock. Another feed of this physic can be used if the feeder thinks necessary. You can tell by observing how your cocks have cleaned out. This I have learned: Cocks that get physicked too much are weaker and won't eat so well for a day or so and sometimes refuse to eat for awhile. Sometimes cocks straight off walks are shy and restless and refuse to eat, but come 'round all right but are at a disadvantage and lose a day or so, while a prepared cock who is gentle and has been handled and is lean and hungry will eat and throw his food and fill out and get strong.

Following physicking, cocks should be brought 'round gradually to a solid diet. I am not going to try and lay down any hard and fast rules. It can't be done. Boiled corn meal with a little Flock's cock bread in it, about a tablespoonful or a little less of the bread broken up in small pieces and added to the boiled corn meal, makes a strong nourishing food. Don't have the corn meal sloppy. From this to oats, boiled two hours, the best you can get, with lots of body to it, add 4 ounces pearl barley to a pound of oats, boiled separately and mixed afterwards, as barley doesn't have to be boiled as long. Boil oats and barley every other day, as they sour easily. Add hard boiled eggs to oats and barley, about three eggs to the pound; break them up and mix them thoroughly with the oats and barley. A little boiled wheat and cracked corn added to the above is good. Boiled food should be fed from five to six days after the physicking. This keeps the cocks open and cool and no fever will be present. You would be surprised to know how many of the best cockers and feeders in this country are using boiled food and lots of it. Don't over-feed, and see that cocks throw it off clean. Look out for sour crop, if cocks don't throw off their food clean. Get a big chunk of lean beef with no fat and pot roast it slowly, so the essence of the beef is kept in, and after it is well cooked put it through a machine and cut it up fine and dry it. Add a good teaspoonful to each cock's boiled food once a day while feeding boiled food. Also add a pinch of dry rolled oats to their boiled food after you have been feeding it a few days. The

boiled food should not be fed sloppy, but should be put in a sieve and allowed to drain for an hour or so before feeding. Cocks while being fed boiled food will need very little drink, if any at all; if they refuse on being offered it, take it away.

Here is one of the richest and most strengthening foods you can feed: Calf's foot jelly and add from 1-4 to 1-3 of Johnson's fluid extract of beef when at the liquid stage, stir in and let set. Cocks will eat this in lumps and it is easily digested and gives strength and dash. Don't feed it in hot weather. It can be melted and poured over the other food such as Flock's cock bread, which, along with McGrudy's cock bread are certainly nourishing food for cocks, giving them strength and staying power. Always have a little grit handy for cocks and in the first part of the keep, some green food—good head cabbage cut fine, or onions chopped fine. Onion is fine if cocks show a touch of cold. Ease up on the work and relax cocks. Give lots of onion. Above all, be careful of draughts in cock houses, as a main of cocks can easily be thrown off by colds and swelled heads, especially in damp, rainy weather. Ease up on work in wet weather. A little pinch of finely chopped raw beef twice a week in the earlier stage of keep is good. It is a mild laxative. If cocks don't pass off their food easily, give them from three to four pecks at a peeled apple. This will cause them to throw off their food more easily. Have a good-sized card on each cock stall and make note of all details of that cock, also his weight each day. If you have any cocks that feel too full-blooded and pulpy and don't seem to get that firm and corky feeling, give them from 1-3 to 1-2 teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. It certainly puts the steam and go into cocks, but don't give too much. Give it once a day for three days at latter part of keep. Use judgment in giving this; don't overdo it. It is the base of a lot of so-called conditioning powders given today. Personally, I don't believe in giving cocks drugs and chemicals to any extent. They will come into a natural condition of physical perfection if fed good, clean, non-fattening, nourishing food, and given the proper exercise or work.

We have now come to the amount of work a cock should have to bring him into condition. As I have said before, a cock strikes, cuts and kills with his legs, assisted by his wings and his muscular energy. His lungs must be in good condition to pump oxygen into his blood to keep him going. Now to give a cock proper work to harden his legs can be done by running him on a padded bench. Some conditioners run a cock head-on all the time. I believe in side-

stepping a cock, also, to bring all the different muscles into play. I believe in hand-rubbing a cock down the back with the flat of the hand, applying enough weight to force the cock down until his breast touches the padded bench. He will spring up a number of times and you will find he can withstand a lot of weight after a little of this rubbing. This shows a cock up and should only be used earlier in the work. Flirting and tossing a cock develops his wing and lung power. Mix your work up on a cock. Don't run him until he is exhausted. Run him a little, rub him, then side-step him a little and flirt him a little. In tossing and flirting a cock, don't let him come down hard on a hard padded bench. This makes him sore in his joints and shakes him up and he cuts short when fought. In flirting use an old cot or bed spring, well padded. This takes the jar off.

I have said to mix the work with a little rest in between. No one can state the amount of work a cock should have. I have stated in a previous article that a large percentage of cocks were whipped in the cock house by over-work and going stale. Now here is the statement of one of the greatest cockers in America today, who wrote me this in correspondence. This is an extract from his letter:

"I have learned by experience—or think I have learned—that in years gone by I whipped my cocks on the work pad. I mean by this that I worked them too hard and many a one has lost his fight on this account."

This is the statement of a man who fights large numbers of cocks every year in mains and tournaments and is repeated here to show how easy it is to overwork cocks. I will try in a general way to state approximately the amount of exercise a cock will stand, this is where you first start to work him after he is over the physicking. I will not state in number of flirts or runs, but I always hang a watch on the wall by the working pad and in his first workout I may run him fairly fast for ten or fifteen seconds and always watch him closely to see if he displays any signs of weakness; if so stop at once and give him a rest. Hold him with your right hand under his keel and let his legs hang and rub him gently down his back. A distressed or exhausted cock's legs will twitch or quiver; note this. After resting him give him a few flirts and return him to his stall. Another good way to detect weakness is to run a cock fast from fifteen to twenty seconds and suddenly let go of him. He will immediately start staggering backwards or quivering. This is a sign that you have gone far enough for the time being. You can gradually increase the length of time by five or six seconds

or so, each time you work the cock, until you get around ninety seconds of good, fast work. Some cocks will stand one hundred twenty and fifty seconds of good, fast work twice a day, but you must be able to judge by how they stand it and come up cheerful and seem to like the work. You can get cock's muscle bound and make them slow by over-work. If they will crack their wings over their backs and crow when you take them out of their stalls and toss them on the bench and cut their wings on you there is not much wrong with them. But if they stand stupid and still and no snap to them and the eye is dull, look out; they may be off their feed or have a slight cold, or possibly a little fever. Give them a little bread and milk and relax them a little and don't work them for a day or so; study them, and you will soon be able to eliminate the trouble. Have good sunny quarters to work the cocks in and occasionally let a hen in the cock house for an afternoon and watch the cocks work themselves. A good big scratch coop or stall 6x6 to toss a cock into after you have worked him, until you finish, is a good idea; and pick him up by showing him the one in hand. This makes them eager and alert and they will score quickly. I spar cocks once in the keep, or seven days after being up. Set them down close to each other after billing them and only let them buckle once or twice and repeat this once or twice so they will know what's wanted of them. A battle is often won by a cock scoring quickly and getting in the first good punch. Spar early in the morning before feeding, and don't feed them until they are cool. Don't work them until that night and then just a little. I observe their actions when sparring and match them to weight as closely as possible. Some men wash a cock's leg every day during the keep. Don't do this, as it often brings on colds. After the cock is physicked out, wash his legs and feet with good, warm water and a small scrubbing brush and castile soap and rub them well. Dry him with a flannel cloth and return him to stall. You can wash them again about the eleventh or twelfth day again. Pick a good warm, sunny day. I always keep cocks cut out around the vent during keep, and keep a small sponge and a good, clean porcelain cup handy with a little cider vinegar in it. Every day I squeeze the sponge out nearly dry and wipe the cock's head off and rub around the vent. Don't let the vinegar get in the cock's eyes; use cider vinegar and just have the sponge a little moist. Some use witch hazel instead of vinegar, but I think the vinegar the best. If you have a cock with stiff, clumsy feet, rub his feet well and hard every night for a week with vaseline. Pull his toes and

rub them well. Wipe off the vaseline clean each time. Give a cock's feet good care, as he depends on them a lot in battle, and if looked after he will not cramp so easily on you in battle. Always examine and see if the nostrils are clear and he breathes easily and watch out for canker in the mouth and throat. Look out for lameness in cocks after sparring, as they sometimes strain themselves.

Now you have fourteen days. You start working on third day and gradually increase and work for eight or nine days and rest the balance until the day of battle. The last five or six days you have changed gradually onto drier feed and your cocks are getting corky and harder. Ease up on the work and feed them all they will throw off between feeds. A cock will throw off all he will eat quickly. As soon as he starts mincing around picking out choice bits, take it away. He has had enough. Don't let them get hungry, as hungry cocks are weak cocks. Towards the end of the keep and with less work and good, strong food cocks gather a great store of strength. This is what is called springing a cock, when with light or hardly any work and good, strong nourishing food and very little moisture a cock gains a few ounces or even an ounce in small cocks, you have done it—you have got condition. All cocks won't spring, but those that do are the strongest.

One of the finest things to finish a keep with—the last four to six feeds—nothing can beat a good grade of cracked corn, coarsely cracked with the meal and husk blown out. Much has been said about when the last feed should be given before battle, but in this article the time was set at 8 A. M., to start the main. Give the last feed late in the evening, so all food has passed out of the cock or is in the digestive tract or has passed off. After weighing in you can often give some cocks a little to eat. If you start at top weight it will be three or four hours before the bottom weight is fought. He can have a little to eat, especially if he is a fraction of an ounce under weight, but you have to use judgment in this. Give them some food that will pass out of the crop quickly and no moisture. In the last few days of your keep some cocks will dry out more than others. You can tell how they are coming by watching their weight. Keep their weight in fractions of an ounce and weigh every day, and some men weigh twice a day. Be sure the cock is empty when you weigh him.

Regarding giving cocks water towards the end of the keep, be very careful about this. After you have started on your dry feed he will need some moisture. Use a good earthen bowl and offer each cock some. You can judge

by the manner in which the cock drinks how dry he is. To those that are really thirsty give from four to six dips. In a day or so a dip or two will satisfy them. Don't let a cock load himself with water. Feel his crop after he drinks and you will see for yourself. Learn to judge by their actions how much they need. Gradually cut down on the moisture and none should be given the last day. The dry cracked corn in the process of digestion absorbs the moisture from a cock's body and brings him to a state of tightness or that good coky feeling a well-conditioned cock should have.

A few suggestions and don'ts:

Don't expect perfection the first time you try it. Experience and observation are the things that will teach you.

Start with good cocks. The best conditioners never waste time and money on doubtful ones.

Treat all cocks gently. Be clean in feeding. Scald out your feed cups every other day.

Feed boiled feed at start. Use the best grain and richest and most nourishing food you can secure.

Don't over-work your cocks. Keep your daily weights accurately and use a proper pair of cockers' scales that balance to a fraction of an ounce and keep weights in fractions. A cock's weight is his barometer.

Mix up your style of work by using rubbing in early keep and taper off your work gradually at finish. Some cocks are extra heavy eaters. Give them plenty.

Use good muffs when sparring.

Have good sunshiny quarters.

Sprinkle a little powdered charcoal on cock's boiled food on the fourth and sixth days. A good pinch to each cock. If, in your judgment, a cock comes to condition ahead of the others, hold him there. Give him a little green feed, a little lean beef and cut out his heavy work. Just toss him a little. He will hold his weight and condition, and dry him out with the rest at the finish.

To judge a cock's condition as regards the amount of moisture, watch his droppings. You can satisfy yourself. They should be hard and firm with hardly any moisture the last day or so. Have confidence in what you do and do it thoroughly.

As regards the making of calf's foot jelly, Flock's book on condition gives a good recipe, also a good cock bread recipe. The recipe for Jake McGrudy's cock bread is in MacIntyre's book entitled "Game Fowl."

Care should be used in keeping cock bread, as it moulds easily, and only enough for each keep should be made

ahead and should be a week old before using.

In using beef cut away all fatty parts. Preserve the juice in the meat, if possible, as it is strengthening.

Use lots of finely chopped onion and cabbage in fore and middle part of keep.

It takes a lot of food to feed 30 cocks in a main. Figure on at least three ounces per cock per day.

MY EXPERIENCE IN BREEDING PIT GAMES

By T. K. BRUNER.

This subject has always been very interesting to me and I have devoted much time and thought to the breeding of pit fowl with the idea of producing each year a larger number of first-class cocks on each yard. I feel I have met with some success along these lines, so I will write my ideas on breeding in this article.

In selecting my fowl for brood purposes, I have been governed not by the performance of one individual cock, but by the performance of a whole set of brothers. For example. I take a set of six brothers and fight them. One shows to be a perfect fighting cock, two others prove to be above the average, two average cocks and one just worth fighting. The first time shown, they win four and lose two; the remaining four win three out of four in their second fight and two out of three win their third fight. This gives these six brothers nine won and six lost out of 15 battles fought. This proves that they are as a whole cutting, fighting cocks and any one of them that is correctly formed is worth breeding from and the same is true of their sisters.

On the other hand, say you fight six brothers and out of the six you found one real fighting cock and the other five brothers unable to win their fight? Are such fowl worth breeding? I say no, not even the one good one, as you could not expect his offspring to average much better than he and his brothers unless he was bred over hens that were known to produce winners, then it would be necessary to breed a stag back to your hens to keep from reducing the high qualities of your hens. The same principle holds if you breed a cock from an exceptionally high class family of performing brothers onto a set of ordinary hens—you must breed the cock back on his daughters and granddaughters to get the benefit of his good qualities and improve the average of your flock. It is true like begets like, but it won't work in half bloods—you have too many different forces pulling against each other in the first mating. All this takes time but to my mind it is the only way to produce consistently good fowl.

Some breeders say breed your strain absolutely pure without any out-cross; others say cross-bred cocks are best; but I don't agree fully with either viewpoint, as I think fresh blood from time to time is essential to keep any strain up in the running. On the other hand, I be-

lieve that continual crossing in a haphazard way will ruin the good qualities of any fowl. If a man has a strain of consistent winning fowl that he feels are in the need of some fresh blood to strengthen or increase the size, I suggest he secure a cock of a family as near like his own in style, conformation and action as he can find, and of a family known to produce cutting cocks. Single mate this cock to one of your very best hens, fight all the stags or cocks, select the one that brings forward the characteristics of your old fowl, breed him back over the same hen or her full sister, fight the stags and if they win the majority of their fights, put the one that suits you best over a yard of hens. This will give you seven-eights of your old blood in the offspring and they should be as good, if not better, than your old, pure bloods. If not, you have not accomplished what you desired to do when you made the first mating and I would discard them and try it all over again until I did make the cross that nicked and improved my fowl.

If a man is breeding some old, well-known strain, he need not go outside and add some new blood for freshening or strengthening. For example, one breeds the Dyer Claibornes. He can get a Boyce cock to breed and still breed pure Claibornes, yet the Boyce cock will have the same effect as if he made the cross with another strain. There is nothing to be said in favor of continually crossing fowl except for strength: yet every time a cross is made you run the risk of ruining your fowl in many ways. There are now two strains of fowls that have exactly the same conformation and action and by continually crossing you soon have a regular "Duke's mixture" on your yards with no uniformity or likeness in any two of them. How can you expect them to come alike in cutting and winning ability—and it takes that to win—when they are alike in no other way? Like will produce like if like is bred to like, otherwise it will not. The three-hundred egg hens were not bred this way: they were bred by breeding a son of a high egg producing hen on to a hen of high production, then line-bred. If such methods weakened fowl they would not go on increasing the egg records year after year.

Boys, you can learn a lot by reading some of the dung-hill chicken papers and following the principles used in breeding game fowl, substituting fighting and cutting ability in the place of show qualities and egg production. Most any strain or cross will produce one or two high class performers in every lot raised, but can a man afford to

raise and walk a dozen or more stags in order to get a couple of good ones fit to fight for his money?

These are the general lines I have followed in breeding my fowl. It is true that my methods take time, but I have not found any short cuts to raising consistent winning fowl. The past season—my last in the game—I had the pleasure and satisfaction of fighting every cock raised from two of my yards and not one of them lost their first battle. I did not accomplish this in a hurry, it took me years to get these chickens up to this consistent form, yet I feel I have been fully repaid for all the time, patience and expense required to accomplish it. In mating my fowl year after year, I have been careful to select brood cocks as near as possible like their predecessors in length of feather, conformation, style and action. I like a brood cock that has plenty of strength, long, tough plumage, plenty of foot action, short shanks, low spurs, long thighs, small keen heads, bright, fiery, wide-awake eyes, medium bone and good balance, running in weight from 4.12 to 6 pounds.

In selecting brood hens I have paid no attention to size, but have selected them as near alike as possible in feather, shape and action. I have not for years, bred anything but full sisters on a yard, figuring that the youngsters would be more alike and uniform than from a mixed yard of hens, even if of the same blood, and I did not care to guess which hen out of eight or ten threw the good stags. By breeding full sisters only on a yard your fowl will soon all come consistently good or bad and you will know where you stand.

The basis of the fowl I have referred to in this article were five hens, full sisters, bred by my good friend, Mr. H. H. Cowan of Riverton, Ala., and were presented to me by Mr. Henry Waddell, of Corinth, Miss. After receiving them I wrote Mr. Cowan and secured their exact blood lines and proceeded from that point to breed them along the above methods, using the blood of an outside cock of the same blood, and the blood of two hens of another family which nicked perfectly. Such fowl can be secured from any one of the many reliable and experienced advertisers in *Grit and Steel*. Write the one you select exactly what you want and pay him his own price for them and in nine cases out of ten you will get good fowl. You cannot expect to get quality fowl for nothing. It takes both time and money to produce them, and if you want a man's best you should be willing to pay a fair price for them and not expect to get them at dunghill prices. I would rather pay \$50 for one good hen that will reproduce, than to pay

the same money for a dozen hens that were of unknown quality. The absolute truth is, one real hen is worth a dozen good cocks.

I have not referred to it above, but I assume you have understood that gameness was essential in any pit fowl. I am a firm believer in the Hon. Ewing A. Walker's doctrine that gameness is the third heel in the pit. A cock that is not deep game will go to pulling his punches when wounded, while a deep game cock will strike harder and keep it up as long as he has the strength to move. I have won many seemingly impossible fights with cocks almost dead, all because they were real game cocks. I have been given credit for wonderful condition when it really was the heart in the cock that carried him through to victory. You cannot put cold-blooded cocks in the same condition you can real game cocks; their spirit won't stand the grind of real conditioning.

A first class cock, in my opinion, must have the following qualities: cutting ability, strength and gameness. With these qualities as a basis I want a cock that starts off fighting carefully, ever seeking to get the advantage without closing in, where he only has an equal chance to trade licks; yet when he is caught I want him to throw caution to the winds and fight with all his might. Have you ever noticed how few licks it is necessary for a real cutting cock to make in order to put his opponent out of commission? Then how many blows a poor cutter has to strike before he cuts his opponent down? Isn't there a big difference?

Now, boys, this is written for what it is worth to you, and if you get nothing out of it just forget you ever read it and all is well; but if I have helped one man to breed better cocks, I will feel my time has not been wasted.

T. K. Bruner.

P. S.—For fear that some will misconstrue this article I want to say that at the close of the past season I retired from the game and have disposed of all my fowl.—T. K. B.

NURSING COCKS.

By A. C. DINGWALL.

1848 Clinton St., Toledo, Ohio.
Sept. 26, 1927.

Mr. Thomas S. Lee,
Cape Breton, N. S.

Dear Mr. Lee:

I received your letter of September 20 and I was indeed glad to hear from you and perhaps exchange a few ideas. In my article regarding handling in Grit and Steel I did not intend to convey the impression that I am an authority on the subject, but, on the other hand, I wanted to draw out in publication from other cockers their ideas and experiences, for the benefit of all of us. It is true I breed and fight my own cocks and handle many more for my friends in mains and hacks. I am always particularly interested in the handling and nursing of cocks in the pit, and to further confirm my opinions of wounded birds I have cut up many to see whether I was correct or not. From the requests I get from friends to handle causes me to believe that I enjoy their confidence. I still intend to write some more articles for Grit and Steel as soon as I get another writing spell, but I will answer your letter first.

Your first question about working a cock up to bear right back in for the next pitting: Now, Mr. Lee, much depends on the result of the first pitting. If the pitting is one of those fast, snappy pittings, and if your cock is seemingly not overexerted and doing good work then I want him to go into the next pitting with as much ambition as the first. To do this I keep him facing the bird with the other handler as much as possible, blow with your mouth close to the top of his head and gently massage his hips and legs. Do all this without wearing on the cock or tiring him, and at the same time keeping him alert. I saw an excellent example of the effects of blowing on the cock's head here in Cleveland by Labombard, who handled for Brooker of Windsor, Canada, against Bill Ryan of Cleveland. Brooker's cock was badly cut in the head and neck and almost entirely blind. Labombard constantly blew on the cock's head and he would repeatedly come back and do some deadly cutting. This spring I employed these same methods with a cock that first lost his leg, then a wing, and also an eye. We were fighting with a half-hour limit to each battle on account of the number of fights we had

that day. My bird was crippled, as described, before the first 15 minutes were up. I took the short end of some bets that my cock would still be fighting at the end of the half hour. It was a job for the shape my bird was in, but by continued blowing on his head my bird was still pecking at the finish.

As to a throat cut (a genuine puncture of the jugular vein), I have never been able to do any good except to keep my cock going for a few more pittings and perhaps get a lick over; but whenever I see the throat swell up large and his head hang down when pitted I start to pay off. For a minor cut in the throat (not the jugular) I simply hold the cock quietly with the neck slightly extended upwards. A minor cut will clog O. K., but that is not very serious.

As to a lung rattle, I agree heartily with Sol P. McCall in his conditioning pamphlet where he says that the best thing to do in case of a lung rattle is to hold the cock perfectly still, and if not too serious the bird will get rid of it himself, without annoyance from the handler.

Your opinion in regard to couples does not agree with mine. In nearly all cases of wry-neck where the cock goes down and twists his head around or back towards his tail I have found to be from a cut in the spinal cord in the cock's neck. If this injury is not too serious you can get your cock out of it by blowing on his head and gently massaging downward on his neck. I believe this creates more circulation, and I know several cocks have come out of it for me this way. Much, too, depends on the aggressiveness of the other cock in the following pittings. With any couple I always look for an opportunity to demand a handle, so as to further help my bird. I would rather sacrifice a count or two if I think I can do my bird some good. Many novices are too anxious for the count at the wrong time. I was fighting one of my Doms the past season against Joe Frish of Wyandotte, Mich. My bird was badly cut up and down. Joe got the count, and each succeeding pitting he started to count as soon as he pitted. I was thankful. I blew plenty on my Dom's head and massaged his back, as I saw he was hit there. Before the fourth count of 10 the color began to come back in my bird's head and I pitted him square on his feet; whereas, before, I set him on his breast. When Joe's bird came within two feet of my cock he made one shot and hooked his bird deep in the neck, causing wry-neck and complete paralysis and I counted him out. I lost a fine

Irish Grey stag, my own raising, by a similar neck blow the past season. I made a very careful examination after scalding and cutting, and know positively what blow did the work. I call a wry-neck the next thing to a broken neck, where the bird is killed instantly. The only other couple I consider is that caused by a blow in the back. When a bird is hit so hard that he can't move either leg when they are out behind him, I take him out of the pit. If he can move either leg some there is a chance. I place my left hand on the breast with fingers on the pelvic bone, holding both feet firmly with the right hand. I then press the cock's back hard against my lower chest and at the same time force up the cock's lower back by the fingers on the pelvic bones. With my right hand I pull the cock's legs down, forward and up. I do all this quite strongly and have had very good results winning some nice fights when the odds were much against me.

Brain blows. Now, Mr. Lee, sometimes when I see birds cut through the head with gaffs and they continue to fight unaffected, I think they haven't any brains. That's one extreme, and on the other you see one blow in the head and it's pay-day. In dressing dry-picked chickens for the market the jugular vein is first severed inside the throat and next a particular part of the chicken's brain is punctured with a sharp knife to cause complete paralysis and relaxation of the muscles and the feathers are easily pulled. This is an expert operation. If death is instantly caused by sticking the brain in the wrong place it is a tough job picking and the skin is easily torn, making the bird less marketable.

Now between the two extremes mentioned we find the most common of our so-called "brain blows." The cock is only temporarily "goofed," much as a man hit on the head. Time will cause recovery in the majority of these cases. Maintain blood circulation by blowing and gently massaging the head and neck. Just how soon the recovery depends largely just what part of the brain was hit and how deep.

The bird that you mentioned you fought that would face the other bird and still go away from him out of control, I feel quite confident was caused from a neck blow. If you will watch for this again and scald-pick the next and examine I think you will confirm this. The nerve center is at the brain and spreads out to all other extremities. If the nerve inside the neck bone is injured all the rest of the chicken's body is out of control. Likewise if the nerve in the back-one where

the two portions of the back come together is injured then you have leg paralysis or "back couples" as we call them.

You ahve most likely noticed, Mr. Lee, that when one of your cocks get "blinked" in one eye he frequently can't see in either for a while. I believe that the shock temporarily affects the nerve in the other, and it is my opinion that by increasing blood circulation by gentle blowing on the head and gentle massaging that the eyesight is restored in a shorter length of time. I would say that I have had beneficial results by doing this.

Now, you will not throughout this letter I have omitted saying anything about the use of the sponge and water cup. A few drops on my finger to the cock's mouth is about the most I use. I have seen too frequently dumb handlers take a wet cold sponge and apply it to an overheated cock's head on a hot day and the cock would go into a wry-neck, wilt or die almost instantly. It's against all reason. To cool an overheated cock I apply a damp sponge to his vent, not his head. I was handling a cock on a Fourth of July two years ago at Fostoria, Ohio, for a fellow named Priebe. It was terribly hot and it was a hard fight. Priebe's cock was panting and showed all symptoms of being overheated when handled. Priebe insisted on putting cold water on his head. I asked him if he wanted to kill his cock and he insisted it would cool him off. I put cold water on his head and he flopped a couple times in my hands and Priebe paid his bets.

Best regards and wishing you success, I remain,

Yours truly,

A. C. DINGWALL.

